

DURHAM Library Association.

Shelf ~~N~~

~~P~~

Book

~~G745~~

Volume

~~43~~

Source

Binding

Received

November 1912

Cost

1.75

Accession No.

~~9093~~

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, LITERATURE
AND STATE PROGRESS

VOLUME XLIII
NEW SERIES, VOLUME VI

CONCORD, N. H.
PUBLISHED BY THE GRANITE MONTHLY COMPANY

1911

N
974.2
G759
v. 43:

CONCORD, N. H.

THE RUMFORD PRESS

1911

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

CONTENTS, JANUARY—DECEMBER, 1911

OLD SERIES, VOLUME XLIII

NEW SERIES, VOLUME VI

	PAGE
Albin, John Henry, by H. C. Pearson.....	289
Among the Legislators of 1911.....	39
Bass, Gov. Robert P.....	35
Becky's Sake, For, by Henry Jacob Krier.....	114
Bluestocking Queens of the Eighteenth Century, by Fred Myron Colby.....	22
Bradley, Hannah, by Asa Mayo Bradley.....	315
Carpenter, Hon. Charles H.....	1
Chantecler—An Interpretation, by Lila Taylor.....	28
Colonial Times, The Supremacy of Popular Liberty in, by Rev. J. M. Durrell.....	337
Cross, Judge David, by H. C. Pearson.....	225
Dover High School, The Old, by John B. Stevens.....	333
Dover Landing, The Old Platts Block on, by Lydia A. Stevens.....	17
Doubtful Claim, A.....	185
Dustin, Hannah, of Haverhill, by E. W. B. Taylor.....	177
Editor and Publisher's Notes..... 32, 96, 128, 160, 192, 224, 288, 320, 352,	383
Early Life in a New Hampshire Town, by Charles C. Hardy.....	347
Eastman, Edson C., by H. H. Metcalf.....	99
Eastman, Hon. Edwin G., by H. C. Pearson.....	353
Eastmans, Wills of Early English, by Charles R. Eastman.....	312
Great Tornado of 1821, The, by Fred W. Lamb.....	357
Hall, Col. Daniel, by H. C. Pearson.....	321
Hampton, History of the Congregational Church in, by Rev. J. A. Ross.....	142
Important Historical Event, An—Newport Anniversary.....	233
In the Lecture Field.....	186
Interesting Historical Event, An, by H. H. Metcalf.....	199
Isles of Shoals, The, by J. M. Moses.....	284
Kimball, Hon. Benjamin Ames, by H. C. Pearson.....	161
Marlow Anniversary, by Hon. Alfred F. Howard.....	293
Mexico, Old and New, by John C. Thorne.....	131
Monarch of the North, The, by Harry V. Lawrence.....	367
New Federation President, The.....	156
New Hampshire Country Homes.....	129
New Hampshire Historical Society and Its New Home, The.....	327
New Hampshire, Leaders of, by H. C. Pearson..... 161, 193, 225, 289, 321,	353
Newport, An Important Historical Event.....	233
Old Bow Meeting house, The, by Giles Wheeler.....	189
Old Chairs, by Annette R. Cressy.....	374
Old Platts Block on Dover Landing, The, by Lydia A. Stevens.....	17
Reminiscences of Early Life in New England, by John Bacheelder.....	90
Revolt of New Hampshire, The, by Elbridge Drew Hadley.....	277
Schooner Glendon, Wreck of, by Harry V. Lawrence.....	103
Sixteenth Century Eastman Will, A, by Charles R. Eastman.....	372

	PAGE
Smith, Hon. John Butler, by H. C. Pearson	193
Spring Trysting Places, by Florence A. D. McKenzie	122
Standing Order Meeting House, The, by Joseph B. Walker	5
"The Hilltop," by Edgar Sherman Hathorne	84
Unforgiven Puritan, An, by Victor C. Sanborn	73, 107
Webster, Daniel, by Gerry W. Hazelton	168
Whipple, William, by Joseph Foster	205
Williams, John, by Lydia A. Stevens	150
Woodward, Nellie F., The New Federation President	156
New Hampshire Neerology	31, 93, 125, 158, 192, 222, 287, 351, 379
Adams, Gen. George H.	380
Arnold, Ralph A.	31
Bailey, Prof. Mark	233
Berry, Hon. Charles P.	223
Blair, Dr. Arthur W.	96
Bradley, Arthur C.	379
Brigham, Silas H.	127
Brown, Samuel N.	287
Burley, Harrison G.	381
Cate, Hon. George W.	287
Chadwick, Col. Alfred M.	351
Christie, Morris, M. D.	223
Collis, Marcus M.	381
Cook, Edmund S.	287
Cooper, Capt. John B.	158
Curl, Rev. George M.	319
Danforth, Mary A.	222
Davis, Hon. George G.	31
Dearborn, J. Henry	158
Dearborn, Rev. William H., D.D.	160
Dolbeer, John H.	351
Dow, Hiram Harvey	95
Dow, Wallace L.	288
Durham, William R., M.D.	159
Eastman, Thomas Crosby	125
Emerson, Moses F.	127
Faunce, Rev. Daniel W., D.D.	31
Fifield, Hon. George W.	126
Foss, Sam Walter	126
Gallinger, Ralph E., M.D.	287
Hall, Albert L.	288
Howe, Hon. Charles E.	287
Jones, Jeremiah	380
Kittredge, Hon. Alfred Beard	159
Knowles-Haskell, Ella Louise	94
Lane, Rev. John W.	159
Lathrop, Moses C., M.D.	352
Lewis, Col. Edwin C.	351
Lovering, Hon. Henry B.	222
Marsh, Charles E.	352
McFarland, Maj. Henry	192
McLane, Hon. John.	125
Metcalf, Col. Albert W.	158

New Hampshire Necrology—Continued:

	PAGE
Nealley, Hon. Benjamin F.....	127
Nims, Col. Ormond F.....	222
Page, Dr. Frank W.....	319
Pearson, Hon. John C.....	319
Pearson, Robert H.....	31
Pillsbury, Col. William S.....	381
Priest, Rev. Frederic C., D.D.....	160
Prince, James H.....	351
Reed, Clara Whitman, M.D.....	159
Richardson, Hon. James B.....	351
Rumery, Aldo M.....	158
Runels, Hon. George.....	222
Smith, Wilbur F.....	224
Stearns, Wilbur C.....	158
Thompson, Denman.....	128
Tuttle, Hon. Hiram A.....	93
Swaine, Mrs. C. Jennie.....	94
Walker, Thomas J.....	31
Weeks, William B.....	96
White, Rev. William Orne.....	127
Whittemore William L.....	223
Wilber, Dr. George F.....	94
Wyatt, Maj. Otis C.....	320

POETRY

After a While, by Maude Gordon Roby.....	283
Angel Hands, by Cyrus A. Stone.....	220
Au Revoir, by Stewart E. Rowe.....	286
Autumn, by Frances M. Pray.....	311
Ballad of the Pennon, The, by Lucy Mayo Warner.....	119
Battle-Field, The, by L. J. H. Frost.....	15
Bonny Green for Me, The, by Frederick Myron Colby.....	155
Closing Year, The, by Margaret Quimby.....	366
Comparison, by Georgiana Rogers.....	176
Courting by the Clock, by Mary Rolofson.....	318
Deserted House, The, by Ray Laurance.....	203
Don't You Worry, by Emily E. Coe.....	27
Drowned Sailor, The, by William Wilson.....	89
Elizabeth, by Stewart Everett Rowe.....	377
Epigram, by Bela Chapin.....	123
Florida, Fair Florida, by Fred Myron Colby.....	356
Friendship, by Georgiana Rogers.....	275
Hall of Fame, The, by Clarence E. Carr.....	345
Harpers I hear at Sunset, The, by Rev. Raymond H. Huse.....	376
Human Kindness, by L. J. H. Frost.....	72
Hurd, Charles E. by James Riley.....	276
Hush a Bye Song, A, by Maude Gordon Roby.....	311
Inebriate's Prayer, The, by L. J. H. Frost.....	221
Life, by Maude Gordon Roby.....	187
Long Ago, by George Warren Parker.....	371
Lost Note, A, by Moses Gage Shirley.....	183
Love's Light, by Moses Gage Shirley.....	89

	PAGE
Memories, by William Wilson.....	198
Mosquitoes, The, by Georgiana Rogers.....	141
New Hampshire, Hymn to, by Maude Gordon Roby.....	106
October, by Eva Beede Odell.....	292
Old Man of the Mountain, The, by Reginald F. Chutter.....	314
Our Granite State, by George Warren Parker.....	231
Pilgrims, Two, by H. J. Krier.....	332
Point of View, The, by Georgiana Rogers.....	21
Questionings, by L. J. H. Frost.....	336
Shipwreck, The, by William Wilson.....	149
Snap-Shot Sportsman, The, by William Wilson.....	332
Soldiers' Graves by Bela Chapin.....	155
Solitude, by Frank Monroe Beverly.....	30
Songs my Mother Sung, The, by Frederick Myron Colby.....	167
Summer Shower, A, by Hannah B. Merriam.....	219
Sunapee, Little Maid of, by Moses Gage Shirley.....	220
Though Poor, by Frank Monroe Beverly.....	365
To the Merrimack, by Martha C. Abbott.....	101
When Comes the Last, by Stewart Everett Rowe.....	113
When I Am Dead, by L. J. H. Frost.....	157
White, Armenia S., To.....	326
Why, by Stewart Everett Rowe.....	130
Why Kick, by Georgiana Rogers.....	325
Ye Olde Meetinge House, by P. L. F.....	72



HON. CHARLES H. CARPENTER

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. XLIII, No. 1

JANUARY, 1911 NEW SERIES, VOL. 6, No. 1

HON. CHARLES H. CARPENTER

A Representative Citizen of the Old Granite State

On the thirtieth day of November last, in the town of Chichester, came the end of a career, notable alike for length of days, earnest purpose, persistent effort and a high measure of success, judged by all ordinary standards. On that day Charles H. Carpenter, a native and life-long resident of the town, approaching the close of his ninety-second year, closed his earthly account and passed on to the higher life. For over half a century he had been a leading citizen of the town, prominent in county affairs, and known and esteemed in many circles throughout the state.

The Carpenter name is one of the oldest and most honorable in English and American annals. It has been borne by those whose lives have been conspicuous in the history of our own and other states in many generations, and is traced back in the English archives to John Carpenter, who was a member of Parliament in 1323, and was the grandfather of the famous town clerk of London of the same name. The progenitor of that branch of the family in America to which Charles H. Carpenter belonged was William Carpenter, born in 1605, who came with his wife, Abigail, and several children, from Wherwell, near Surry, England, in the good ship *Bevis*, which sailed with sixty-one passengers from Southampton, in 1638, and who settled in Weymouth,

Mass., where he was made a "free-man" in 1640, and chosen a representative in the provincial legislature in 1641. He was also "Proprietors' Clerk" and manifestly a leading man of the town; but removed to Rehoboth in 1645, where he died February 7, 1659. He was prominent in the affairs of the latter town, and was a captain of militia, enjoying the close friendship and confidence of Governor Bradford.

John Carpenter, of the fourth generation from William of Rehoboth, the Puritan ancestor, lived in Stafford, Conn., where he reared eleven children. Of these, Josiah, the fifth, was born in October, 1762, and graduated from Dartmouth College in 1787. He studied for the gospel ministry and was ordained over the Congregational church in the town of Chichester, November 2, 1791, being the town's first settled minister, although there had been occasional preaching in town in previous years. ¹This pas-

¹The terms of settlement, arranged between Mr. Carpenter and the town, were substantially as follows: His salary for the first year was to be fifty pounds, increasing yearly by five pounds till the amount of sixty-five pounds was reached, this amount to constitute his annual salary thereafter,—the same to be paid yearly, one-third in specie computing six shillings to the dollar; the other two thirds in beef, pork, corn and grain, at the following rates: Good grass fed beef at seventeen shillings nine pence per hundred pounds; stall fed beef at twenty-five shillings

torate, the longest in the history of the church in Chichester, and one of the most notable in the country, both in duration and in its beneficial results, continued for thirty-six years, until Mr. Carpenter's dismissal at his own request, July 24, 1827, when, after the passage of the "toleration act," so called, the relations between town and church had practically ended, and other denominations had come in to divide popular support with the "standing order," rendering it difficult, in this as in many other towns of the state, for the church to meet its obligations.

The Rev. Mr. Carpenter continued his residence in the town where his life labor had been performed, and his family had been reared, until his decease, March 1, 1851. His career, which in early youth had been characterized by patriotic service in his country's cause (he having performed sentinel duty, on Roxbury Neck, with three brothers, one of whom was killed) and through the years of vigorous manhood by devotion to the interests of morality and religion, as well as the demands of true citizenship and the obligations of the family and home, left a lasting impress upon the community. He had married, April 13, 1790, Hannah Morrill of Canterbury, also the representative of a family notable in the life of the state, by whom he had six children, the second

of whom—David Morrill Carpenter, born in Chichester, November 16, 1793, married Mary Perkins of Loudon, January 13, 1818. He was a soldier in the War of 1812, a merchant in Chichester for many years, subsequently removing to a farm in that town, and, later, to the City of Concord, where, he died, December 9, 1873. He held various town and county offices, including that of treasurer of Merrimack County for twelve years, and was a director of the Mechanicks Bank and a trustee of Merrimack County Savings Bank.

Charles Hodgdon Carpenter was born in Chichester, December 18, 1818. When about ten years of age his parents removed to a farm and the greater portion of his time, until he attained his majority was devoted to farm labor, though he secured such education as the common school afforded, supplemented by some academical training, and for several winters, commencing when eighteen years of age, engaged in teaching. He also took a strong interest in military affairs, and at nineteen years received a lieutenant's commission. Subsequently promoted to a captaincy he was instrumental in having his company provided with uniforms—something unusual in those days—so that it became the special pride of the regiment—the Thirty-eighth.

Shortly after coming of age, Mr. Carpenter was called by his maternal uncle, Jacob Perkins, one of Chichester's most successful farmers, to assist him in the management of his large farm and the conduct of the extensive business which he had built up in the purchase and marketing of cattle, and from this time his home was at the Perkins place, which eventually passed into his possession, he having married, October 28, 1841, Joanna Maxfield, the adopted daughter of his uncle. In the management of this great farm, one of the largest and best in the county, and in the cattle buying industry, which took him on frequent trips through Northern New

per hundred; pork, weighing from nine to twelve score, four pence per pound; from twelve score upwards five pence per pound; corn three shillings per bushel, rye four shillings and wheat at six shillings per bushel. It was also agreed that until the parsonage lot should be cleared and put in condition to produce grass sufficient to winter and summer two cows, one horse and six sheep, the town should furnish Mr. Carpenter, annually, six tons of good English hay, and pasturing sufficient and convenient for the above stock. Then he was to cultivate the parsonage lot himself and have all the income. It was also agreed to deliver him, annually, at his house, twenty-five cords of good birch wood; also to give him boards, shingles and clapboards to the amount of fifteen pounds, and labor to the amount of forty pounds, toward building him a house.

Hampshire and Vermont, and then down the valley to market at Brighton—work testing and developing both his physical power and endurance and his business judgment and acumen—Mr. Carpenter passed the years of his early manhood, till, in 1851, upon the organization of the Pittsfield Bank, he was chosen cashier of that institution, and gave his attention for about five years to the duties of the position; but, on account of the failure of his uncle's health, which rendered it necessary for him to assume entire

agricultural societies, in both of which he was interested. The home farm embraces about 700 acres of land in a compact body, and the estate includes, also, about 1,000 acres of outlying pasture and woodland. The buildings are of substantial, commodious and convenient type and the location one of the most attractive in the region, commanding a splendid view of the Suncook valley and adjacent hills. It may be appropriately added in this connection that few New Hampshire homes have been noted for a more generous



Residence of Charles H. Carpenter, Chichester

responsibility for the farm management, at the end of that period he resigned as cashier and devoted his attention in the main to agricultural operations, though his interest in the bank continued and his active connection therewith ceased only with his death, he having served as a director, and as president from 1870.

He was for many years noted for raising fine cattle from a cross of the Devon and Durham breeds, and he contributed largely to the successful exhibitions of the state and county

hospitality than that of Charles H. Carpenter of Chichester.

Aside from his other work, Mr. Carpenter was long extensively engaged in the lumber business, buying timber lots and manufacturing and selling lumber. In addition to his banking interests in Pittsfield, which included not only his connection with the Pittsfield National Bank, reorganized from the original Pittsfield Bank and the Farmer's Savings Bank, of which he was a trustee, he had large real estate interests in

the village, and was a promoter of, and large stockholder in, the Pittsfield Aqueduct Company. He was also a leading spirit in promoting the construction of the Suncook Valley Railroad, and was from the start, a director of the corporation, contributing, also, handsomely from his own means, toward the building of the road. He was, also, a large stockholder in the Concord & Montreal R. R., and a prominent figure for years in the annual meetings of the corporation. The Merchant's National Bank of Dover was established a few years since largely through his instrumentality, and he was president of the same till his decease, his grandson, Charles Carpenter Goss, being the cashier.

In politics, Mr. Carpenter was, throughout his life, a Democrat of the stalwart type, schooled in the principles of Jefferson and Jackson; but he never sought public office at his party's hands. He served, however, two terms in the New Hampshire legislature as a representative from Chichester—in 1855 and 1856—being during the latter session a member of the Committee on Banks, of which the late Gen. A. F. Stevens of Nashua was chairman. Among his associates in legislative service were the late James W. Emery of Portsmouth, Daniel M. Christie of Dover, Joel Eastman of Conway, G. W. M. Pitman of Bartlett, Mason W. Tappan of Bradford, E. H. Rollins and H. A. Bellows of Concord, Lewis W. Clark of Pittsfield, William H. Gove of Weare, Daniel Clark and David Cross of Manchester, Thomas M. Edwards of Keene, Jonathan Kittredge of Canaan, John L. Rix of Haverhill and Jacob Benton of Lancaster, of whom Judge Cross of Manchester is now the sole survivor.

During the Civil War, he was an ardent supporter of the Union cause, and for most of the time while it was in progress he was conspicuous in the management of the town's affairs, as chairman of the board of selectmen, looking after the filling of quotas, the

raising and payment of bounties and the general conduct of business in which he displayed rare judgment and financial ability of high order. In 1904, although more than 85 years of age, he attended the National Democratic Convention at St. Louis, as the guest of the New Hampshire delegation, where he commanded general attention and respect as a representative of the old-time New England Democracy of the days of Isaac Hill and Franklin Pierce, and was accorded a seat on the platform during the sessions, as a mark of special honor.

Mr. Carpenter was an active and leading member of the Congregational church and society of Chichester, throughout his life; and was a liberal supporter of, and constant attendant upon, divine worship, finding in the plain, simple service of the country church the strongest agency for the promotion of social and moral progress in the community.

His wife, and faithful helpmeet for more than forty years, died July 5, 1882, leaving five children: John T., a farmer of Chichester, Mary J., who was educated for a teacher, and for some time followed the vocation, but assumed care of the home upon her mother's death; Electa A., who married the late John A. Goss, long cashier of the Pittsfield National Bank, and since his death, eight years ago, has successfully performed the duties of that position; Sallie P., who was also educated for a teacher, graduating at Abbott Seminary, Andover, for some time pursued her calling with success, and has since travelled with her sister extensively in her own and foreign countries, and Clara A., who is the wife of Nathaniel M. Batchelder of Pittsfield. He is also survived by two brothers, Josiah and Frank P. Carpenter of Manchester, and two sisters, Mrs. S. C. Merrill of Paterson, N. J., and Mrs. James W. Webster of Malden, Mass.

Besides his children, Mr. Carpenter leaves five grandsons, the oldest being Col. Charles Carpenter Goss, cashier of the Merchant's National

Bank of Dover and a member of the staff of Gov. Henry B. Quincy; one grand-daughter and four great grandchildren.

Endowed with a commanding presence, great physical vigor, a strong mind, sound judgment and rare business sagacity, Mr. Carpenter exerted a stronger and wider influence in the community than falls to the lot of

most citizens to command, and was a leader among his fellows for a period longer than the average duration of human life. He was a splendid representative of that sturdy type of manhood which characterized our New England life a half century ago and more, but is now all too rare for the general good.

THE STANDING ORDER MEETING HOUSE

By Joseph B. Walker

The early settlers of New England were largely a religious people, who, before coming to this country, had been church members and designated Independents. Here, however, they soon assumed the name, Congregationalists, a name less suggestive of division and more so of union. It has been intimated by an able writer that this change may have been made at the instigation of the Rev. John Cotton, the minister of the First Church in Boston.¹

THE CHURCH.

One of the earliest acts of the settlers of a New England town was the organization of a church. Capt. Edward Johnson, in his "Wonder Working Providence of Sions' Saviour in New England," first published in 1654, says that there were then in Massachusetts Bay, Plymouth, Maine and New Hampshire, forty-three organized churches. Four of these were in the latter province, each of the towns of Portsmouth, Dover, Hampton and Exeter having one.²

Not sharply discriminating as to doctrines, their members accepted the confession of faith subsequently approved by the Synod held at Boston in 1680. This was in substantial accord with the teachings of the Westminster Assembly's

Shorter Catechism. These they sincerely accepted and sought to live lives in conformity thereto. As a result, they were sober, pious, strong and thrifty.

As the colonies abutting upon the sea and Long Island Sound became peopled, large numbers of the descendants of the earlier generations who had settled in Massachusetts and Connecticut moved inland and founded new towns and obtained new homes therein.

These possessed the characteristics of the ancestors and, in organizing their new municipalities and homes, they largely followed lines with which they were familiar. As already stated, one of the first institutions to be established was the church. This was of the type of those already existing in the older towns. For a century and more, this bore no denominational name, and it was called "The Church," or "The Church of Christ;" and to particularize it, when necessary, to this designation was appended the name of its location.

In 1730, there were about twenty such churches in New Hampshire; two on the west bank of Merrimack River, one at Dunstable (now Nashua), and one at Penny Cook (now Concord); while the rest were to be found at different points in the

¹Punchard's View of Congregationalism, p. 214.

²Johnson's Won Work. Prov. Andover Ed., p. 246, note.

south eastern section of the province. To these, supported by a tax upon the polls and estates of the people, was given by legal implication and general consent, the appellation of "The Standing Order," a name which they continuously bore until the passage of the Toleration Act, so called in 1819.

The support of religion was made a town purpose by statute. The ministers were chosen by the legal voters of the towns in which they were to serve and were as much town officials as the selectmen. For more than a hundred years legal provision was made for their support by their respective town governments, in accordance with a law of the Provincial Assembly passed in 1693; whereby it was "Enacted . . . that it shall and may be Lawful for the freeholders, of Every respective Towne Convened, in Public Towne Meeting; as often as they shall see occasion to make Choice of, & by themselves, or any other Person or Persons by them appointed, to agree with a Minister or Ministers for the Supply of the Towne. And what Annual Sallery Shall be allowed him & the Minister so made Choice of, and agreed with, shall be accounted the Settled Minister of the Towne; and the Selectmen for the time being shall make rates and Assesm'ts upon the Inhabitants of the Towne for the paym't of the Min^{rs} Sallery as afores'd, in such Mannr & as They doe for Defreying of other Towne Charges."¹

And these resolute, hard-working ministers were deserving of the maintenance thus afforded them. During parts of the period we are now considering theirs was not only an arduous but a perilous service. Yet neither the Frenchmen, the war-whoop of the Indian or the red coats of British soldiers intimidated them. They believed the gospel of the New Testament and the gospel of civil liberty, also. They held the truth as they saw it, and by their unanimity

deferred, until after the Revolution, the sectarian strife which was next in order, as an era in religious evolution. It may be said of them, as of the late Nathaniel Bouton said in 1830 of his earliest predecessor in the pastorate of the First Congregational Church in Concord, that they "were not discriminating as to doctrines, but insisted chiefly on the duties of practical religion."

It is to the honor of the ancient churches of the Standing Order that they placed strong and well-educated men in their pulpits. Of the fifteen settled ministers in New Hampshire in 1730, all were graduates of Harvard College. Their names, years of graduation, places of settlement and periods of pastoral service appear in the following table:

Names.	Graduation.	Towns	Pastoral service.
John Odlin.....	Har. Col.	1702Exeter	1706-1754
Nathl Gookin.....	"	1703Hampton. ...	1710-1734
William Allen.....	"	1703Greenland. ...	1707-1760
William Shurtliff	"	1707Newcastle. ...	1712-1732
Joseph Adams.....	"	1710Newington. ...	1715-1783
John Emerson.....	"	1684Portsmouth. ...	1715-1732
Jona. Cushing.....	"	1712Dover.....	1717-1769
Henry Rust.....	"	1707Stratham.....	1718-1749
Nathl Prentice.....	"	1718Dunstable.....	1718-1737
Hugh Adams.....	"	1697Durham.....	1718-1750
Jabez Fitch.....	"	1694Portsmouth.....	1725-1746
Nathl Morrill.....	"	1723Rye.....	1726-1734
Joseph Whipple.....	"	1720Hampton Falls	1727-1757
Timothy Walker.....	"	1725Concord.....	1730-1782
James Pike.....	"	1725Somersworth	1730-1790

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE STANDING ORDER MEETING HOUSE.

Inasmuch as the maintenance of a church made indispensable a suitable house in which to conduct its services, the law of 1693, just quoted, "Further enacted and ordained that for the building & repaying of Meeting houses, Ministers houses, School houses, and allowing a Sallery to a School Master in Each Town within this Province, the Selectmen in the respective Towns shall raise money by an Equable rate, and Assesm'nt upon the Inhabitants in the Same maner as in this present act directed for the Maintenance of the minister."²

¹Laws of N. H., Prov. Period, 1696-1725, p. 560.

²Laws of N. H., Prov. Period, p. 561.

Most of the town charters also made obligatory the early erection of "convenient houses for the public worship of God." In the Plantation of Penny Cook (now Concord) the meeting house was the first permanent structure erected in the township. In some instances, their erection was delayed for a time. Such was the case at Tamworth where, in 1792, for the want of a suitable building the Rev. Samuel Hidden was installed in his sacred office in a grove. A great rock still shown, furnished the platform upon which the rever-

THE FIRST TYPE.

The term meeting house, once in common use, is now well-nigh obsolete. The early meeting house was not a simple church edifice restricted in its use to the worship of God. It was rather, like a Jewish synagogue, intended for other uses also, as its name suggests.¹ In the early days of many, perhaps of most New Hampshire towns, it was the only building in which considerable assemblies could convene. In settlements within the Indian frontier, it was also in-



Log Meeting House—First Type

end council stood; the arches of the surrounding forest formed the ceiling and the leaf-strewn ground the floor of this primeval sanctuary. Mr. Bryant tells that

"The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them,—ere he framed
The lofty vault to gather in and roll back
The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down
And offered to the Mightiest, solemn thanks
And supplication."

tended, in case of need, to serve as a fortress, inasmuch as their inhabitants, for nearly a century and a half, were exposed to the stealthy assaults of the French and Indian enemy.

Notably so was it at Rumford (Concord), where the meeting house was built of logs. Of similar construction was the first meeting house at Boscawen, where, some ten years later, it was voted "To build a house 40 feet long and of the same width of the Rumford Meeting House and 2 feet higher, said House to be built of logs." And of like simple construction was the Hopkinton meeting house, which, by a vote of

¹The Jewish synagogues were not only used for worship, but also for courts of judicature, Bible Dic. Tract Soc. Ed.

the "inhabitants, May 24, 1739, was ordered to be 35 feet in length and 25 feet in breadth and 8 feet between joints with a Baval Roof."

The withdrawal of French dominion from Canada in accordance with the treaty of 1763, made this particular feature of their construction no longer necessary, yet, owing to the limited number and means of the settlers of the interior towns of the state, the meeting houses remained small and very plain buildings.

THE SECOND TYPE.

From this first type, was evolved, ere long, a second and more commodious one; made possible by the advent of the sawmill and the increased number and wealth of the inhabitants. Wholly or in part maintained by a tax upon the polls and estates of the town to which it belonged, it was given the descriptive appellation of "Standing Order" meeting house, in distinction from others which began to be erected and maintained by the voluntary contributions of parties of other denominations.

This type of meeting house was a plain, rectangular 2 story building, some 40 to 70 feet long and two-thirds as wide. In its boarded and clapboarded walls were inserted 2 rows of large windows. Its shingled roof descended from a common ridge, sometimes in two moderate slopes to the eaves of the side walls and sometimes in four to those at the ends as well. Externally, when painted white, as it usually was, it surpassed its predecessor as much in style as in size.

It was entered through doorways at the ends and one side. From the latter, which was its main entrance, a broad aisle extended between two tiers of square pews to the pulpit projecting from the opposite wall. The side entrances opened upon aisles of less width which, extending along lines parallel with the four sides of the house, afforded access to

tiers of wall pews on one side and of inside pews on the other.

Over portions of the floor was a gallery, with aisles corresponding to and directly over those last mentioned. These also afforded access to rows of square wall pews on one side and to the space between it and the gallery front, occupied in part by singers' seats, and in part by pews and long seats. In some houses, during the period of negro slavery in New Hampshire, special provision was made for seating the colored members of the congregations, usually in the gallery.

But the most imposing feature of the interior was the pulpit. This, projecting from the unoccupied wall, rose abruptly from the floor, like Mount Sinai from the surrounding plain. It was some 8 or 9 feet square and as many in height. It was incased in panel work and in some cases, embellished in front by a semi-circular projection, surmounted by a cushion for the support of the sanctuary Bible. In this projection, the minister stood while engaged in his part of the public service, and his utterances were supposed to have been given additional force, by a ponderous sounding board suspended above his head by a rod from the ceiling. What particular use this actually served is not quite clear, other than to excite the wonder of restless children, and appall nervous persons by the doleful thought of the dire destruction of the minister, in case its suspension rod should break. Yet sounding boards were a long time in vogue and this cloudlike overshadowing of the pulpit may have rendered more solemn and authoritative its teachings. This sacred inclosure was reached by a side flight of stairs adorned by a moulded rail and curiously wrought balusters, and was lighted, in part, by a broad, three-panelled round arched window in its rear.

The private pew was a common feature of this type of house, which

was not general in that of the first. This occupied a floor space of about 50 square feet, which was inclosed by panelled walls about three feet high and surmounted by rows of balusters and a rail. It was provided by a door in the side adjoining the aisle, and a range of board seats on the other three. To the latter, hinges were attached, which allowed of their elevation during the long, antisermon prayer; whereby the occupants were enabled to stand more comfortably. This arrangement also

were sufficiently loose to allow of it. Thus seated, in a sacred inclosure of its own, with its door securely fastened, each family could enjoy the service, secure from any intrusion.

This type of meeting house, while larger and more commodious than its predecessor, was sometimes called a "barn meeting house," owing to its extreme external plainness and want of any porch, bell tower or chimney.

A meeting house of this type, erected at Sandown in 1774, is still in a state of good preservation and



Sandown Church—Second Type

permitted them to be lowered at its close in a clattering endorsement of its petitions.

The average square pew afforded seats for six or eight persons. If more were required, a chair or two could be introduced, to this arrangement of sittings, only about one third of the congregation faced the minister, while the other two thirds looked at him askance or not at all. If the children were too short to see over the rails, they could peer at one another between the baluster and twirl in their sockets such of these as

graphically described in the October, 1910, number of this magazine. Its good condition is due, evidently, not only to the praiseworthy care of its friends, but in large measure to the fidelity of its builders. A writer in the History of Rockingham County says of its frame, "The frame is all of white oak; the braces in the frame are 3 by 10 inches, the beams are 10 by 12 inches, the rafters are 8 by 10 inches, doubled one foot apart, with a post between, and the corner posts are 28 feet high and 12 inches square."



East Derry Church—Third Type

While the writer is not certain that this meeting house was ever occupied by a Standing Order Church, it is presented here as a good illustration of the third type of houses of that order.

An external modification of this type, as seen in the meeting house of the First Congregational Church in Exeter, made so by the erection of a bell tower upon one side of it, marks the transition from the second to the third type.

THE THIRD TYPE.

In the third type we have the Standing Order meeting house in its highest stage of development. While retaining many features of its immediate predecessor, in various others it greatly surpassed it. Architecturally it was more comely and better adapted to the purposes which it was built to serve. Porches covered one or more of its entrances and contained stairways leading to its galleries. Its main entrance was transferred from the side opposite the pulpit to one end, and protected by a projection which was carried upward as a tower to a belfry and thence to a lantern, often surmounted by a spire and weather vane.

The lofty spire of the meeting house of this type, often rising to a height of 125 or 150 feet, could be seen for long distances and served as an important landmark to the traveler. Inasmuch as its elevation was liable to attract the electricity of thunder storms, it was protected by a rod to conduct it to the ground.

Within this type of house the square pews of its predecessor were generally supplanted by long, immovable seats, extending in lines parallel to each other across the house, at right angles to the aisles, which extended longitudinally from the vestibule to the open space before the pulpit. These arrangements brought the minister face to face with his congregation, and prevented the noise resulting from the lowering of the seats, at the close of the long prayer before mentioned.

Half a score, more or less, of these ancient meeting houses, having outlived their compeers, may still be seen in different sections of the state.

Of the second type there is one at Sandown and another at Northfield, while of the third, at least four or five still remain.

Indeed, the meeting house was generally the central object of the early New England village. Around it clustered various industrial, social and religious interests. From it, as did the great roads from the Forum of ancient Rome, the highways extended outward in all directions to the surrounding communities.

THE MEETING HOUSE BELL.

The bell in the lofty tower of the meeting house shared with the minister its important utterances. It summoned the villagers to their morning and mid-day meals and to their nightly rest. It rang out in glad tones on public occasions their rejoicings; it called them to their Sunday worship, and it timed their sad processions from the house of mourning to the grave.

THE HORSE BLOCK.

Another close companion of the Standing Order meeting house was the horse block. In early times, when the roads were poor and carriages were few, large numbers came to



Horse Block

meeting from the outlying sections of the parish either on foot or on horseback.

In the latter case, a horse often carried two persons; a man in front, seated upon a saddle, and a woman behind him upon a pillion. A moment's reflection will make plain the difficulty of two persons

mounting or dismounting a horse from the ground.

To facilitate this, a small platform was erected near the meeting house, about three feet high, and reached by a short flight of steps. From and upon this, mounting and dismounting was easy.

An ancient survivor of one of these, formerly connected with the old Standing Order meeting house of Concord, is yet to be seen in a good state of preservation. It consists of a thin, round sheet of granite about eight feet in diameter, and as many inches thick. This was originally supported by a circular rough stone wall, and, as already stated, its upper surface was reached by a flight of rough stone steps. Doctor Bouton tells us in his History of Concord that it was paid for by a joint contribution by the women of a pound of butter apiece.

THE MEETING HOUSE STOVE.

As long as the Standing Order meeting house continued such, it seldom if ever had any means of being warmed. Its capacious interior, high ceiling and numerous large windows, loosely fitted to their frames, were admirably adapted to an equalization of the winter temperature within its walls with that without. As few attendants upon its Sunday services possessed sufficient spiritual warmth to render them indifferent to the chills of the flesh, various additions of clothing reinforced by small foot-stoves were utilized to render tolerable the rigor of the winter cold.

Mr. Parker Pillsbury once remarked in the hearing of the writer that, in the meeting house in his native town of Henniker, he had seen Parson Sawyer conduct the Sunday service with his white and blue woolen mittens upon his hands.

And, strange as it may seem, the physical vigor of a good portion of the attendants upon the religious

services in these ancient sanctuaries, caused them to so like this penance of weekly suffering as to be opposed for a time to any relief therefrom. When, therefore, upon the invention of stoves, warming of the meeting house became practicable, propositions for their introduction were not infrequently vigorously opposed.

Various traditions of resolute contests have descended to the present day; some of them, doubtless, apocryphal, some true, and all of them more or less characteristic of the public sentiment of the times and places of their alleged occurrence.

According to one, in a certain meeting house in which a stove had been installed, great complaint was made at the close of the first service after its introduction, that it had rendered the atmosphere so oppressive as to destroy all enjoyment of the service. In answer thereto, attention was called by its friends to the offending agent, and it was found that the stove was a new one in which no fire had ever been kindled.

Another is that a man opposed to warming the meeting house, in which a stove had been set up, who occupied a wall pew near a window, climbed upon his seat at the close of the meeting and asked the audience to tarry for a short time that he might introduce a resolution for the removal of the stove, which had been placed in the center of the house; for the sufficient reason that it had driven all the cold in from the middle of the house to the sides, and that the wall pews had been made colder than they had ever been before.

Should the authenticity of these stories appear in any way doubtful, the reader is respectfully referred to a third case, attested by the records of the Congregational Society of Webster, where, in a spirit of fairness characteristic of the people of that town, it was voted "To dispense with a fire in the stove the first Sabbath in each month during the cold season."¹

¹Coffin's Hist. Boscawen, p. 238.

THE HORSE SHED.

A third adjunct to the Standing Order meeting house, devised during the later period of its development, when the use of carriages had become common, was the horse shed. This occupied a modest position in its near vicinity. The rough storms of rain, snow and wind in New Hampshire afforded slight excuse to our hardy forefathers for omitting the Sunday duty of "going to meeting." On such days, when sheltered in the house of God, their better feelings were awakened to a care for their faithful animals standing without, exposed to the cold. To secure their protection and comfort, the horse shed was devised and erected.

It consisted of a long, narrow structure, open in front but closed at the ends and rear. Its length was determined by the number of its joint owners and its width by the number of feet required to cover its prospective occupants. Its roof was divided by its ridge line into two unequal sections, the rear one being a few feet the widest. Its interior was devoted to stalls some seven or eight feet wide, separated from one another by the transverse timbers supporting the back side and the roof. The sight of one of these suggested not only the comfort of the faithful beasts which they were built to shelter, but the humanity of the builders.

THE INTERMISSION.

In most New Hampshire towns, the Standing Order meeting house was, down to the beginning of the nineteenth century, the only one. Fifty-two times a year it drew together at a common center, a large portion of the inhabitants from their several homes, sparsely scattered over the surrounding sections of the township. Here they assembled each Sunday, in attendance upon the two religious services of the day, the first of which was usually held in the forenoon, from half past ten o'clock to

twelve, and the second, in the afternoon, from one to half past two.

At the close of the morning service, the solemn formality hitherto prevailing was relaxed. The minister descended from his lofty pulpit to greet with cordiality his people. The members of the various families before segregated in their pews, were dispersed, and the congregation was converted into one informal assembly of men, women and children. Parties living far apart and seldom meeting elsewhere exchanged friendly salutations; interested inquiries as to welfare of mutual friends not present were made, and an *esprit de corps* was created which compacted the people of the township into one solid unity of sympathy and purpose; a result not confined to any one or to a limited number of towns, but experienced substantially in all throughout the state.

How far these simple intermission meetings contributed to the unity of feeling, which made possible at the opening the Revolutionary War, the execution of The Association Test agreement, is a matter of conjecture; but that they contributed thereto is one of certainty. Equally certain is it that they materially aided in awakening that spirit of brotherhood enjoined by the second great commandment of God's law and were important coadjutors of the pulpit.

THE ADVENT OF OTHER DENOMINATIONS.

The history of New Hampshire shows but few dissenters to the faith of the Standing Order church during the first one hundred and fifty years following its settlement. By the middle of the eighteenth century, however, and, in fact, a little before, these began to appear. The first on the ground were the Presbyterians, who organized their first church at Derry in 1719. Next in order came the Baptists, who established the first one of their denomination at Newton in 1756, and the Sandeman-

ians who, in 1763, gathered one of their faith at Portsmouth. In 1780, largely through the efforts of Benjamin Randall, a Freewill Baptist church was organized at New Durham, and the year following, 1781, the Universalists formed the first one of their denomination at Portsmouth. The next year, 1782, the Shakers settled families at Canterbury and Enfield. Ten years later, 1795, the Methodists established their first

borders no less than eleven different denominations in 1800:—

1. That of the Standing Order, for whose support all the ratable polls and property in the state were assessed and,

2. Those of the other ten, above mentioned, maintained by the voluntary contributions of the several parties connected therewith. These claimed that, inasmuch as they were dissenters to the doctrines of the



Hopkinton Congregational Church—Fourth Type

society at Chesterfield, and were followed in 1800 by the Christians, who gathered their first church at Portsmouth.

Besides these and antedating them, were two small bodies of Episcopalians and Quakers. The former of these had erected a chapel in Portsmouth as early as 1638, and the latter had formed a society at Seabrook, in 1701.

It will be seen by the foregoing that New Hampshire, with a population of 214,000, had within her

Standing Order, they should be excused from aiding in their support. But their claims were for many years unavailing and gave rise to animated discussions, often heated, but with no satisfactory results. In 1819, however, the long-sought relief was attained by the passage by the Legislature of an Act popularly known as the Toleration Act.

THE TOLERATION ACT.

The Toleration Act, so called,¹ disestablished the Standing Order

¹"An act in amendment of an act entitled an act for regulating towns and town officers, passed February 8, Anno Domini 1791."

church, which thereafter became a simple denominational church, like all others within the state. As a result, since the members of these were drawn more or less from its membership, its audiences were so diminished that many of its meeting houses were found too large for convenient use.

Consequently, some of them were converted into two-story structures by the extension of their gallery floors to their side walls. Thus modified, they were thereafter severally occupied, one part by the church and the other by the town. Some were abandoned altogether and succeeded by new one-story buildings proportioned in size to the number of their anticipated occupants.

A few of these ancient Standing Order meeting houses still remain, but little changed externally; glorious in white paint, whose lofty bell towers bear spires pointing Heavenward. Their long rows of many-paned windows, loosely fitted to their frames, remind one that, in the distant winters of church and state, spiritual

warmth waged many a long contest with physical cold, which continued until terminated by the introduction of the stove.

They also call to mind the long and hard-fought contests for equal religious rights, resulting, as before stated, in the disestablishment of the established church.

And they remind us too of the sectarian strife which, at times, has characterized the denominational period, caused largely by sharp discriminations as to doctrines. Of late, happily, these seem to have been abating, possibly from the discovery that upon vital questions, the contestants had found themselves in substantial accord and that their real differences related largely to matters of speculative theology.

And farther still are we reminded that religion has ever been progressive; from the distant past, when truth and purity and brotherly love were less regarded than now, and that our denominational period marks a necessary era in its evolution.

THE BATTLE-FIELD

By L. J. H. Frost

Slowly sank the sun adown the western
Sky; his weary footsteps seemed to linger
On their homeward journey, as if he loved
The sunny southland, better even than
The shining west that with cheeks all glowing
And lips of crimson waited to greet him.
Perhaps t'was pity staid his footsteps, for
He lingered on a field all gory,—wet
With human blood.

His rosy beams grew paler
While he gazed upon the broad-spread carnage;
Sad results of an unholy human
Avarice; and of passions fiend-like; or,
Of a vain ambition that forever
Urges on its votaries toward that
Vortex by fate created to destroy
The hopes of mortals, making shipwreck of
The soul.

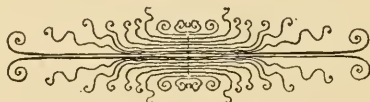
On that red field lay many an
 Upturned face with pain distorted. Eyes that
 Closed not with the death pang; lips open but
 Yet motionless, through which had quickly sprung
 The immortal spirit, as the caged bird
 Leaps forth from his prison house when careless
 Childhood has the door unbound.

Old and young
 Were there all silent; and the lingering
 Sunbeams kissed a last adieu alike upon
 The care-worn wrinkled brow, and cheek of manly
 Beauty. Fathers were there, and brothers, and
 The brave lover whose cold hand yet clasped the
 Shadows of his spirit's idol; all were
 Sleeping,—a long, deep dreamless sleep. Nor could
 The signal of the loudly beating drum,
 Or thunder of the whole artillery,
 Bring them to conscious life again.

Here was
 The humanity of man; all cold and
 Lifeless, like the fiery charger that close
 Beside him, with glaring eye, distended
 Nostril and protruding tongue, panted his
 Life away; an hour ago, how proudly
 Bore he on his fearless rider to the
 Bloody conflict But his work is ended.

On the morrow into many
 A home will dark-winged sorrow enter, as
 The swift-footed messenger brings tidings
 Of the dead. And friends will gather round him
 Waiting anxiously to listen to the
 Sad tale of woe that their own hearts have half
 Mistrusted; but they wait not long; too soon
 The dread words fall upon unwilling
 Ears, and eyes are deluged with the flood of grief
 That now o'erwhelms the soul! While hearts are wildly
 Beating, aching, breaking, that even at
 The cry of "Victory! Victory!" will
 Not cease their moan.

God of the battle-field!
 From her home in heaven let gentle Peace
 Come down and dwell with mortals. Then shall man
 Learn war no more.



THE OLD PLATTS BLOCK ON DOVER LANDING

By Lydia A. Stevens

Nearly one hundred years ago, the huge flatiron building on Dover Landing, commonly called the Platts Block, was erected. Why—it is hard to understand. Business was waning in that locality, and men who had acquired money on the river-front were beginning to invest it elsewhere.

ity. Its shipping interest furnished a stirring episode in the history of Dover, and life down there from 1785 to 1835 appears to have been a romance, laced and plaited with material prosperity.

One likes to dream of what might have been could the river front have



Platts Block, Dover Landing

Very soon the structure named had a challenge in the large brick schoolhouse, now for many years known as The Sherman. But the building spirit rose no higher, and these two monuments alone mark the Landing's early craving of body and mind. Apparently, the Landing of today is not destined to win unique fame.

This section played a prominent part once upon a time. For fifty years it was the seat of Dover activ-

grown merely as a greater Dover. Had the ancient lower river channel been a little wider and deeper, it is highly probable that artificial operations would have enabled this part of the town to maintain its distinction.

Today, on both sides of the waterway, public and private enterprise would be manifest. In spite of railroads, where now stand shabby and decaying buildings, reminders of old-time briskness, there would be eus-

tom house quarters, warehouses, counting rooms, stores, churches, well-kept residences, banks, school-houses, offices, and accompanying evidences of wellbeing.

But no writer of local tales, though the spell of the antiquated quarter be upon him, can hope to picture its glowing past. The material is not at hand for a sketch of the period, or story about the old-fashioned toilers, who kept things moving between Dover, Boston, and the West Indies. There are few printed sources of information—even reminiscences are lacking. It is altogether too late to gather the dates, facts, and details. The development ceased to be important, when business men were forced to turn their backs on the river. The great flatiron is left in some sort of dignity—the rest is made up of tumble-down houses and rotting wharves.

When Hosea Sawyer, of a well-known Garrison Hill family, concluded to put his savings into a block of stores with commodious dwelling apartments overhead, he chose the commanding junction of Main and Portland streets, then called Lafayette Square. The lot was of granite formation, and very difficult to reduce to a proper level. It would seem that he did not realize that the compact part of the town was slowly stretching into the open fields. He still had faith that the little space inclosed within such close boundaries as Tuttle Square through Central Street and Central Square to Franklin Square; thence by way of Main Street to Washington Square, and along Washington and Central Streets to point begun at, would for many years allow full scope for active business men. And, of course, he did not foresee that railroads would soon put a check on the chances of time and tide. He lived to see the Landing's predominance fade away, and when the dream of making Dover a permanent port of entry, and a post for the traffic of open sea and the "Great North Country" also lost its glamor, gloom settled over the Landing. It

shortly became what it is now, a well-nigh deserted section, appearing to the best advantage by moonlight. Then a shade akin to resignation crept over old man Sawyer's face, and in a little while he was dead. But his brick block, made to last from generation to generation, still holds itself erect, sturdy and strong. For many years it has been a part of the John L. Platts estate.

In the old days the building caught the sun from every angle, and from every window there was a fine range of view. The east side looked down on the winding river, the shipyards, overhanging warehouses, outgoing and incoming packets, heavily laden barges, and the swift-oared boats. In the foreground appeared stores, moving oxtteams, drays, carts, the inviting tavern, and beyond the high ground of Pine Hill. Westward the afternoon light spread like a gossamer veil over the harsh outlines of the growing mills. Until 1840 the married accountants and salesmen occupied the apartments, and no more desirable dwellings were to be found in town.

Between the quick rise and natural fall of a building—betwixt its disuse and ruin—there is frequently a long interval. This space of time, marked by the entrance of the first occupants, the exit of the last, and its final disorganization, excites tender human feeling. But in this case the building has not fallen, we have no list of its inmates, nor knowledge of their standing in town, and the human relations of all save the builder and the help he employed are wanting. The visible part of the building has record in the tax-collector's books, but the invisible part is lost.

Fortunately, the man who got together the money, and whose mind conceived the enterprise, left a written record showing the names and crafts of the men he employed, and in many cases the number of hours each worked, and the sum paid. There is also an itemized account of expenditure for material used, to-

gether with the cost of lot. The whole affords unusual insight into the Dover laboring life of fourscore years ago. Of course, we should like to know what the men, who built the largest and costliest house on the Landing, did outside their humdrum working hours. This is denied to us. And it would be interesting to know how they divided religiously, socially and politically; how their wives and daughters spent their spare time—if they had any—what books were read; among the men, who was the close hunk and who the spendthrift; what the children got out of the common schools, and whether the poverty of that day was more hopeless than that of now. In this, also, we are disappointed. Of some other things we can infer much. During the long years, there have been marriages, births and deaths within the walls of

the building. Good fortune and misfortune have been in attendance. But the wedding bells sounded a long time ago; the christenings are forgotten; and the dead will never leave their graves to go wandering idly about at night, frightening living people, and setting the Landing dogs a-howling.

The Building is, in a way, like any other timeworn shelter for human beings. It does not require much imagination to feel that the souls and faces of dead inmates linger about the premises; that something will remain after the bricks have been torn down; impalpable, indefinable, spectral. Something that will whisper of the distant past. If there exists another full and minute statement of the cost of a private building of equal or greater size in Dover, its resting place is unknown.

EXPENSE OF BUILDING

*My Brick Block
on Dover Landing.*

Lot.

Purchased March 1, 1822.....		\$715.00
------------------------------	--	----------

TOOLS BOUGHT.

3 wheelbarrows, 4 crowbars, 3 pickaxes.....	34.17	
6 hoes, 5 shovels, cast steel & blister.....	25.84	60.01

DIGGING AND BLOWING OUT CELLAR AND STONING.

David Rollins, John Bryce, Charles Wentworth, Nathan Church, John Petingill, Ben Young, Timothy Brewster, William Stevens, Simeon Low, Joseph Lampe, Joseph Dolloff, Joseph Furber, worked in all 383¼ days.....		200.72
Spirits served to these men.....		43.50
John Ham, hauling away gravel.....	1.60	
Hiram Rollins, surveying lot.....	1.33	
Bought iron for grate.....	6.23	
Levi Sawyer, blacksmith work.....	28.32	
John Waldron, " ".....	13.68	
Israel Estes, " ".....	2.40	
Joseph Furber, 9 casks powder & labor.....	40.46	
Bart. Wentworth, hauling rocks.....	2.50	
Benja. L. Colby, " ".....	10.00	
Jacob Wentworth, " ".....	5.00	
Amos White, 38 loads ".....	30.00	
Joseph Chesley, 7 " ".....	12.50	
James Whitehouse, laying cellar walls.....	123.30	
Sally Wentworth, boarding laborers.....	88.26	
Nat. Lamos, " Simeon Low.....	2.18	
Paid for sundry jobs.....	4.50	372.26

HEWN STONE, INCLUDING CELLAR DOOR STEPS & CURBSTONE.

Jonathan Daniels.....	\$531.30	
David Rollins.....	3.80	
Daniel Locke, cutting stone.....	3.00	
Eph. Locke, drilling ".....	.50	
Dover Mfg. Co. " ".....	1.80	\$540.40

BRICK BILLS.

John P. Sargent, 130,700 at 4.06.....	530.46	
Daniel Watson, 40,250 " 4.50.....	181.12	
Thomas Card, 60,775 " 4.50.....	273.48	
Stephen Hanson, Jr., 2,000 at 4.50.....	9.00	
John P. Sargent, 1,000 for sidewalk.....	4.50	998.56

MASON WORK.

James Whitehouse, laying brick & setting stone.....	558.37	
140 cask lime.....	210.00	
75 loads sand and 4 bushels hair.....	19.55	
A Griffin & others, sundries.....	5.63	
William Ransom, shovelling gravel.....	1.50	
Bought iron fastenings.....	49.02	
Benja. S. Colby, hauling brick & lime.....	41.14	
Jake Wentworth " " " ".....	6.76	
John Ham, " " " ".....	11.65	
Joshua Wentworth, " " " ".....	3.34	
Spirits for teamsters.....	15.00	921.96

FRAME & C.

37,876 ft. timber frame & raised at \$12½ per m.....	473.45	
10,620 ft. boards & planks.....	792.40	
Samuel Woodman, timber.....	9.12	
44 m shingles.....	110.00	
J. B. Varney, inspector.....	20.00	
Thomas Tripe, plan for carpenters.....	6.00	
Bought 2,135 lbs. cut nails & 64 lbs. pennyweights.....	184.60	
Brads.....	7.77	
638 lbs. sheet lead & sandpaper.....	72.93	
1,318 lbs. of glass.....	174.97	
Lead conductors & paint brushes.....	6.67	
Paints and oil.....	84.64	1942.55

CARPENTERS.

Sam Woodman and hands 182½ days.....	243.74	
Finishing roof.....	183.50	
John Edrue & son Thomas, 266 3-8 days.....	438.64	
Moses Woodman & boy 20½ ".....	11.96	
Eph. Wentworth & hands 143½ ".....	125.54	
Jonathan Robinson 78¼ ".....	84.50	
John Jones 39½ ".....	49.21	
Morris Perkins 12 ".....	13.55	
Samuel Brown 27 ".....	18.00	
John Lewis 4½ ".....	3.00	
Daniel D. Williams 19 ".....	20.50	
Alva Edgerly 20½ ".....	13.67	
Joseph Coleman 15 ".....	13.75	
William Wood 24½ ".....	21.57	

Stephen Dudley	17	days.....	\$17.00	
Daniel Swain	36½	"	17.38	
Ebenezer Parsons	29½	"	24.75	
John Roberts	2	"	1.87	
Daniel Hayes, doorframes & sashes.....			109.73	
J. P. Leavitt, doors & shutters.....			56.33	
6 pillars.....			12.00	
Spirits served to above.....			40.00	\$1,520.00

SUNDRIES.

Stephen Toppan, closet furnishings.....			52.28	
William Stackpole, setting doorframes.....			6.75	
Blinds for dwelling apartments.....			16.00	
James Bryce, 75 days' labor.....			30.46	
Mrs. Eliza Joy, boarding carpenters.....			25.71	
Mrs. Sally Wentworth, " "			35.13	
Sam Woodman, " "			13.54	
Benja. L. Colby, carting lumber.....			15.00	
Richard Fowler, painting.....			99.18	
Abraham Folsom, "			10.79	
Michael Whidden, "			61.25	
Enoch L. Parker "			9.68	
putting on 63 rolls paper.....			50.25	
Stephen P. Palmer, plastering.....			92.95	
James Whitehouse, mason work.....			7.32	
Lewis Clements, " "			9.11	
Andrew Hussey, 6 stone posts.....			19.50	
Arlo Varney, stone.....			10.66	
French & Stockbridge, setting posts			25.50	
Stephen P. Palmer, laying brick sidewalk.....			10.25	
Levi Sawyer, blacksmithing.....			128.26	
Bought 2 doors for easterly stores & stoves and funnel.....			24.13	
Spirit for workmen.....			3.67	
Bought 4 blinds for bow corner chamber.....			12.19	
Paid for extra painting & papering.....			5.00	
Locks for bow windows & rear & front doors.....			13.00	
Other locks, latches, springs etc.....			50.60	\$38.16

DIGGING AND BLOWING OUT LEDGE AND BUILDING WALL BACK OF STORE.

290½ days labor.....			183.02	
Sundry expenses.....			84.67	
Small cottage and wood rooms.....			307.26	
Spirits served to laborers.....			38.00	612.95
My own labor & expense, estimated at \$243.40 not included.		Total		<hr/>
				\$8,766.26

Dover, N. H., Dec. 25, 1825.

HOSEA SAWYER.

THE POINT OF VIEW

By Georgiana Rogers

Just change your point of view
 Is all you have to do,
 And then all things will come your way;
 You cannot change a motion
 But you can change your notion—
 And therefore make night seem like day.

BLUESTOCKING QUEENS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

By Fred Myron Colby

The eighteenth century has not inaptly been termed woman's century. Certainly not for a long time, if ever before did the gentler sex exercise a more potent influence in art, in politics, in literature than during those interesting decades between the last English revolution and the close of the Napoleonic wars. All established barriers seemed to have been thrown down, and women rushed forward to rule or to guide in the courts of kings and in the salons of philosophers. European politics for a hundred years were directed, for weal or woe, by the soft, facile hands and intriguing brains of women—of a Maintenon, a Pompadour, a Maria Theresa, a Catherine, a Roland, or a Caroline Bonaparte. The history of these political Amazons and patriotic heroines is familiar to every reader. We wish to glance more particularly, at this time, at those women of gentler lines and more beneficent impulses, the Bluestocking Queens of England.

By this title of Bluestocking Queens we do not mean so much to designate those women like Hannah More, Madame d'Arblay and Madame de Stael, as those fair entertainers whose salons were the literary and art centers of the century—women who did a "bit of the blue" themselves, indeed, without winning any high rank in literature, in fact the social queens of the Bohemian world.

The first literary meetings in the mother country are believed to have been held by a woman—that Hortensia Mancini, niece of Cardinal Mazarin of France and favorite of Charles II of England, who assembled in her apartments at St. James men of letters, among whom Dryden, Wycherly, St. Evremond and De Grainmont figured. But learned as she

undoubtedly was, and a patron of scholars and poets, the Duchess of Mazarin can scarcely claim to be a queen of bluestockings. This eminence belongs first to a very different sort of a woman—none other than that eccentric, witty, bellicose beauty, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, so famous for being at first the idol and afterwards the abomination of Alexander Pope.

Born in the last decade of the preceding century, Mary Pierrepont grew up in the midst of that revival of art and letters which distinguished the reign of Queen Anne—an epoch that is linked forever in the minds of scholars and historians with those other brilliant periods, the age of Pericles, the Augustan age, the age of Leo X, the age of Elizabeth. Her first debut in society was characteristic of the manners of the time, and singularly auspicious. When she was a child of eight, her father, the Earl of Kingston, a member of the Kit-Kat Club, proposed her as his toast. The company of wits, poets and statesmen demurred, on the plea that they had never seen her. "Then you shall," cried her father, determined to carry out the joke; and the pretty, fair-haired child, who had even then considerable spirit and a good degree of vanity, was brought in. She was received with acclamations, and the bonbons and kisses with which she was overwhelmed were typical of the admiration she was destined to receive later.

This girl lived to become the liveliest, wittiest and severest woman of her time, celebrated for her Oriental travels, her charming letters, and, more than all else, her association with the men and women who constitute that golden era of wit and literature. Naturally of a strong mind

and acute understanding, those masculine qualities were strengthened through association with the man she married—Edward Wortley Montagu, who was intimate with Addison, Congreve and Steele, and was a favorite of Sir Robert Walpole, by whose influence he was sent on an important mission to Turkey. After their return, Lady Mary, having won fame by her letters, and holding court favor by her wit and beauty, was, perhaps, the most prominent lady in English society. At the persuasion of Pope, who was deeply in love with the “Wortley eyes,” her husband was induced to buy a house at Twickenham and there, and at their city residence at Cavendish Square, Lady Mary was the center of a distinguished circle. Gay, Swift, Bathurst, Bolingbroke, Chesterfield—the Philip Stanhope who wrote the famous letters of his heir, Lord Hervey and Pope constantly surrounded her, and of her own sex there were the Princess of Wales, Caroline Wilhelmina Dorothea, afterwards queen of England, Mrs. Selwyn, Miss Bellen-den, Miss Howe and Mary Lepell, afterwards Lady Hervey.

Another frequent visitor was Sir Godfrey Kneller, the artist, who, at Pope’s solicitation, painted a portrait of Lady Mary in her Turkish costume, which she describes in one of her letters. This dress was truly magnificent, and became her figure marvelously well. We can imagine little Pope hovering about the artist in raptures as he wrought the semblance of that almost faultless form and arch, spirited face with the celebrated eyes, upon the canvas, gazing first at the original and then at the likeness, while he jotted down the verses which he gave to his idol on this occasion:

“The playful smile around the dimpled mouth,
The happy air of majesty and truth,
So would I draw (but oh! ’tis vain to try,
My narrow genius does the power deny).
The equal luster of the heavenly mind,
When every grace with every virtue’s joined,

Learning not vain and wisdom not severe,
With greatness easy and with wit sincere,
With just description show the soul divine,
And the whole princess in my work should shine.”

Somewhat different was the sentiment of these lines from the brutal satires he afterwards vented on his entertainer.

Pope was probably the most gifted man of that crowd which gathered around the bluestocking queen, but he was quick and vitriolic in temper. His mean appearance—for he was a pygmy in size, humpbacked and squint-eyed—made him morbidly sensitive. He indulged in a real passion for his beautiful “princess,” and it is said that he at last made her a declaration in person. It seemed so utterly ridiculous that Lady Mary received it with a burst of laughter, which, though well deserved, was sufficiently rude, and was an affront that Pope never forgave. Henceforward he was her enemy, and was guilty of much petty spite in his treatment of her.

For twenty years Lady Mary Wortley Montagu held court in Cavendish Square, or at Twickenham. The old Duchess of Marlborough and Henry Fielding were sometimes her guests, and on Sunday, she received the whole court society of London, keeping those she liked to supper. But she was not in sympathy with the English manners of that day, and her plain speech made her other enemies beside Pope. In 1739 she retired to the continent where she lived many years. After the death of her husband, in 1761, she returned to England and took an apartment in George Street, Hanover Square. In that house she died the following year, of cancer.

Our next bluestocking queen was an intimate friend of Lady Mary’s, and though perhaps not more lovely in person was altogether a more lovable woman. She was Lady Hervey—the former Mary Lepell, maid of honor to the Princess of Wales, and

who with Mary Bellenden was a favorite of Pope from first to last. The "lovely Lepell," as she was called, married, when very young, Lord Hervey, son of the first Earl of Bristol. At the court of the Princess Caroline at Richmond, she indulged her taste for letters and literary conversation in preference to frivolous employments; and, after her marriage, she assembled around her a circle of wits, scholars, beauties, and men of fashion whose minds rose somewhat above the dull trivialities of an ordinary court. She was a much more gracious hostess than Mary Wortley Montagu, her manners being termed by Lord Wharncliffe, "easy, gentle and exquisitely pleasing." Her good sense was so prominent a feature of her character that it became, as life went on, almost proverbial.

Lord Hervey, her husband, who was a valetudinarian and a notorious gallant, though a scholar and a man of parts, is said to have admired Lady Mary Montague equally with his own wife, but no breath of scandal ever touched the fair fame of Lady Hervey. It was a scandalous age, everything was coarse and immoral; books, letters and poetry partook of the characteristic of the age, and even personal character was affected by it. In Lady Hervey's drawing rooms were seen such men as Sir Robert Walpole, Chesterfield, and later Beau Nash and Horace Walpole, and such ladies as Lady Suffolk and the Duchess of Queensberry, besides the strictly *literati*. Lord Chatham, Pulteney, Lord North, Dean Swift and other notable characters of the day mingled there together in social chat, and the charming hostess could talk divinity with Hoadley, sentiment with Fielding, poetry with Young, Continental travel with Nash and Horace Walpole, and the world—the great world which she knew so well—with Chesterfield. This she could do and hold her own with each and all of them.

It is not a difficult task to conjure up that circle of wits, statesmen, *literati* and beauties that gathered around this queen—the gentlemen in their long waist coats, broad-skirted coats stiffened with wire, loose breeches and long hose, their big shoe buckles, their ruffs, their voluminous wigs and their snuff boxes; the grand dames in high peaked stays, hooped skirts, looped petticoats, flowing sleeves, small gypsy caps, low hair, patches and powder. What topics they discussed—Richardson's last novel, the latest imported French fashion, the victories of Frederick of Prussia, the campaigns of the Seven Year's War, Gray's poems, Hogarth's paintings, and a hundred and one subjects that were then gossip and news and have now become crystallized into history.

Lady Hervey's entertainments continued to be a feature of London society nearly to the time of her death, for as late as 1765, we find Horace Walpole writing an amusing apology to her for his absence from a reception at her house. She died three years later, and was sincerely mourned by a host of friends whom her friendliness, good breeding and amiable temper attached to her.

Any one at all familiar with the literary life of the middle and latter part of the last century, knows that there was no more distinguished retreat of the muses than Streatham House, where Mrs. Thrale-Piozzi, through a long lifetime, dispensed hospitality with no stinted hand. The very names of Thrale and Streatham summon up the shades of the worthy brewer and his short, plump, beautiful wife, of "little Burney," and Sir Joshua Reynolds, of David Garrick and Edmund Burke, of Oliver Goldsmith and Arthur Murphy, and Topham Beauclerk and Samuel Johnson, and we can picture them sitting around the well-spread board, or clustering in the cosy parlors around the steaming urn, calling each other by their Christian names and sipping

the beverage that cheers but does not inebriate. And if we could have looked into the old mansion after all of them, or nearly all of them, had gone to their rest, we might have seen their portraits, limned by Reynolds himself, hanging round and gazing benignly at those of the master and mistress of the house.

It was the very year, or the year before, Horace Walpole wrote his letter of excuse to Lady Hervey that Mrs. Thrale first made the acquaintance of Samuel Johnson, the prince of *litterateurs* in England for a quarter of a century. Mr. Thrale and his wife had a *penchant* for literary people, and now the company at Streatham which had always been remarkable for their eminence and worth, was invariably marked by the presence of the great Samuel in his scratch wig, black, single-breasted coat, loose breeches, black stockings, "ill drawn drawn up," and a pair of huge shoes always untied. For more than sixteen years Johnson was a familiar guest at Streatham and during nearly half that time he was a constant partaker of the Thrale hospitality.

Mrs. Thrale, a bustling, energetic, little *precieuse*, always appeared to the greatest advantage at her conversations, exhibiting tact, grace, good breeding and a forgetfulness of self that was really remarkable in a pretty, flattered, talented woman. She had unbounded loquacity, however, and sometimes she and the learned leviathan had a "set to" that was not always to the doctor's advantage. At one of these tilts he termed her an "insect," but there was no one in the world who was so kind and gentle to the learned and blameless hypochondriac as was this "insect." She soothed and flattered him; her spirits cheered him, and her hospitality changed altogether the life and habits of a man whose only relaxation had been a tavern, and whose home was either a den in the Temple or a dungeon in Bolt Court. Johnson once confessed to Goldsmith that he owed

his escape from lunacy to the attentions of his kind hostess.

At Streatham Johnson was the "King of the beasts," although all the famous men and women of England met there, one time or another. At the evening receptions one would always have seen him sitting near Mrs. Thrale, his scrofula-marked countenance and convulsive movements, to say nothing of his dogmatic manners, making him no comfortable neighbor. Boswell, his future biographer, is near by, a young man with a comic-serious face and imperturbable good humor. And there would sit Reynolds, mild and placid, listening with his ear trumpet, and quite as good a talker as a listener. Oliver Goldsmith's odd little figure, clothed in the gayest of waistcoats and breeches, and Edmund Burke's grand, saturnine features, and David Garrick's rollicking countenance are marked objects; and Bennet Langton and Topham Beauclerk, the fine gentlemen of the party—all these formed a group of the greatest interest in the art and literary world of that time.

Several years after Johnson's ingress to the life at Streatham, Fanny Burney, than a young woman of twenty-six, whose first novel was just out, came to vary the scene. She and her hostess were soon on the best of terms, and it is interesting to know what the author of "Evelina" thought of the "insect." "She had a great deal of both good, and of not good, in common with Madame de Stael-Holstein," she says, and she goes on to draw a comparison between the two, exalting her friend to the level of that extraordinary woman. "Their conversation," she declares, "was equally luminous, from the sources of their own fertile minds and from their splendid acquisitions from the works and acquirements of others."

Mr. Thrale died in 1781. Three years afterwards his widow married the Italian music teacher, Mr. Piozzi. Doctor Johnson and Miss Burney

gradually withdrew from Streatham, and another circle of people gathered at the old place, most of the wits and *litterati* thronging to Mrs. Montagu's parlors at Portman Square. Mrs. Thrale-Piozzi did not give up entertaining, but the old charm was gone with the distinguished lights who chose to shed their luminance elsewhere.

The new star was queen of that titled and intellectual circle which has perhaps never been surpassed in England—the Bluestocking Club—which is said to have taken its name from the fact that Doctor Stillingfleet, one of the *habitués* and an oddity and a sloven, always wore blue stockings. The expression was caught up, and *les bas bleus* has been used ever since as a *soubriquet* for all who assume the literary character.

This bluestocking society must not be classed with that of the French *Precieuses* which gathered around Madame de Rambouillet in the palmy days of the Grand Monarque, which Moliere annihilated in his "*Precieuses Ridicules*." The party did not consist strictly of literary persons, but was made up of wits, divines, actors, beaux, three or four learned women and several very pretty and agreeable ones. Knowledge was not paraded as such, and learning was not disfigured by pedantry. Neither affectation nor levity was premitted in this charmed circle. The presiding genius was a distinguished lady of society, a beauty, a wit, and, above all, a thoroughly good and charming woman.

Elizabeth Montagu, born Miss Robinson, was of Yorkshire descent, and received her early education under the tuition of the scholarly Dr. Conifers Middleton. Bright and precocious, she was regarded as a prodigy of learning and acquirements at fourteen. But she loved society as well as books, and after her marriage she became a recognized leader in the fashionable world. Her husband died in 1755, leaving her, at the

age of thirty-five, immensely wealthy and still beautiful. She is described at this time as a person of the middle stature, with a slight stoop; her face was oval with high-arched brows, beautiful dark blue eyes, a clear, delicate complexion, and dark brown hair that she wore clustering over her throat and face.

From this time to nearly the day of her death, Mrs. Montagu appears to belong to society. Her house began to be a center of learning and fashion. The wit, the scholar, the politician, the critic and the orator, crowded around her. She had all society to choose from, but she chose her friends for their merits, not for their station. She was on intimate terms with Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, the most learned woman of her time in England, the poet Young, Lord and Lady Boscawen, the Burneys, James Beattie, Doctor Stillingfleet, Lord Lytton, Hannah More, Mrs. Darner, and Burke and Johnson. Garrick and Sir Joshua Reynolds were among those who honored and visited her.

For nearly twenty years the original Bluestocking Club flourished in its vigor at Mrs. Montagu's. It was the leading literary and social center in England. Hume and Gibbons were about the only literary men of note who did not belong to that brilliant circle. Everybody else went to Portman Square, and it was the ambition of every rising *litterateur* to be present at these entertainments. They were very mixed assemblies, no doubt, for the noblest ladies in England sat side by side with the sons of butchers and grocery dealers; but eminence of any sort was welcomed by this bluestocking queen, and all were equal at Montagu House.

Mrs. Montagu did a bit of blue herself. As a writer she was respectable, and her "*Essay on Shakespeare*" was pronounced by Doctor Beattie a most elegant piece of criticism. Her conversational talents were brilliant, and as a hostess she was unsurpassed. Every year until her death added to

her enlarging circle of votaries. In the latter part of the century, however, after the death of Johnson, Garrick and Reynolds, that which was once an intimate circle became so fashionable a resort that the rooms of Montagu House were thronged, and the intimate, tea-drinking, social character of the assembly merged into one far less agreeable.

When Mrs. Montagu died, in 1800, there was but one person in England who could be considered in any way her rival, and that was Mrs. Anne Seyman Damer, the famous sculptor, who three years previously had come in possession of Horace Walpole's seat at Strawberry Hill. She was over fifty years of age, of excellent birth, being the only child of so honorable a man as General Conway, and was on familiar terms with all the famous men and women of England. Though not one of the original *bas bleus*, she had known most of that society, and at Strawberry Hill, for nearly thirty years, she reigned the queen of a literary and art circle that well-nigh eclipsed those earlier ones at Streatham and Montagu House.

Her chief friends were the gifted Miss Berrys, Mrs. Garrick, the charming widow of the great actor, Mrs. Scott Siddons, the actress, Joanna Baillie the poetess, and Charles James Fox. The latter she was drawn to on account of his talents and his politics. Gentle and kind as she was by nature, she could never abide a Tory. She kept up a correspondence with Hannah More, and was one of the

few women whom Horace Walpole confessed were far superior to the majority of their sex. Her extensive and valuable correspondence she ordered by her will to be destroyed at her death.

One of her early friends was David Hume, the historian, and, as is well known, it was owing to a challenge of his that Mrs. Damer, then a young girl, took up the art of sculpture. He had expressed his doubt of her being able to produce anything equal to some plaster image sold by an itinerant Italian peddler. No sooner said than Anne Conway set to work, and in a short time she had moulded and carved a head that quite won the astonishment and the admiration of the heavy essayist. Her work in sculpture comprised busts from life and imaginary heads. Among those who sat to her were Lord Nelson, the hero of the Nile, Mrs. Siddons and Fox. She is one of the few women in the history of the world who have taken up the hammer and the chisel and won any kind of success in the art.

Mrs. Damer's life is a pleasant one to consider. Her talents were distinguished, her disposition fascinating. She was always gay and lively, and to the last was a charming companion. In moral character she was irreproachable. Her marriage was unfortunate, but it neither gave her ill-fame nor touched her own heart with cynicism. Few women live the long, active and useful life and die so happy and so well beloved as did the last of the bluestocking queens.

DON'T YOU WORRY

By Emily E. Cole

Laws, honey, don't you worry,
Jes' keep yo' sperrits ca'm.
A little cloudy weather
Ain' gwine do you no harm;
Don't you worry.

Dere's heaps o' trouble brewing
Wot nebber comes anigh;
An' if it do, why, honey,
Jes' let it hustle by.
Don't you worry.

CHANTECLER—AN INTERPRETATION

By Lila Taylor

Personal discovery is half the joy of a thing, so why try to interpret a parable? It is told as a parable to give our wits something to do, as a problem we have worked out ourselves will be better remembered, a jewel we have mined for ourselves will be more prized. Still, one fears, as one hears of Chantecler hats, Chantecler luncheons, Chantecler frills, etc., that the quaintly grotesque form of this play may fill the mind, and some may not see a high conception of human life beneath the varicolored feathers.

Chantecler is above all else an idealist with a sense of his mission in life; his duties near at hand; the direction of his hens, the care of his chicks, to warn them of dangers, to protect them from harm; and his high ideal, his religion, to bring light to all the world, to make the sun rise by his crowing.

In the first act he evades the questions of some curious hens about the secret of his song. Afterward he says himself, "No, I will not trust a frivolous soul with a weighty secret. Let me try rather to cast off the burden of it myself—forget and (shaking his feathers) just rejoice in being a rooster!—Hang care! A barley corn—Eat and be merry." As one with an object in life may sometimes doubt his vision, and think for a moment that the Epicurean is right, and that he takes himself too seriously, when the Pheasant Hen appears, he thinks he finds in her a mind that can understand him, and he shares his secret with her.

The thought of bringing light to the darkened world might well suggest the spirit of the philanthropist, the one voicing the needs of those in dark and hard conditions. Take Chantecler's fine revelation of his secret to the Pheasant Hen: "Earth speaks in me as in a conch, and, ceas-

ing to be an ordinary bird, I become the mouthpiece, in some sort official, through which the cry of the earth escapes toward the sky. And that cry is a cry of love for the Light—It is so wonderfully the cry of all that misses and mourns its color, its reflection, its flame, its coronet, its pearl; . . . that cry which mounts to the sky through me is so greatly the cry of all that feels itself in disgrace, plunged in a sunless pit, deprived of light without knowing for what offense, is the cry of cold, the cry of fear, the cry of weariness, of all that night disables or disarms:—it is so greatly the cry toward light of all Beauty, all Health, all which wishes in sunshine and joy, to see its work, and do it to be seen." Does not this truly express the one who speaks for the down-trodden, those "deprived of light without knowing for what offense?"

As the sun rises, the voices of other cocks answer and echo from the valley, and Chantecler exclaims: "Yes, they believe in the light as soon as they see it. I sang in total blackness. My song rose from the cheerless shade and was the first to rise. It is when Night prevails that it's fine to believe in the Light!" Bravo! Chantecler. It is fine to speak out alone in the darkness of evil and indifference! If we better things a little, have some success, others will join us and help carry on the work; but the voice in the dark was the germ of the light.

Light is not wanted by all, however, there are those who profit by the darkness. The night birds sing:

"Praise the Night, convenient, secret,
When in slaughtering baby rabbits
We can do it at our ease,
Daub the grass with blood in comfort,
Spare the pains to look like heroes,
Be ourselves where no one sees!"

In their conspiracy to kill the cock, they all have some grudge against him, but above all that he brings the light and interferes with their trade. The Blackbird, type of a cynic, is present at the conspiracy, although he says: "I am here to look on, you know, without taking sides—in the artist spirit, that's all." To which an owl answers wisely: "If you are not taking sides, then you are siding with us!" Our worker for good must expect opposition from those who gain by evil conditions.

When the White Pyle has been boasting of his various successful encounters, we have that beautiful speech of Chantecler's: "I, my dear sir, have never killed anything, but as I have at different times succored, defended, protected this one and that, I might, perhaps, be called in my own fashion, brave." Then comes the duel planned by the night birds, and interrupted by the appearance of a hawk. Chantecler spreads his wings to shelter those around, and raises his voice to avert the danger. He comes back to fight with renewed strength, exclaiming: "I got back my courage fearing for others." So they who enter into a sense of the larger life, the brotherhood of the human family, lose the petty weakness and fears of the one with his thoughts turned into self alone.

"Black excites me as red excites the bull," says our feathered hero—and the blackness of evil and oppression should excite the one "fearing for others," and fighting for the light.

Now we come to the apparent failure. Chantecler goes to the forest with the Pheasant Hen, who begs him to forget his song, his life work, and think only of her. He refuses, still believing in his destiny. From a branch above come rippling the liquid notes of a nightingale, and he listens, listens, forgetting all else in a trance of delight, and still the silvery music holds him. A shot is heard, and the nightingale falls dead. The Pheasant Hen, wishing to divert his

attention from the dawn, begs him to weep beneath her wing. Suddenly, with a backward leap, she cries scornfully, "You see that the day can break perfectly well without you!" He sees, indeed, in an agony of despair, that the sun has risen!

For the moment she has full sway with her arguments that he is not needed, and love is best. Presently his crow rings out sonorous as ever. He must continue his life work. The Pheasant Hen points mockingly to the remains of the nightingale: "Your faith can no more return to life than can that dead bird." The beautiful song of another is heard, and a voice says: "In the forest must always be a nightingale." Chantecler exclaims with exultation, "And in the soul a faith so faithful that it comes back even after it has been slain."

Now what does this scene suggest to our worker for social betterment? If he sleeps, or neglects his duty, progress will still go on, because we believe Good rules this world; and whether we have our part in it or not, the sun will rise. He may waver at times, may wander in the magic forest and be spell-bound with the love-song of the nightingale, but duty will call him back. Chantecler says truly: "No, I shall never forget the noble green forest where I learned that he who has witnessed the death of his dream must either die at once or else arise stronger than before." He cannot forget his beautiful dreams or his disappointments, but all experience rightly used will enrich him for his work. There is so much to be done, and he may at least be one of the mediums for the light which will finally conquer all darkness.

Does not Chantecler himself justify this interpretation when he says: "I shall not live to see shining upon the steeples that final total light composed of stars clustered in unbroken mass, but if I sing faithfully and sonorously, and if, long after me, and

long after that, in every farmyard its cock sings faithfully, sonorously, I truly believe there will be no more night."

Rostand is indeed a poet, who could get his inspiration from a little

French farmyard for: "With power to see, capacity to suffer, one may come to understand all things. In an insect's death are hinted all disasters. Through a knot hole can be seen the sky and marching stars."

SOLITUDE

By Frank Monroe Beverly

Adown beside the purling brook,
Where daisies are asleep,
And where the shades of afternoon
Begin to gently creep,
A maiden comely sits alone;
A pensive face has she,
But silence reigns—no words to say
How deep her thoughts might be.

Upon the knoll a rambling house,
A relic of the years,
There stands, and 'gainst a quiet sky
The chimney tall appears;
The jangling bells from far-off hills
Come swelling thro' the air,
A merry sound, but yet forsooth,
The maiden has a care.

Yestreen her face was all aglow,
Played o'er by sweetest smiles,
And she was fair; and joys was hers
To dream of afterwhiles;
She crossed her lover in his words—
And then in injured tone
He said, "Good-bye"—Fate willed it so—
And left the maid alone,

And now her heart has heavy grown,
The birds all silence keep;
With sinking hope and pensive face,
She sees the shadows creep;
She's sorry for the lovers' quarr'l,
Unpleasant thoughts obtrude,
And so in penance now she sits—
She sits in Solitude.



NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

RALPH A. ARNOLD

Ralph Andrew Arnold, well known in Masonic circles, secretary of the A. A. S. R. of that order, died at his home in Nashua, from heart failure, on the evening of January 16.

Mr. Arnold was the son of Daniel and Lora (Stowell) Arnold, born in Wilmington, Conn., March 26, 1841. He was educated in the public schools. He was a clerk in a clothing house at West Winsted, Conn., for a time, then went into the employ of the Singer Sewing Machine Company in New York. Later he went to Nashua to establish an agency for that company, remaining about two years. He was then elsewhere engaged for three or four years, and then returned to Nashua, where he continued through life. He was for a time in the employ of the Boston, Lowell & Nashua Railroad. In 1874, and again in 1876 he was city clerk, and still, again, in 1884. He served several years as a member of the board of assessors, and in 1907 represented his ward in the state legislature. He was a thirty-third degree Mason, secretary of Rising Sun Lodge, Israel Hunt Council and St. George Commandery of Nashua as well as of the New Hampshire Consistory.

HON. GEORGE G. DAVIS

George G. Davis, born in Roxbury, August 28, 1842, died in Marlborough, December 8, 1910.

He was the son of Joshua and Eliza Rice Davis. Educated in the public schools of Roxbury and Keene, he engaged in work in a box factory in Marlborough at eighteen, remaining till the outbreak of the Civil War, when he enlisted in the Second New Hampshire Regiment, serving at Bull Run and Williamsburg. In the latter battle he was wounded by a shell and subsequently discharged.

Returning to Marlborough he formed a partnership in the box manufacturing business with Luther Heminway, by whom he had formerly been employed, and in 1870 purchased his partner's interest, continuing the business alone with good success until 1891, when he sold out. He served as town clerk of Marlborough for fifteen years from 1874, and was for twenty years town treasurer. He served many years as moderator, and also as a member of the school board. He represented Marlborough in the legislatures of 1879 and 1881, and was a member of the state senate in 1883. He also served three years as member of the board of commissioners for Cheshire County. He was an active member of the Congregational Church of Marlborough, a director of the Cheshire County Insurance Company, of the Citizens'

National Bank of Keene and of the Winchester National Bank.

January 1, 1866, Mr. Davis married Miss Maria L. Collins, who survives him, with one son, Lester G. Collins of Marlborough.

ROBERT H. PEARSON

Robert Houghton Pearson, second son of Hon. Edward N. Pearson, secretary of state, born in Concord, May 30, 1885, died at Medford, Mass., January 4, 1911.

He was a graduate of the Concord High School and Dartmouth College, Class of 1907, and had also taken a year's work in the Thayer School, following which he accepted a government appointment in the engineering service on the Panama Canal, where he was actively engaged until October last, having been several times promoted, and making a splendid record for efficiency. The unhealthy climate of the Isthmus was impairing his health, however, and he deemed it best to resign. After a short vacation he decided to avail himself of a promising business opening in Boston, and was making arrangements accordingly, when a severe cold developed pneumonia, and a fatal result soon followed, thus suddenly closing a bright young life in which much of hope and promise had been centered.

REV. DANIEL W. FAUNCE, D. D.

Rev. Daniel Worcester Faunce, D. D., a native of Plymouth, Mass., born January 3, 1829, died in Providence, R. I., January 3, 1911. He was a leading clergyman of the Baptist denomination, the father of Rev. W. H. P. Faunce, D. D., president of Brown University, and was well known in New Hampshire from the fact that for several years preceding and following 1870, he was pastor of the First Baptist Church in Concord, where his son received most of his preliminary education.

Dr. Faunce was a graduate of Amherst College of the Class of 1850, studied theology at Newton, was ordained in 1853 and held pastorates at Worcester, Malden, Lynn and Newton, Mass., Concord, N. H., Washington, D. C., and Pawtucket, R. I., resigning the latter at the age of seventy years.

THOMAS J. WALKER

Thomas J. Walker, for many years well known in this state as a journalist and politician, died at Lisbon on Friday, January 6.

He was in the fifty-fifth year of his age, having been born at Belleville, Ill., March 12, 1856. He lived at Springfield in childhood, where his step-father, Sharon Tyndal, was secretary of state, and a close friend of President Lincoln. He was a page in the House

of Representatives at Washington during the forty-second Congress. From 1880 to 1883 he was chief clerk of the Agricultural Division of the Tenth Census. In the latter year he married Grace E. Parker, a daughter of the late Charles Parker of Lisbon, and a sister of Mrs. Mary Parker Woodworth of Concord. Not long after this he returned to this state, and established the *Plymouth Record* at Plymouth, having a natural bent for newspaper work, his father and grandfather having been both engaged in journalism. Later he conducted the *Northern Herald* at Lisbon, and issued various publica-

tions designed to promote the summer business, and advertise the scenic attractions of the state. In 1892 he was secretary of the New Hampshire board of managers for the Columbian Exposition at Chicago. For some years he was the private secretary and confidential clerk of Gen. Stephen H. Gale of Exeter, but had been incapacitated by ill-health for active effort in any line for some time past.

Besides his wife he is survived by two daughters, Shirley P., wife of Lieut. Clark P. Chandler, U. S. A., and Ann, wife of Stewart D. Warner of New York.

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER'S NOTES

On February 3, 1811, Horace Greeley, founder of the New York *Tribune*, and the greatest of American newspaper editors, was born in the town of Amherst, in this state where still stands the humble dwelling in which he first saw the light. On the one hundredth anniversary of that day, Friday, February 3, 1911, appropriate exercises in honor of his memory will be held at Chappaqua, Westchester County, N. Y., where the great editor made his home, and where he breathed his last, November 29, 1872, just after the close of the fateful campaign, whose outcome shattered his fondest hopes and delayed for years the reconciliation between the North and South which, after the overthrow of slavery, it was his most ardent desire to effect. In this Greeley homestead at Chappaqua still resides Mr. Greeley's daughter, Gabrielle Greeley Clendenin, and in the house is still preserved the old wooden case from which her father set type when learning the printer's trade in youth. At a near-by site, facing the old home, a memorial monument is to be erected by an association which has been for some time raising funds for the purpose, and under whose auspices the memorial exercise mentioned will be held. New Hampshire people will be interested in this project, but should be more deeply interested in the inauguration of a movement to set up some fitting memorial at his birthplace in Amherst, the inhabitants of which town are also planning an observance in his honor on the same date.

The Democrats in the Massachusetts legislature nominated and supported as their candidate for United States Senator Sherman L. Whipple, the noted and successful lawyer, who has long stood in the front rank of the Boston bar, although still comparatively a

young man. New Hampshire people, regardless of party, take pride in the tribute to Mr. Whipple's ability, remembering that he was born and reared in their midst, being a son of the late Dr. Solomon L. Whipple of New London, in which town he was born and received his early education, later marrying a New Hampshire girl, daughter of the late Judge L. B. Clough of Manchester.

The General Court is now in session at Concord, with business enough blocked out to command its attention for many weeks, but with no certainty that it will accomplish anything for the actual good of the state. While there are no partisan issues properly involved in any measure that can legitimately be considered, there are indications that some men in each of the great parties may be more intent upon securing advantages for their respective political organizations than upon promoting the general welfare. There is room for hope, however, that patriotic counsels will prevail, and that something in the line of real progress will be accomplished.

Bound volumes of the GRANITE MONTHLY for 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909 and 1910 will be given in exchange for the unbound copies for the same for 50 cents per volume, or the entire set of five volumes, embracing all of the new series, will be sent to any subscriber, old or new, for \$2.50 and expressage.

The February and March numbers of the GRANITE MONTHLY will be combined in a double number, to be issued in the latter month, the leading feature of which will be an illustrated article on the legislature of 1911.



HON. ROBERT P. BASS,
Governor of New Hampshire.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. XLIII, No. 2-3 FEBRUARY-MARCH, 1911 NEW SERIES, VOL. 6, No. 2-3

GOVERNOR ROBERT P. BASS

The youngest man to occupy the office of governor of New Hampshire, during the last seventy-five years, is the present incumbent, Robert Perkins Bass of Peterborough, a native of Chicago, Ill., born September 1, 1873.

Although born in the great metropolis of the Central West, Governor Bass comes of pure New England ancestry, his father, the late Hon. Perkins Bass, friend and associate of Abraham Lincoln, and active manager of the campaign for his reelection to the presidency in the state of Illinois, was a native of Vermont, and largely educated in New Hampshire—at Kimball Union Academy and Dartmouth College, graduating from the latter in 1852, and locating in Chicago in 1854, in the practice of law, which he followed with eminent success. He was appointed by President Lincoln United States District Attorney for the Northern District of Illinois, and was deeply interested in public affairs in Chicago, particularly in the development of its educational system, as well as that of the state, serving on both the city and state boards of education.

The Governor's mother, Clara (Foster) Bass, is a direct descendant of that William Smith, born in Money-more, Ireland, in 1723, who came with his parents, Robert and Elizabeth (Morrison) Smith, to America in 1736, and subsequently settled at Lunenburg, Mass. When Peterborough was opened to settlement,

William Smith was among the first to locate in town. He made his habitation in the central southern part of the town, on a splendid elevation, since known as "Elm Hill," and commanding a broad and beautiful landscape view. He was an industrious and thrifty farmer, rapidly increased his holdings, reared a large family and became one of the most influential citizens of the town. He was a sturdy patriot and a member of the provincial congress that met in Exeter in 1775. One of his children was the eminent lawyer and statesman, Jeremiah Smith, who made his home in Exeter, and became active in the councils of the state and nation, after having been admitted to the bar and commenced practice in Peterborough. Another son, Jonathan, succeeded to the home farm, and followed his father as a leader in the affairs of the town. He had a large family of children one of whom, Nancy, the third daughter to attain womanhood, became the wife of Dr. John H. Foster, a native of Hillsborough, who practised in New London and Dublin and, later, removed to Chicago where he acquired a large fortune. Of their three daughters, two married lawyers of distinction, Clara, the eldest, becoming the wife of Perkins Bass, and Adele, the youngest, of George E. Adams, formerly a representative in Congress from one of the Chicago districts, who has a summer home with his family on the old "Elm Hill" homestead settled by William

Smith, while Perkins Bass and his wife, Clara, secured, in 1882, as a home and final abiding place, the adjoining farm to the north, which had been the home of Jonathan, the second son of William Smith, the original settler. The fine old mansion on the place was converted into an attractive modern country home, many of the distinctive and interesting old-time features of the interior being preserved, however. Here the family have dwelt and have been actively identified with the interests of the town. Here Perkins Bass died, October 9, 1899, and here has been the residence of his son, the present governor, with his mother and sister, while his elder brother, John F. Bass, the noted war correspondent has established a home in another part of the town.

Governor Bass graduated from Harvard College in 1896, and subsequently entered upon the study of law, attending the Harvard Law School for a year, but, on account of his father's failing health, it became advisable for him to abandon his purpose in that direction, and devote himself to the care of extensive real estate and other business interests, in Chicago and elsewhere, which have commanded his attention in large measure, as a trustee and executor under the will, since his father's decease.

This Peterborough estate embraces some five hundred acres of land, with strong soil and fine agricultural possibilities, to the cultivation of which, in accordance with improved modern methods, the governor has given no little attention; but the subject of forestry has specially commanded his interest, and to it he has devoted much thought and attention, making practical demonstrations in various branches of the subject, including extensive operations in reforestation on a large tract of land in the adjoining town of Sharon belonging to the outlying state. His work along this line commended him to the attention of Governor McLane as a man emi-

nently qualified for service on the state forestry commission, to which he appointed him in 1906, and in which position he rendered valuable service up to the time of his election as governor.

In November, 1904, he was chosen a representative in the state Legislature from the town of Peterborough, but was debarred from active service during the session by illness. Re-elected to the succeeding Legislature, he was conspicuous during the session of 1907 among the leaders of the young and progressive element of the Republican party intent upon the furtherance of reform measures. He was a member and clerk of the Committee on Forestry and chairman of the Committee on Retrenchment and Reform, which conducted, by order of the Legislature, under his direction, a thorough and comprehensive investigation of all the departments of the state government, as to expenditures and methods, and presented a valuable and exhaustive report.

Two years later he was the successful nominee of his party for election to the State Senate from the Fifteenth District, and during the session of 1909, in the upper branch of the General Court he became the leader in the initiation and support of practical reform measures designed to emancipate political parties from machine domination, and the people at large from the tyranny of special interests. He drafted and was largely instrumental in the enactment of the present direct primary law, under whose operation, as he then little suspected would be the case, he was nominated and subsequently elected governor of the state.

Although not himself seeking the nomination, but strongly urging the choice of another, he seemed to be the only man upon whom the progressive element of his party could unite, and, finally, yielding to pressure from all sides, he consented to announce his candidacy and make the canvass for nomination, which

he did with such effect, addressing the Republicans of all sections of the state, that he received about two thirds of all the votes cast by his party at the primaries. His subsequent campaign for the election was prosecuted with the vigor and earnestness which characterizes all his undertakings, and, after a canvass in which he met and addressed the people in all the larger places and many of the small towns of the state, earnestly advocating the progressive policies to which he stood committed, and developing remarkable power as an effective and convincing speaker, he was elected by a plurality of more than 7,000 over his Democratic opponent and a majority of more than 5,000 over all—a result more flattering than even his most sanguine supporters had anticipated, and certainly surprising in view of the general tendency to Democratic success in the elections throughout the country.

Upon the convening of the Legislature and his formal inauguration, as chief magistrate, in the first week

in January, Governor Bass delivered a striking inaugural address in which he emphasized the progressive policies as whose exponent he had been chosen, and outlined the measures deemed necessary to carry the same into effect in the administration of the government. He has devoted himself assiduously throughout the session, by all legislative means in his power, to the promotion of the legislation deemed necessary; and in a special message, transmitted to both branches on the 9th of March, he searchingly reviewed the situation, indicating such progress as had been made, and the important work remaining to be done, if the manifest wishes of the people were to be regarded, and the reform measures, substantially promised, carried into effect. His consideration of the vexed questions growing out of the relations between the railroads and the public has apparently been guided by a high sense of duty, and a determination to be absolutely fair to all interests, while sacrificing in no degree any of the rights of the people.

ELIZABETH

By Stewart Everett Rowe

As years pass on in swift, unceasing way,
 As life's glad morning deepens unto night;
 Yes, when I'm old and feeble, weak of sight,
 And when my hair from brown has turned to gray:
 'Tis then I'll gaze in sweet and sad survey
 Upon the future and upon the past,
 Gaze backward o'er my life then ending fast,
 And dream what I shall find beneath the day.

Then is the time, dear soul, I'll know that you
 Were born for me to love, yes, born for me:
 I'll know you would have loved me firm and true
 Had you not loved so fondly to be free;
 So I will know, when life is nearly spent,
 And knowing, I can live and die content.



Hon. William D. Swart,
President New Hampshire Senate.

AMONG THE LEGISLATORS OF 1911

HON. WILLIAM D. SWART

Hon. William D. Swart, President of the Senate, was born in New Kingston, New York, July 9, 1856, son of William R. and Eliza (Dumond) Swart. His ancestors on both sides came from Holland and were among the first European settlers of New York state, locating at and near Kingston on the Hudson River. His great-grandfather, son of Samuel Swart, lost his entire possessions at the time the British burned the city of Kingston, during the Revolutionary War, and his grandfather, Samuel Swart, served throughout the War of 1812 with honor and distinction. On the maternal side he traces his ancestry back nine generations to Walerandt Du Mont, who married in Kingston, January 13, 1664, Margaret Hendrick, and who was at that time serving on the staff of the Noble Lord Director, General Stuyvesant, in the Netherlandish service, stationed at Kingston, N. Y.

William Dumond Swart was educated in the public schools of Margarettville and at the Wesleyan Academy at Wilbraham, Mass., finishing at the age of eighteen. After leaving school, he was in the employ of Evans, Peak, & Co., of New York City, wholesale dry goods merchants, for five years; and with Bates, Reed and Cooley in the same business, two years. In 1880, he engaged in the decorative art business which he carried on successfully in Newark, N. J., for seven years. After spending two years in travel in this country, he located in Nashua, in this state, in February, 1890, going into the retail lumber business with Charles A. Roby, under the firm name of Roby & Swart. Two years later the firm purchased the edge tool works in the same city and added a wood

working plant. In 1894 the retail business was consolidated with F. D. Cook & Co., Roby & Swart retaining the manufacturing and wholesale business under the name of Roby & Swart Manufacturing Co. Mr. Swart is a director in the former company and director and treasurer in the latter. He is also a director and president of the Nashua Machine Company; director and vice-president of the Nashua Trust Company; director and president of the Londonderry Spring Water Company; director and treasurer of Nashua Building Company; director and treasurer of the Nashua Paper Box Company; director and treasurer of the American Box & Lumber Company. In 1893 to 1895, and again in 1907 and 1908 he was president of the Board of Trade. He was a member of the Common Council from 1893 to 1895, being president for two years. He was appointed aide with the rank of colonel on Governor Ramsdell's staff in 1897. He is a Congregationalist in religion; a thirty-second degree Mason and a member of Rising Sun Lodge, Free and Accepted Masons, Aaron P. Hughes Council, St. George Chapter, and Commandery of the E. A. Raymond Consistory and of the Aaron P. Hughes Lodge of Perfection Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rites, also a member of Bektash Temple, order of the Mystic Shrine.

In politics, Mr. Swart has always been a Republican, and has filled various offices in the Nashua city government. He was elected from Ward 1 as Representative to the General Court for 1909-10, serving as a member of the Committee on Banks and as chairman of the Committee on State Prison, and as Senator from the nineteenth district for 1911-12, of which honorable body



Hon. Frank A. Musgrove,
Speaker New Hampshire House of Representatives.

he was chosen president. He married October 7, 1890, Lizzie A., daughter of Luther A. Roby of Nashua. They have two children, Elizabeth and William Roby Swart.

President Swart demonstrated his absolute independence of partisan bias so far as the administration of his office is concerned, by assigning each of the eight Democratic Senators to a committee chairmanship at the opening of the session, and in presiding over the deliberations of the Senate his action has invariably been characterized by courtesy, fairness and impartiality.

HON. FRANK A. MUSGROVE

While a far larger proportionate number of men under fifty years of age have held the office of speaker of the New Hampshire House of Representatives, than have been chosen president of the Senate or governor of the state, the present incumbent of the former office—Hon. Frank A. Musgrove of Hanover—is among the youngest to occupy the position in recent years, being now in his thirtieth year.

The youngest man, so far as is known, to be elected speaker, was William E. Chandler of Concord, who was first chosen in June, 1863, when but a few months past his twenty-seventh birthday; though Harry Hibbard of Bath, who served in the same office in 1844, had but just completed his twenty-eighth year when elected. Napoleon B. Bryant, speaker in 1855, was but thirty years at the time, and no man younger than he has served since that date, except Mr. Chandler, the youngest after him being Cyrus H. Little of Manchester, who was elected in January, 1891, at the age of thirty-one.

Mr. Musgrove was born in the town of Bristol, July 19, 1872, the son of Capt. Richard W. and Etta (Guild) Musgrove. His father, long editor and publisher of the *Bristol Enterprise*, rendered gallant service for the Union cause in the Civil War,

and has since been active in public and political affairs. He was educated in the public schools of his native town, at the New Hampton Institution and Dartmouth College, graduating from the latter in 1897. While a student he was much interested in athletics and in newspaper work, having laid the foundation for the latter in his father's office at Bristol. During his senior year he was editor-in-chief of the *Dartmouth*, the leading college publication, and after graduation he acquired the management of the *Hanover Gazette*, a weekly newspaper at the college town, which he has greatly improved and in connection with which he has built up and conducts an extensive job printing business.

Mr. Musgrove first interested himself actively in politics in the campaign of 1906, when he became one of the signers of the request to Winston Churchill of Cornish to become a candidate for the Republican nomination for governor on the "reform" platform; and backed his candidacy on the stump during the ante-convention campaign. At the polls, in November of that year, he was a candidate for representative from Hanover in the state legislature and was elected by a larger vote than was given any other man on the ticket. During the following session in which he served as a member of the Railroad Committee he took an active part in the work of the House, both in committee and on the floor.

Re-elected to the Legislature of 1909, he was among the most conspicuous and aggressive champions of what had come to be known as the "progressive policies" among the Republicans of the House, and gained high reputation as a rarely forceful and logical debater. He served as supervisor of the United States Census of 1910 for this state, and was secretary of the Republican State Committee in the last campaign.

Again elected to the House last November, he announced his candidacy for the speakership immediately

after the withdrawal of Rosecrans W. Pillsbury, and was nominated without material opposition in the caucus of his party.

As a presiding officer he has been eminently fair, invariably courteous, has manifested a thorough mastery of parliamentary procedure, and a readiness in the dispatch of business unsurpassed by any of his predecessors in office.

have come to be regarded as holding a permanent tenure, the period of their continuous service running back into the last century and exceeding that of any other men now living. Indeed without their presence and influence in straightening out parliamentary tangles, and directing the course of legislation, the House would be very much like the play of Hamlet with the title role omitted, as the



William J. Ahern.

Mr. Musgrove is a Mason, an Odd Fellow, a Patron of Husbandry and a member of the Methodist church. In January, 1908, he married Miss Lillia D. Howe of Concord. They have one child—a daughter.

TWO VETERAN LEADERS

There are two members of the House in the present Legislature who

expression goes. These men are William J. Ahern of Concord and James E. French of Moultonborough, than which there are no more familiar names in the legislative history of the state for the last two decades.

Mr. Ahern, who is a native of Concord, fifty-five years of age, is now serving his eighth term in the House, consecutive except for a break of one term, during which he was deputy

sheriff and jailer for Merrimack County. He is, as he has heretofore been, a member of the Appropriations and Railroad Committees, his service on the former being invaluable to the state from his long experience, and his familiarity with the needs of various institutions, with which he has been brought into close relations through his service as secretary of the State Board of Charities and Correc-

and who mixed trade and Republican politics in about equal parts for a long series of years, finally retiring from the former and devoting himself wholly to the latter, is now on his eighth consecutive term in the House, but also served one term as long ago as 1878, and a term in the State Senate of 1887, so that he is now really on his tenth term of legislative service. He has served many years on the



Hon. James E. French.

tion. He is a skilled parliamentarian, a sagacious manager and a forceful speaker, but while frequently heard, it is only when the situation requires it. He never talks merely to be heard, or to hear himself, and what he says is always directly to the point.

Hon. James E. French, of Moultonborough, who was born in Tuftonborough in 1845, was educated in the public schools and Tilton Seminary,

Appropriations and Railroad Committees, but in the present House was promoted to the Judiciary, a position to which laymen seldom aspire, but in which his long experience in legislative work has enabled him to render most efficient service, though his habit of looking after the finances, through which he long ago became known as the "watch dog" of the state treasury, has not forsaken him, fortunately

for the state, since without his watchful care more extravagances than are would be indulged in, to the discomfiture of the taxpayers.

HON. ROBERT J. MERRILL

The senator from District No. 7, Hon. Robert J. Merrill, of Claremont, who was a member and clerk of the Judiciary Committee of the House in both 1907 and 1909, and rendered active service in both Legislatures, came into the upper branch, this



Hon. Robert J. Merrill.

year, well equipped for work in the interests of the state, and earnestly determined to do all in his power to promote the same from the standpoint of a progressive Republican, who believes that party pledges ought to be kept, and that promises should bear fruit in performance. He has been the leading advocate in the Senate of the measures to which the Republican party was committed by its last state platform, and which have been advocated by Governor Bass, and that many of these measures have failed to command the support of the majority is certainly no fault of his. He has labored in season and

out of season for their success, while diligently watching the course of legislation in other lines, and furthering all measures which he regarded conducive to the general welfare.

Mr. Merrill is a native of Claremont, born October 18, 1878, the son of Martin V. and Helen E. (Baker) Merrill, was educated in the public schools and the Charlestown High School, studied law for some time and was then engaged for several years as a court stenographer. He then engaged in the insurance business, and has successfully continued therein. He is one of the leading spirits of the Claremont Board of Trade, of which he has been secretary since its organization. He is also a trustee of the Claremont Savings Bank. Politically he has been identified with the progressive wing of the Republican party since the movement was inaugurated by Winston Churchill in 1906, and was secretary of the New Hampshire Taft Club in 1908. In religion he is an Episcopalian. He married, in 1904, Miss Abbie M. Robertson of Charlestown.

Mr. Merrill is chairman of the Senate Committee on Claims, and a member of the Judiciary, Elections, Incorporations and State Prison Committees.

BENJAMIN W. COUCH

Next to the speakership, the position of chairman of the Judiciary Committee of the House, is generally regarded as the most important and influential in that body, and the selection of an incumbent, unless there happens to be some member of preëminent ability as a lawyer and experience as a legislator, whose appointment comes as a matter of course, is one of the most difficult and delicate of the speaker's duties. When the present Legislature assembled there was no such man among the majority party members, though the very considerable experience and recognized standing as a party leader of Rosecrans W. Pillsbury of London-

derry would doubtless have insured him the position had he not declined to be considered in such connection, for the same reason that had caused his withdrawal from the field as a candidate for the speakership.

There was no Republican lawyer and legislator in the membership of the House, "looming large" in experience and ability, whom the speaker could call to this important service,

it seemed necessary to give the position to some young man, without previous training in the legislative field; and Benjamin W. Couch, of Ward 5, Concord, a new and comparatively youthful member, was selected and the result has shown that no mistake was made. Never has the work of this committee been directed with more tact and judgment than by Mr. Couch, and never has a



Benjamin W. Couch.

and it was a matter of interesting speculation, during the time while he had the committee assignments under consideration, just where his choice would fall. The Republican member of most legal experience and largest legislative service was not regarded as sufficiently "close" to Governor Bass and the "progressive" element of the party, in control of the situation to warrant his appointment, and so

young member more promptly won a commanding position on the floor of the House, and that without assumption or ostentation.

Mr. Couch is a son of Benjamin Warren and Susan Cornell (Woodward) Couch, his father being a native of Warner and his mother of Hartland, Vt. He was born in Concord August 19, 1873. He graduated from Dartmouth College in 1896 and

from the Harvard Law School in 1899, having pursued his legal studies in the office of Leach & Stevens, with which he was associated after his admission to the bar. He has already established a position as an industrious and successful practitioner. He is an ardent and active Republican, and as such has served in both branches of the Concord City government under the old charter, and was president of the Common Council. He was also his party's candidate for mayor in 1908. In religion he is a Unitarian.

He has been a member of the Concord Police Commission, is a trustee of the New Hampshire State Hospital and of the Merrimack County Savings Bank. He is a member of the Masonic fraternity, and of the Woonolancet and Passaconoway Clubs.

November 8, 1900, he married Miss Gertrude A. Underhill of Concord.

RAYMOND B. STEVENS

When the Legislature of 1909 convened, a young man, unknown in the Capital City and never before heard of in New Hampshire politics or public life, reported in the House, accredited from the town of Landaff. He attracted no attention at first and "cut no figure" in the House proceedings, but before the session closed he had come to be recognized as among the ablest members in the House, and a power to be reckoned with whenever he chose to participate in debate, which was only when he had a real interest in the question at issue, or some vital principle was at stake. When the returns came in from the town of Landaff at the last election, the first thing noted was the representative column, the appearance of Mr. Stevens' name therein giving general satisfaction.

Mr. Stevens was born June 18, 1874, in Binghamton, N. Y., the son of P. Bartlett Stevens, and a grandson of that well-known Democratic leader of Grafton County, the late Michael M. Stevens, long of Lyman and later

of Lisbon, who, during his long life of nearly a century, cherished the principles of Jefferson and labored for their ascendancy in public affairs—and the grandson follows in his footsteps.

He was educated in the Boston Latin School, Harvard College and the Harvard Law School, was admitted to the bar in 1899, and located in practice in the town of Lisbon, pursuing his profession for about five years, when his health demanded a change and he engaged in farming in



Raymond B. Stevens.

the adjoining town of Landaff, where he still continues. His first active experience in political life was had in his canvass for the Legislature in the fall of 1908 and his subsequent service therein; but, fortunately, it was not his last, nor is that likely to be had for many years if his life and health are spared.

His committee service in the last Legislature was on the Revision of the Laws. He participated in several important debates, on the floor, being specially active in the support of what was generally known as progressive

legislation. In the last state campaign he took an active part in advocacy of the Democratic cause on the stump. In the present House he is a member of the Committees on the Judiciary, Ways and Means, and the Special Committee on Railroad Rates, taking special interest in the work of the latter, and championing the measure which it reported as a basis of the settlement of the controversy between

Lucier of Nashua, senator from District No. 20, who had been a prominent member of the House in the Legislatures of 1907 and 1909, serving both terms upon the Judiciary Committee, and the Committee on Rules, and in 1909 upon the special Committee to investigate the affairs of Hillsborough County.

Mr. Lucier is a native of Nashua, born June 6, 1869. He was educated



Hon. Alvin J. Lucier.

the railroad and the state on the floor of the House, as well as speaking with effect upon other important questions. He is chairman of the Democratic House organization.

HON. ALVIN J. LUCIER

The complimentary nomination for President of the Senate was worthily bestowed by the Democrats of the upper branch, upon Hon. Alvin J.

in the Nashua public schools, at St. Hyacinthe College, and the Boston University Law School, graduating from the latter in 1891, and continuing his legal studies in Nashua. He was admitted to the bar and has since been in active and successful practice in Nashua.

Mr. Lucier is a Roman Catholic, and a member of St. Jean Baptiste Society, Cercle Montcalm and the

Knights of Columbus. He also belongs to the Derryfield Club of Manchester and the Vesper Country Club of Lowell, Mass. He is married and has three children.

He is chairman of the Senate Committee on Revision of the Laws, and a member of the Judiciary, Labor, State Prison and Industrial School, Public Improvements and Rules Committees, and a Senate member of the joint Committee on Rules. As a senator he has labored to the extent of his ability to advance those measures designed to secure to the people the fullest measure of influence in the government under which they live, and to insure the redemption of platform pledges, particularly on the part of his own party.



GEORGE E. FARRAND

Ward One, Concord, gave a good account of itself at the recent election so far as the choice of representatives in the General Court is concerned, making choice of two level headed, practical business men, both thoroughgoing Democrats. Of these George E. Farrand was chosen for the second term of service, having been a mem-

ber in 1909, when he served on the Committee on Incorporations. In the present House he is not only a member of the important Committee on Ways and Means, but of the Committee on Mileage of which he is clerk, and also of the Special Committee on Railroad Rates, before which has come the most important work of the session, in some respects, and of which he has been assistant clerk.

Mr. Farrand has been for the last eight years successfully engaged in a general merchandize business at Penacook, previous to which he was in the coal and wood business. He is a native of Penacook, son of William and Elizabeth A. (Jones) Farrand, born May 1, 1872, and was educated in the schools of Penacook and Manchester. In religion he is an Episcopalian. He is an officer in his local school district, and in the Penacook Board of Trade. He is also a member of the Democratic State Committee. At the opening of the Session he was made secretary of the Democratic organization. June 21, 1899, he married Miss Ruth A. Minot. They have two children.

HON. EZRA M. SMITH

Among the oldest and most experienced members of the present Legislature is Hon. Ezra M. Smith of Peterborough, a member of the Judiciary Committee of the House, and chairman of the scarcely less important Committee of Ways and Means.

Mr. Smith was born in the town of Langdon, January 25, 1838; was educated in the public schools of that town and Alstead, at Cold River Union Academy in Alstead, Tubbs Union Academy, Washington, and at the Law Department of Albany University, graduating from the latter in 1861. He studied in the office of Hon. Edmund L. Cushing of Charlestown, and continued his legal studies with Dearborn & Scott of Peterborough; was admitted to the New Hampshire bar in May, 1864, and

the following year purchased the interest of Mr. Dearborn in the firm and the new firm of Scott & Smith was established, continuing till Mr. Scott's retirement two years later, since when he has continued alone in the successful practice of his profession.

Mr. Smith has served the town of Peterborough as a member of the school board ten years, and as a member of the board of selectmen

his fifth term of service as a member of the House. Few present members have served longer and none more efficiently. Mr. Smith is a good lawyer, a clear thinker, and a logical and effective debater. He speaks frequently, but never except when he has something to say that he believes should be said, and he never speaks without commanding the attention of the House.



Hon. Ezra M. Smith.

twenty-three years. He was also judge of its police court from April, 1899, till the completion of his seventieth year, January 25, 1908, when he reached the constitutional age limit. He first served in the Legislature in 1871, and was a delegate in the Constitutional Convention of 1876. He was again a representative in 1901, reelected for the following term, and was also a member of the last Legislature so that he is now on

Mr. Smith is a member of Peterborough Lodge I. O. O. F., and Union Encampment, having passed the chairs in each and is also a past master of Peterborough Grange, Patrons of Husbandry. He is a member of the Congregational church. October 4, 1866, he married Miss Mary S. Fairbanks. They have a son and daughter—Orrin F. and Etta M. Smith.

GUY H. CUTTER

For the second successive term, Guy H. Cutter is a representative from his native town of Jaffrey in the State Legislature, serving on



Guy H. Cutter.

the Judiciary Committee, of which he is one of the youngest but most industrious members, and also on the Committee on Elections and Revision of the Laws.

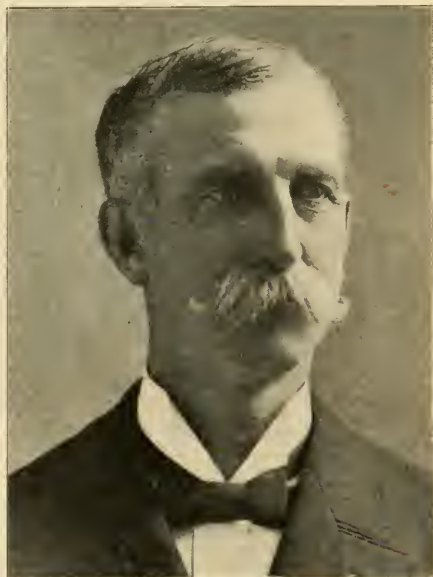
He was born August 1, 1882, the son of Lucius and Carrie (Lawrence) Cutter. He graduated from Clark College, Worcester, Mass., with its first class, in 1905, and from the Harvard Law School in 1908, having been admitted to the Massachusetts bar in February of that year. He was the first Democrat elected from Jaffrey in fifty years, and served in the last House as a member of the Committee on Revision of the Laws. He served as secretary of the Democratic State Committee in the Campaigns of 1908 and 1910, with great zeal and efficiency. His popularity in his own town is evidenced by the fact that he received fifty-one more votes than his Republican colleague,

and seventy-eight more than the defeated candidate. He is a Congregationalist in religion, and is unmarried.

No member has kept a sharper lookout upon the progress of legislation than Mr. Cutter, or worked more zealously in furtherance of measures that have commanded his approval, and in the support of which he has often spoken to good effect.

MILON D. CUMMINGS

Milon D. Cummings, Republican representative from Ward Four, Concord, is a native of the town of Acworth, the youngest son of Dea. Alvah and Polly (Grout) Cummings, his father being one of the best farmers in that fine agricultural town. He was born March 5, 1844, educated at the common school and Tilton Seminary, and located in



Milon D. Cummings.

Concord in 1863, uniting with his brother, the late Hon. George A. Cummings, in the marble and granite business, of which he is the present head, the firm of Cummings Bros.

enjoying a high reputation throughout the state. Having been continuously in business for forty-seven years, he ranks as a veteran among Concord business men, but is still in the prime of physical vigor and mental activity.

Mr. Cummings is a member of the Committee on Railroads and of the Special Committee on Apportionment of Representatives for the next

WILLIAM F. WHITCHER

The most experienced member of the most important committee must, naturally, be accorded high rank among the leaders of the House. When he is recognized, at the same time, as the ablest and most effective orator taking part in its debates his prominence becomes unquestioned.



William F. Whitcher.

ten years, and has been closely attentive to his duties thereon as well as constant in his attendance during the sessions of the House. He is a member of Rumford Lodge, I. O. O. F. and his religious connection is with the First Baptist Church. November 18, 1868, he married Miss Sarah A. Sawyer. They have five children.

Such is the status of William F. Whitcher of Haverhill, now serving his fifth term in the House as a member of the Judiciary Committee, although educated for the ministry instead of the law, and having been engaged in journalism the greater part of his active life.

Mr. Whitcher is a son of that old Democratic "War Horse," Ira Whitch-

er of Benton, associate of Harry Bingham, Jeremiah Blodgett, Michael M. Stevens and their compeers who kept Grafton County in line for the Democracy long after most other counties had become hopelessly Republican. He was born in Benton, August 10, 1845. Prepared at Tilton Seminary he entered Wesleyan University, graduating with high honors in 1871. Two years later he graduated from the theological department of Boston University, and he was for nine years a member of the Southern New England M. E. Conference, holding pastorates in Providence, Newport and New Bedford. Abandoning the ministry for journalism, he was for eighteen years in the service of Boston newspapers as reporter and editor, first, with the *Traveler* and, later, with the *Advertiser*, having his home in Malden where he served several years as member and chairman of the school-board.

Removing to Woodsville in 1898, where he purchased and has since edited and published the *Woodsville News*, Mr. Whitcher has been active in the business and political life of the community. He has been moderator of the Haverhill town meetings for eleven years, was a representative in the Legislatures of 1901, 1903, 1905 and 1907, serving on the Judiciary Committee in each, and has been a trustee of the State Library for eight years. He is deeply interested in historical matters, is the author of several volumes and monographs, and has a valuable library in which he takes much pride. He is a vigorous writer as well as a forceful and eloquent speaker. His speech in favor of the joint resolution, providing for the erection of a statue to Franklin Pierce is generally conceded to have been the finest oratorical effort heard in the House for years. Although reared as a Democrat, he always had protectionist leanings, and for the last quarter of a century he has been an ardent Republican of the "stand-pat" variety, having

nothing in common with present day "reformers."

Mr. Whitcher has been twice married and has one son, Burr Royce Whitcher, Dartmouth '02, now a practicing physician in Massachusetts.

ROBERT W. UPTON

One of the youngest members of the House, and serving his first term, Robert W. Upton, representative from the town of Bow, has taken a prominent part in the work of that body



Robert W. Upton.

from the start, both in committee and on the floor. Born February 3, 1884, he was educated in the public schools and the Law School of Boston University, graduating from the latter in 1907. He was admitted to the Massachusetts bar February 15, of that year, and to the bar of this state in July following, and soon after became a partner in the firm of Sargent & Niles, with which he had pursued his legal studies. He is now the junior partner of the firm of Niles & Upton, with an extensive practice in Merrimack and other counties.

Mr. Upton is a member of White Mountain Lodge, I. O. O. F., of Concord and of Bow Grange Patrons of Husbandry, of which he has been master as well as lecturer of Merrimack County Pomona and district deputy of the State Grange.

As a member of the Judiciary Committee of the House he has given diligent attention to the great mass of work in hand, and has been heard often and to good effect in advocacy of its measures, upon the floor. He is also a member of the important Committee on Ways and Means and chairman of the joint committee on State House and State House Yard. He stands with the "progressive" element of his party as regards most measures, and has been particularly interested in the tax commission bill to the drafting of which he gave much earnest thought and labor.

PERLEY A. JOHNSON

Prominent among the practical business men in the present House of Representatives is Perley A. Johnson of Newport, chairman of the Committee on Banks, who has by no means confined his attention to the matters referred to his committee, but has interested himself in various practical questions bearing upon the public welfare.

Mr. Johnson is a native of the town of Unity, born October 24, 1860. He subsequently resided with his parents in the town of Weare, and later at St. Johnsbury, Vt., and graduated from the well-known academy of that town in 1878. After a period of service as clerk in a bank at Barton, Vt., he removed to Newport, to take the position of cashier in the Citizens' National Bank then just established in that town, which he has filled with eminent success to the present time, serving also as treasurer of the Sugar River Savings Bank since 1895, and as a director of the People's National Bank of Claremont since its organization. His energies, however, have not been confined to banking alone.

He was one of the incorporators of the Peerless Manufacturing Company with extensive factories in Newport, Barton, Vt., and Greenfield, Mass.; was for some time its secretary, has been for several years past its treasurer, and devotes himself largely to the direction of its business and financial affairs. He has taken an active interest in town affairs, has served



Perley A. Johnson.

many years as town treasurer and as a member of the school board, and is a leader in all movements calculated to promote the welfare of the community.

While generally known as a working rather than a talking member, he has demonstrated his ability to discuss questions under consideration in the House, concisely and intelligently.

JOHN H. ROLFE

John H. Rolfe of Penacook, one of the representatives from Ward 1, Concord, in the present House, and an active member of the Forestry Committee, who has long been known as one of the most active working

Democrats in Merrimack County, was born in Penacook, October 1, 1847, the son of Nathaniel and Mary (Moody) Rolfe. He was educated in the public schools and at Kimball

longing to both lodge and encampment, and was a charter member and the first Noble Grand of Capital Lodge, Ottawa, Ont. In religion he is liberal. July 24, 1872, he married Miss Roxana P. Simpson. They have a son and daughter.

JOSEPH B. PERLEY

Among the active young members of the House is Joseph B. Perley of Enfield, a member of the Committee on Claims. He is a Republican in politics and an energetic worker for his party's success, though a son of that indefatigable Democratic worker, the late Joseph F. Perley, who was also a member of the Legislature and long a member of the Democratic State Committee.

Mr. Perley was born January 26, 1881, and was educated at Brewster Academy, Wolfeboro, Dartmouth Col-



John H. Rolfe.

Union Academy, Meriden. By occupation he is a lumberman and commenced work in this line upon leaving school, in the pineries on the Menominee River in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, remaining six years, from 1865 to 1870. After another year at Penacook, he was in Canada about five years in the same business, when he returned to Penacook, and has since continued.

Mr. Rolfe served his Ward as alderman in the city government in 1880-81 and 1887-88, and was postmaster at Penacook from 1887 to 1890, receiving his appointment from President Cleveland. He has been a Justice of the the Peace thirty-five years and a Notary Public twenty-five. He has also served as a member of the school board and as moderator of the district for thirty years. He has been thirty years a member of Pioneer Engine Co., and twenty-seven years its foreman. He is an Odd Fellow, be-



Joseph B. Perley.

lege, Brown University, and the Albany Business College. He is actively engaged in business as a cattle dealer and lumberman, and has not heretofore held office; but this is by no means likely to be his

last experience in the line, as his close attention to business and ready comprehension of matters pertaining to the public interest evidenced during the session, must be sufficient to command the confidence and support of his constituents. He has been heard on pending questions several times during the session, forcibly and to the point. He is a member

dred for a long time past; but they did not deem it expedient to make any change in leadership, and renominated, with practical unanimity, Hon. Samuel D. Felker of Rochester, their candidate of two years ago, for the speakership, the nomination carrying with it practical recognition as party leader in the House, which position he had most successfully



Hon. Samuel D. Felker.

of the Enfield Lodge of Masons. In 1907 he married Miss Irene E. Jerome of Wolfeboro. They have a son.

HON. SAMUEL D. FELKER

The Democrats in the House found themselves far more numerous at the present session than before for many years, the majority against them being only about 50, whereas it has been considerably more than a hun-

filled in 1909, gaining thereby such prestige that he was strongly urged, in different quarters, to become a candidate for governor, and representative in Congress. Although detained from attendance for some time by illness and death in his family, Mr. Felker, has added to his reputation as a faithful and alert legislator, and a conscientious conservator of the public welfare, and a strong and convincing speaker whose words carry

greater weight than those of almost any other member. He is a member of the Judiciary and Rules Committees, holding second place on the former, an honor which no Democrat has held for a number of years past. He was also named on the Special Committee on Railroad Rates, but felt compelled to decline the assignment from pressure of other duties.

Mr. Felker is a native of Rochester, born April 16, 1859. He graduated from Dartmouth College in 1882, from the Boston University Law School in 1887, and has since been in practice of law in Rochester, where he has served as chairman of the board of education; as mayor and as city solicitor since 1899. He was also a delegate in the Constitutional Convention of 1889, and a state senator in 1891. He married Miss May J. Dudley of Buffalo, N. Y., in 1891. In religion he is a Congregationalist.

ALBERT DEMERITT

One of the most prominent farmers, as well as one of the strongest and most forceful members of the House in the present legislature, is Albert DeMeritt of Durham, a member of the Committee on the Agricultural College, and who has devoted much attention to promoting the interests of that institution. He introduced the bill providing for the simplification of the name of the college and made a determined fight for its passage and also championed the movement to secure an appropriation for an engineering building.

Mr. DeMeritt was born in Durham August 26, 1851, on the farm where he now resides, which has been in the family ownership since its original settlement. He was educated in the public schools and by private tutors, and has devoted himself to agriculture and lumbering. He has been active and prominent in public affairs, having served many years as moderator of town and school meetings, as superintending committee and mem-

ber of the school board. He was a delegate in the Constitutional Convention of 1889 by unanimous vote.

He has long been a trustee of the Durham public library and president of the Library Association. He has also been a trustee of the New Hampshire College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts, from which institution he has received the honorary degree of Master of Science. He is a Congregationalist in religion and has been for thirty years a trustee of the Congregational Society of



Albert Demeritt.

Durham. He is a Patron of Husbandry and a Knight of Pythias, is married and has three children—two daughters and a son.

FRANK P. HOBBS

Frank Pierce Hobbs, Democratic representative from the Republican town of Wolfeboro in the present Legislature, has been known for years past as the man, above all others, ready at all times, and under all circumstances, to stand up and be counted, and heard also whenever occasion requires, for the Democratic

party and its principles as proclaimed and maintained by all its great leaders from Jefferson to Bryan.

Mr. Hobbs was born of New Hampshire stock in Winona, Minn., September 6, 1855, the son of Col. Ezra T. and Hannah M. (Cogswell) Hobbs. Removing East in early boyhood, he attended the public schools in Ossipee and Tamworth, and while yet in his "teens" engaged in the

purchased the Belvue House, which he managed for some years as the Lake Shore. In 1899 he purchased the Wolfeboro Hotel, remodelled and refitted it, and conducted it as "Hobbs-is-Inn," with great success till June 1, 1907, when he retired to go into the real estate, lumber and investment business in which he is now engaged.

Mr. Hobbs has served as sheriff of Carroll County and deputy sheriff



Hon. Frank P. Hobbs.

service of the Eastern Railroad Company as a brakeman, continuing as baggage-master and telegraph operator, until November, 1879, when he became station agent at Wolfeboro, where he has since resided, holding his position nine years, when he resigned to become his own master. He then first engaged in the livery business, which he pursued successfully. Later he leased and then

for Carroll, Belknap and Strafford. He was elected sheriff in 1908, the only Democratic sheriff chosen in the state that year. He was postmaster at Wolfeboro from 1894 to 1898. He has been a prominent figure in Democratic conventions for years and an active member of the Democratic State Committee. He is a Mason, Odd Fellow, and a member of the A. O. U. W. December 6, 1882, he mar-

ried Miss Emily Evans of Wolfeboro. They have two daughters.

Mr. Hobbs is a member of the important Committee on Revision of the Statutes, to whose work he has given close attention, while never neglecting the general run of legislation. He is not a frequent, but is a forceful and interesting speaker. He introduced the resolution providing for an investigation into low water conditions in Lake Winnepiseogee and such remedial legislation as might be found practicable.



ELGIN A. JONES

Elgin A. Jones, representative from the town of Marlow and member of the Committee on Forestry, is a son of the late John Q. Jones of Marlow, long a prominent citizen and leading Democrat of Cheshire County. He was born July 39, 1852, and was educated at Marlow and Mount Vernon Academies, and Dartmouth College, graduating from the latter in 1874. He has always taken a deep interest in educational affairs, has served as superintendent of schools and was for a time principal of Marlow Academy. He was also instru-

mental in organizing the first county school board established in the state.

He is a civil engineer by profession, but has devoted himself largely to probate business and the care and management of real estate, being himself the owner of 2,000 acres of land, and having the management of 10,000 acres more, belonging to other people and estates. He has long been a leading figure in Marlow town affairs, having served for a third of a century in one official capacity or another, as moderator, town treasurer, member of the school board or library trustee. He is also one of the trustees and auditor of the Cheshire County Savings Bank, is a member of the committee appointed by the present delegation to act with the commissioners in remodeling the Cheshire County Court House.

Politically he has always been a Democrat, and his popularity is attested by the fact that although Marlow is a Republican town, he received more votes at the recent election than any other man of either party whose name was on the ballot.

As a member of the Forestry Committee he was most appropriately placed, as he has long been deeply interested in the subject, and has devoted earnest attention to the committee work.

November 24, 188—, he married Miss Sarah C. Boynton of Grafton, Vt.

DANA W. BAKER

The old town of Exeter has almost always been represented in the Legislature by a strong delegation, and the present is no exception to the rule in that regard. Of this delegation, the first on the list, as alphabetically arranged, is Dana Wingate Baker, who, although serving his first term in the House, has come prominently to the front, through sheer force of character, and natural adaptability to the situation, rather than any assumption on his part, and has taken an active part in the deliberations of the House, participating in the debates whenever occasion has

seemed to require it, and always speaking logically and to the point.

Mr. Baker is a native of Portsmouth son of Samuel and Caroline (Wingate) Baker, born August 1, 1861. His mother was a granddaughter of the famous Paine Wingate, delegate in the Continental Congress, first senator from New Hampshire, and close friend of Washington, and a sister of Joseph C. A. Wingate, former

insurance and real estate business, and has been active in public, educational, social and religious affairs. He was the first treasurer of the Exeter school board, under the new law, serving three years, is a trustee of Robinson Female Seminary, clerk and treasurer of the Phillips (Congregational) Church, president of the Pascataqua Congregational Club, a Past Grand of Sagamore Lodge



Dana W. Baker.

consul to Swatow and Fouchow, and later a representative from Stratham. Through his mother's family Mr. Baker is connected with the family of ex-President Roosevelt, whose first wife, a Lee, was related to the Wingates.

His family removed to Exeter in 1872, and his home has since been in that town, where for the last fifteen years he has been engaged in the

I. O. O. F., Past Master of Gilman Grange, No. 1, Patrons of Husbandry, Past Sachem of Wehanownowit Tribe No. 22, of Red Men, and secretary of the Exeter Board of Trade.

September 7, 1886, Mr. Baker was united in marriage with Miss Fannie French of North Danville, N. H., a descendant of one of the oldest families in the state and a relative of ex-Gov. N. J. Bachelder. They have

two daughters—Florence, a student at Bradford (Mass.) Academy, and Beatrice, senior in Robinson Seminary.

Mr. Baker is a member and clerk of of the House Committee on Banks, to whose work he has given careful attention, but not to the exclusion of other matters, no interest of the state being disregarded at his hands.

NATHANIEL S. DRAKE

Is the third generation of Drakes to represent the town of Pittsfield in the



Nathaniel S. Drake.

Legislature. His grandfather, Major James Drake, was a soldier in the War of the Revolution and was one of the first settlers of Pittsfield, being elected a member of the first board of selectmen April 22, 1782, a position which he held for eighteen years. He represented the town in the Legislature of 1800-01-02.

His son, Col. James Drake (N. S. Drake's father), was one of the leading business men of the town and after filling important town offices,

was elected a member of the State Senate of 1847 and 1848.

Nathaniel S. Drake was born in the house he now occupies on Main Street, September 16, 1851. For many years, he was engaged in the shoe manufacturing business in Pittsfield and for twelve years he was with the C. B. Lancaster Shoe Company, serving the latter half of this period as superintendent. It was during this time that they did the largest business known in Pittsfield, the weekly pay roll aggregating about \$4,000.

He has held many important town offices, as well as other positions of responsibility and trust, and has ever been a factor in Pittsfield's advancement.

At present he is engaged in the real estate business, covering a large area.

In the Legislature, he is known as the author of the so-called Mortgage Exemption Bill and the bill to prohibit the transmission of electric power beyond the confines of the state and he has worked constantly and successfully for the enactment of these bills into law his speeches on the floor of the House in support thereof being among the ablest arguments heard in that body during the session. He is a member of the Committee on Agriculture.

He is an earnest supporter of all progressive legislation, being a Progressive Democrat.

March 17, 1873, he married Mary A. R. Green. They have one son and one daughter. The son, James Frank Drake, graduated from Dartmouth College in the class of 1902. He located in Springfield, Mass., where he is one of the leading young business men of the city and is serving his second term as president of the city council. The daughter, Agnes, graduated from Lasell in the class of 1903. At present, she is a member of the school board of Pittsfield.

The church home of the family is St. Stephen's Episcopal.

I. EUGENE KEELER

I. Eugene Keeler, of Ward Six, Concord, who largely led the Republican ticket in his ward at the recent election, is a son of the late Rev.



I. Eugene Keeler.

S. C. Keeler, long a prominent member of the New Hampshire Methodist Conference. He was born in Greenport, L. I., March 7, 1868, and graduated from the Keene High School in 1886. His home has been in Concord since 1887, where he has been constantly engaged in newspaper work, and for the last six years in insurance. He has been the Concord representative of the *Boston Globe* since 1898, and is a member of the well-known insurance firm of Baker & Keeler.

Mr. Keeler has long been prominent in musical circles, having sung in leading church choirs in Concord for the last twenty years. He is a member of Eureka Lodge, A. F. & A. M. of Capital Grange, Patrons of Husbandry, and other organizations. He enjoys a wide personal acquaintance, and is highly regarded in business and social circles. He is a member of the important Committee on

Appropriations, and also the Committee on Insurance. He has addressed the House several times to good effect. His speech in support of the Pierce statue resolution, was a strong and elaborate presentation of the merits of General Pierce, and was highly commended.

HON. CARLOS C. DAVIS

One of the most industrious and efficient working members of the present House is Carlos C. Davis of Winchester, who was assigned to service on the two important Committees of Revision of the Statutes and Ways and Means, and has been one of the most active members of each during the session.

He is a native of Northfield, Vt., being the third son and fifth child of Howard R. and Jennette (Plastridge) Davis. He graduated from Dart-



Carlos C. Davis.

mouth College in the class of 1879, and was for twenty years thereafter engaged in educational work, as a teacher and in the supervision of schools. Since 1902 he has been in real estate business in Winchester,

where he has also been judge of the police court for the last seven years.

Judge Davis is a Republican, a Congregationalist, a Knight Templar, and a Patron of Husbandry. He has served his town as tax collector, and was a delegate in the Constitutional Convention of 1902. January 25, 1881, he was united in marriage with Miss Grace H. Coxetter, and they have five children, one son serving in the "Fighting Forty Third" Regiment U. S. Volunteers, in Manila in the Spanish American War.



GUY S. NEAL

Guy S. Neal, Republican representative from Acworth, and member and clerk of the House Committee on Agriculture and the Sullivan County delegation, was born in Lawrence, Mass., January 25, 1872, the son of Hiram R. and Henrietta F. (Welch) Neal. Both his parents were natives of Acworth, returning to that town after fifteen years residence in Lawrence, during which time his father was connected with the police force of the city, and engaged as state inspector of milk and provisions. On his return to Acworth

Hiram R. Neal bought the historic "Dickey Tavern" at the center of the town and engaged extensively in farming and summer boarding, which business is now conducted by his son.

Guy S. Neal was educated in the public schools of Lawrence and Acworth, and at Comer's Commercial College, Boston. He is a wide-awake, public-spirited citizen and has been active in town affairs from early manhood. He was chosen on the board of selectmen in 1900-1-2-3, and 1909-10-11, and has been chairman of the board since the first year. In 1906 and 1908 he was town auditor, and was clerk and treasurer of the town school district in 1906 and 1910, and is now serving in that capacity. In 1902 he married Miss Helen Anita Miller. They have two children.

Mr. Neal has been among the most constant in attendance upon the sessions of the House, and the most attentive to its work, especially such as has pertained to the interests of Agriculture.

FRANK M. RICHARDSON

For the first time in many years a full Democratic delegation was chosen to the Legislature at the last election from the hustling town of Littleton, once a stronghold of the party. This delegation is headed by Frank M. Richardson, whose active work in the party cause for the past few years contributed largely toward placing the town once more firmly in the Democratic column.

Mr. Richardson is a native of Concord, Vt., born August 7, 1865, the son of Jacob and Lovina (Kellogg) Richardson. He was educated in the town schools and the Essex County Grammar School, and was granted a license to teach at sixteen years of age, which work he followed winters, laboring on his father's farm in summer, until twenty years of age, when he became a hotel clerk at Island Pond, Vt. A year later he

removed to Littleton where he was engaged with a brother in the hotel and livery business, continuing the latter until 1904, when he sold out, having meanwhile established an extensive carriage repository and stable furnishing house in company with D. S. Kimball of the Kimball Carriage Company of Manchester. He has also been extensively interested in real estate operations.

December 18, 1888, Miss Theda Luetta Lewis of Concord, Vt., and they have two sons.

Mr. Richardson is one of the two Democratic chairmen in the House, being chairman of the Committee on Mileage. He is also a member and clerk of the Committee on Public Improvements, in which capacity he headed the favorable minority report from that committee on the



Frank M. Richardson.

Mr. Richardson has been superintendent of streets, and chairman of the water board in Littleton, and is an active member and president of the Littleton Board of Trade. In 1906 he was the Democratic candidate for Senator in District No. 2. He is a Universalist in religion, and active in Masonry, being a Past Eminent Commander of St. Gerard Commandery, K. T., of Littleton. He married,

Pierce statue resolution, which was substituted for the majority; and when the same came back from the Appropriations Committee with a similarly divided report he was one of the speakers on the floor who ably championed the resolution, calling attention to the sentiments entertained and expressed in regard to General Pierce by those eminent men of Littleton, Judge Aldrich, and the

late Hon. Harry Bingham. Mr. Richardson introduced House Bill No. 36, now a law, relating to the taxation of property owned by one city or town, in another, for the purpose of water supply. He also introduced and supported the bill to abolish the state board of underwriters, and made a strong speech in opposition to the bill prohibiting the transfer of electrical energy from the state.

FRANK J. PILLSBURY

Frank J. Pillsbury, Democrat, whose personal popularity is attested



Frank J. Pillsbury.

by his election as representative from Ward Six, Concord, strongly Republican in general politics, is a native of Concord, born June 3, 1844, and was educated in the public schools of the city wherein he has always resided. He is a bookkeeper by occupation, and is engaged with the well-known firm of J. C. Norris & Co., wholesale and retail bakers and confectioners.

Mr. Pillsbury has long been prom-

inent in fraternal circles. He is a Past Grand of White Mountain Lodge, I. O. O. F.; Past Chief Patriarch of Penacook Encampment; Past Sachem of the Improved Order of Red Men; present Grand Master of Ex.-K. P., a Mason and Patron of Husbandry. In religion he is a Baptist, and is clerk and deacon of the First Baptist Church of Concord.

December 29, 1863, he married Miss Mary A. Stanley. They have two sons—Thomas H., a resident of Somerville, Mass., now in the government service, and Benjamin O. of Concord, a commercial traveler, both married; also one daughter, Dorothy D., bookkeeper with H. G. Emmons.

Mr. Pillsbury's committee service has been with the State Hospital, and Roads, Bridges and Canals Committees, of both of which he is clerk.

GEORGE L. SIBLEY

George L. Sibley, Democrat, Representative from Ward Six, Manchester, and generally known as the "talking member" from the Queen City, was born in Boothbay, Me., March 4, 1852, where he was educated in the public schools. He became a sailor in early life and followed the sea for fifteen years, in all grades of service from forecabin to cabin, girdling the earth and visiting all quarters of the globe during such experience.

Since leaving the sea Mr. Sibley has been variously engaged. He was some time in the shoe business at Stoneham, Mass.; was for six years Supreme Organizer for the Knights of Honor, and was nearly five years in the postal service as a letter carrier in Manchester appointed by Postmaster Josiah G. Dearborn, under the first administration of President Cleveland's, a personal letter from whom he cherishes among his choicest possessions. He is now a storekeeper for the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company, and has been many years in the service of the corporation.

Although a new member Mr. Sibley has been closely attentive to the work of the House along all lines, and seldom has a question come up for discussion without his voice being heard in the debate. He stands always for temperance, morality, humanity and the Democratic party for which he has been a life long worker. He is a past Grand Director of the Knights of Honor, and Past Representative to the Supreme Lodge, and is also a member of the I. O. O. F., Good Templars, Red Men, and the U. O. A. M. In religion he is an earnest Methodist and is chairman of the trustees of Trinity M. E. Church of Manchester. He is married and has two children—a son and daughter, the former a student in the Manchester High School; the latter in the Floral Department at

PEARL T. HASKELL, M. D.

It has been only in comparatively recent years that systematic attention has been paid to matters pertaining to the public health, by the



Pearl T. Haskell, M. D.



George L. Sibley.

Nelson's Department Store in that city.

Mr. Sibley introduced the stringent bill in relation to marriage, designed to correct serious abuses, which finally passed the House in modified form, in the face of serious opposition.

legislatures of the several states. It has at last come to that, however, that the protection and safety of the people, in this regard, is one of the chief objects of legislation in our own as well as other states.

The chairman of the Committee on Public Health in the present House of Representatives, which committee has had a large amount of important business on hand, and has faithfully discharged its duty, is Dr. Pearl T. Haskell, of Ward Six, Concord, who was elected on the Republican ticket at the last election.

Dr. Haskell is a native of Portland, Me., born March 10, 1868, a son of William H. and Ellen M. (Carey) Haskell. He was educated at Phillips Andover Academy, Yale College and Bowdoin Medical College at Brunswick, Me., and commenced the practice of medicine in Wakefield in 1894. October 28, 1896, he married Miss

Marietta A. Blake of that town, where he continued in practice till September 1895, when he removed to Concord.

Dr. Haskell is a member of the Merrimack County, Center District and New Hampshire Medical Society and the N. H. Surgical Club. He is a Mason, Knight of Pythias, Patron of Husbandry and a member of the Wonolancet Club and attends the South Congregational Church.



FRANK HUNTRESS

The House Committee on Appropriations is second in importance to no other legislative committee, and during the session of 1911, with the unprecedented number of measures imposing drafts upon the treasury, exceeding in amount the demands of any previous session, sent up for its consideration, and calling for the exercise of judgment, firmness and discrimination, it has been beyond question the most important of all. For the chairmanship of this committee the Speaker, upon careful deliberation, selected a man of wide experience in business life, who had also seen service in the last two

Legislatures upon the same committee and was therefore familiar with its work—a man of action rather than words—Frank Huntress of Ward Three, Keene; and the result has shown that he made no mistake in the selection.

Mr. Huntress, though an active Republican, is better known in commercial than political life in New England. Indeed there are few men of larger acquaintance or wider experience in business circles in this part of the country than he, and none enjoying a greater measure of personal popularity. He is a native of Lowell, Mass., son of Leonard and Lydia Ann (McKenna) Huntress, born February 7, 1847. He was educated in the public schools and at Phillips Andover Academy. On leaving school he entered a wholesale dry goods house in Boston, continuing in the business for some thirty years, leaving ultimately to establish a line of retail stores throughout New England, to whose interests he continues to devote his active attention. One of these stores is in the city of Keene, where he has resided for the last seventeen years, in which he is associated with Hon. William P. Chamberlain, well known in New Hampshire business and political circles, who is also interested with him in the other stores.

Mr. Huntress is a 32d degree Mason and a Red Man. He has been twice married and has four children. His present wife, whom he married nineteen years ago, was Miss Birdia A. Chamberlain, daughter of his partner. His eldest son, Carroll B., is engaged on the Laporte, Ind., *Herald*, the second is a student at Exeter and the other children are at home.

HON. ROSECRANS W. PILLSBURY

A member of the House in the present Legislature who was naturally expected to assume the leadership in the shaping of legislation and the general transaction of business,

and would undoubtedly have done so but for serious illness in his family, throughout, and on his own part during the last weeks of the session, is Rosecrans W. Pillsbury of Londonderry, who because of the former reason withdrew as a candidate for the Speakership, some time before the Legislature assembled, but who was accorded the position of chair-

concerned—a work generally conceded to be one of commanding importance. To the work of this committee he gave earnest attention so long as he was able to be present and was also heard effectively in some of the important debates in the House.

He is a native of the town of Londonderry, born September 18, 1863, the eldest son of Col. William S.



Hon. Rosecrans W. Pillsbury.

man of the Republican Caucus when organization was effected.

Mr. Pillsbury was named as a member of the Judiciary Committee, and as chairman of the Special Committee on Railroad Rates, to which was assigned the important duty of considering the relations of the Boston & Maine Railroad and the State of New Hampshire, and devising and reporting a plan of adjustment fair and equitable to all

and Sarah A. (Crowell) Pillsbury. He was educated in the Londonderry schools, Pinkerton Academy, Derry, the Manchester High School, Dartmouth College and the Boston Law School. He further pursued his legal studies in the office of Judge Robert J. Peaslee of Manchester, and was admitted to the bar in 1890, but has not devoted himself to practice, having been for many years actively associated with his father in extensive

shoe manufacturing operation in Derry, and in other manufacturing enterprises. He also conducted an extensive magazine publishing business in Derry for several years; but disposed of the same in 1906, when he became interested in the *Manchester Daily Union*, of which he has since been the chief stockholder and managing director, conducting it as an independent Republican paper, and, through its editorial columns and otherwise, exercising large influence in party and public affairs.

Mr. Pillsbury has been an active member of three Legislatures previous to the present, 1897, 1899 and 1905, and served in the last two Constitutional Conventions, being the youngest member of that of 1887. He was an alternate delegate to the Republican National Convention in 1892, and a delegate in 1904, serving on the committee to notify Theodore Roosevelt of his nomination. He is serving his fifth term as a trustee of the State College at Durham. In 1906 he was a prominent candidate for the Republican gubernatorial nomination, and received a large vote in the Convention which was divided between four active candidates.

Aside from his other interests he is extensively engaged in agriculture in Londonderry where he has his home, and is an active member of the Patrons of Husbandry. He is also a member of the Masonic order. He served five years in the National Guard, attaining the rank of captain. He attends the Presbyterian Church. In 1885 he married Annie Watts of Manchester. They have three children.

CHARLES H. SINCLAIR

Among the most popular business men of Concord is Charles H. Sinclair, a Republican in politics with a host of Democratic friends, who was chosen last November as a member of the legislative delegation from Ward Four, a member of the Committee on Claims and one of the tellers of the present House.

Mr. Sinclair is a native of Concord, born January 21, 1859, son of the late Henry M. and Emily A. (Hodgdon) Sinclair, and was educated in the public schools of the city. For the last thirty years he has conducted a successful jewelry business under the style of N. C. Nelson & Co., and holding high rank among reliable New Hampshire firms in that line of trade.



Charles H. Sinclair.

He is a prominent member of the Masonic order; is a 32d degree Mason, a Past Grand High Priest of N. H. Royal Arch Masons, Past Eminent Commander of Mt. Horeb Commandery, R. T., of Concord, and a Mystic Shriner. In religion he is liberal. January 2, 1884, he married Cora M., daughter of the late Nathaniel C. and Maria F. (Damon) Nelson.

HON. BENJAMIN R. WHEELER

Among the veteran legislators of the present session is Benjamin R. Wheeler, of Salem, now serving his fifth term in the House, having been a member of that body in 1872, 1873,

1899 and 1909. He was also a State Senator in 1883, and a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1902. In the present House he is chairman of the Committee on Soldiers' Home.

Mr. Wheeler was born in Salem April 20, 1840, son of John R. and Susan R. (Dix) Wheeler, and was educated in the public and private schools of the town. He enlisted in the First N. H. Volunteers, April 25, 1861, in the war of the Rebellion; was discharged with the regiment August 9, and, September 9, following, reënlisted in the Fourth N. H., doing valiant service with that regiment in the severe conflicts in which it was engaged, and winning promotion to the rank of captain. He was severely wounded at Drury's Bluff, May 16, 1864, and was discharged on expiration of service, November 7 of that year. Captain Wheeler enjoys the unique distinction of being the only man who, as a civilian, ever commanded a regiment of infantry and a battery of artillery in the face of the enemy, this incident happening at Chapin's Farm, Va., November 8, 1864, when, although having received his discharge, he was requested as the senior officer present, to remain in command until relieved.

After the war he was engaged with his father about twenty years in shoe manufacturing in Salem, since when he has been engaged in public affairs and general business. In 1866 he was chosen town clerk, serving 13 years, and at one time or another holding every office in the gift of his townsmen. He served as a deputy sheriff 12 years, from 1876; has been a leading justice of the peace and quorum in his county for more than forty years, and a notary public for the last ten years.

He is a past Master of Spickett Lodge, A. F. and A. M.; member of St. George Commandery, Knights Templar, of Nashua; Past Commander of Gilman E. Sleeper Post, G. A. R.; was assistant inspector general on the staff of Commander-in-

Chief Lawler in 1894; delegate from New Hampshire to the National G. A. R. encampments at Detroit, Denver and Salt Lake City; is a Past Master of the Salem Grange and was District Deputy under Past State Master N. J. Bachelder.

As a legislator Captain Wheeler has served the interests of his constituents and the state with conspicuous fidelity and zeal. He has the courage of his convictions and stands firmly and strives manfully for what he esteems the right. Although an able



Capt. Benjamin R. Wheeler.

speaker, he has made it a point not to participate in the debates of the House, and took the floor for the first time, when, during the present session, he made a most dramatic speech in opposition to the Franklin Pierce Statue resolution.

In politics he is an earnest working Republican; in religion a Methodist. He married in March, 1866, Laura Hale Vincent of Chester, Vt., who died in December, 1884, leaving one daughter, Blanche, the wife of Fred E. Woodbury of Salem.

LOREN A. SANDERS, M. D.

Dr. Loren A. Sanders, Republican representative from Ward Seven, Concord, is a member of two House Committees that have been particularly



Loren A. Sanders, M. D.

busy the present session—those on Public Health and Liquor Laws, and he has given close attention to their work.

He is a native of the town of Grafton, a son of George S. and Prudence S. (Parker) Sanders, born July 5, 1874. He was educated at Tilton Seminary and at the New York University and Bellevue Hospital Medical College. He commenced the practice of medicine in Concord, July 15, 1899, and has continued there to the present time.

Dr. Sanders is an active Republican, and has taken much interest in public affairs, serving two terms on the Concord common council, under the old charter, and one term as alderman. He is a member of the Masonic fraternity and in religion a Baptist. He is a member of the Center District and N. H. Medical

Societies, of the N. H. Surgical Club and of the N. E. Association of Railway Surgeons.

September 29, 1898, he married Miss Margaret Clough of Warner.

E. PERCY STODDARD.

One of the most active among the younger members of the House, always "on deck" and thoroughly informed as to the general state of business, is Edward Percy Stoddard of Ward One, Portsmouth, than whom there is no man, young though he be, who is more influential in Republican politics in the County of Rockingham.

Mr. Stoddard is a native of Portsmouth, born January 2, 1877. He was educated at the Portsmouth High School and Dartmouth College, and was for some years engaged in newspaper work. From 1903 to 1907



E. Percy Stoddard.

he served as Chief Deputy U. S. Marshal for the district of New Hampshire. He is now engaged in the insurance business in Portsmouth. He was an active member of the last

city government of Portsmouth, serving as a councilman at large. He is a Congregationalist, a 32d degree Mason, Knight Templar and Shriner, and a Knight of Pythias. He is also a most enthusiastic as well as a most popular club man, holding membership in the Warwick, Country, Yacht and Athletic Clubs of Portsmouth. He is unmarried.

While he took special interest in the Portsmouth Armory bill, and gave it persistent attention when others interested had despaired of its success, he was by no means unmindful of other matters, and as a member of the Committee on Insurance, and an active worker on the floor, often heard to good effect, labored heartily for the public interest.

HON. ELMER S. TILTON

The chairmanship of the House Committee on Fisheries and Game, which has the distinction this year of originating more bills than any other committee of the House, and whose work, if less important than that of some other committees, is certainly not less trying, was given to Hon. Elmer S. Tilton, Republican of Ward Three, Laconia, who was a member of the House in 1897 and 1907 and represented the Sixth District in the state Senate in 1903.

Mr. Tilton is a native of that part of the town of Gilford now included in Laconia, son of George H. and Marietta (Randlett) Tilton, born October 11, 1869. He was educated in the public schools, graduating from the Laconia High School in 1887, and immediately engaged in business with his father in the manufacture

of cotton hosiery, the firm name being George H. Tilton & Son, operating mills in Laconia, Tilton, and Savannah, Ga.

Mr. Tilton is a Mason, an Elk and a Knight of Pythias. He was the senior colonel on the staff of Gov. Henry B. Quincy, and is a member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston. He



Hon. Elmer S. Tilton.

married, January 26, 1892, Miss Lillian Harrington of Laconia. They have three sons.

Aside from his committee work, which has kept him busy for no small part of the session, Mr. Tilton has been interested in measures of practical legislation along other lines, and has been heard with interest in some of the discussions on the floor.



YE OLDE MEETINGE HOUSE

By P. L. F.

Near Dover point where hurrying waters meet
And flow to join their ancient mother ocean,
By murmuring streams' unceasing motion
There stood New Hampshire's first religious seat.
Intrenchments strong and flankers all complete
Guarded the walls long since returned to dust,
There many a weighty subject was discussed
By parsons learned, reverend and discreet.
Almost three hundred years have passed
Since measured beat of Richard Pincomb's drum
Gave notice that the meeting hour had come,
Rumbled and echoed through the forest vast,
Startled the savage in his distant lair,
And called the Puritan to praise and prayer.

HUMAN KINDNESS

By L. J. H. Frost

Be kindly affectioned one to another.—*Holy Writ.*

If you ever see a brother
Battling hard with fate,
Clasp his hand and help him
Ere it be too late.

If a tired fellow-mortal,
You meet on life's highway,
Who is so disheartened,
That he cannot smile or pray—

Just kindly look upon him
And speak a word of cheer,
Shedding sunshine on his pathway;
'Twill dispel his doubt and fear.

For you may yourself on some day
Need a kindly helping hand;
As you weary on life's journey,
Ere you reach the better land.

'Tis but a cup of water
You have given by the way
To some thirsty, erring brother;
Of bright sunshine just a ray.

Yet, in the great hereafter
It will be said to thee—
"Inasmuch as thou hast done this
Thou hast done it unto me."

AN UNFORGIVEN PURITAN

Rev. Stephen Bachiler—First Minister of Hampton

By Victor C. Sanborn

The story which I have to tell concerns the biography of one who lived through the years of the most wonderful century of English history—that period from 1560 to 1660. Those years marked the youth and splendor of British achievement in the realm of spiritual awakening, of literary and intellectual development, and of commercial activity, colonization and world building.

In the hundred years I have mentioned Puritanism made its first successful stand against the English church, which still clung to Romish superstition. They saw, those golden years, the imperishable dramas of Shakespeare unfolded to the world, the lofty verse of Milton, the graceful muse of Jonson, and the brilliant philosophy of Bacon. For them the poetical soul, the chivalrous life and death of Sir Philip Sidney were current fact—not history and tradition.

In that short century lived and died the great freebooters of the virgin seas, Raleigh and Drake, Fro-bisher and Hawkins. Less afraid of new worlds than of old creeds, the Pilgrims and the Puritans in that century left their homes in the "haunt of ancient peace," and sought fresh soil wherein to plant the colony which was to grow into our present vast-spreading Republic. The feeble, pedantic and pleasure loving Stuarts saw in that century the sceptre snatched from their hands, when Hampden, Cromwell and Harry Vane turned England from a kingdom into a commonwealth.

In the same period Holland became a Protestant republic in spite of the bloody persecutions of Philip. France

turned Huguenot after the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and the grasp of Spain began to weaken in the old world and the new.

But while time has thrown on the stage a thousand full length and heroic figures, some there were of lesser note who yet played a part in the life of the age, but whose history has been obscured by time, or darkened by contemporary dislike and slander. From the mass of these smaller men I have selected as a type one who lived the century through not unworthily, as I hope to show.

Two or three years after Elizabeth came to the throne, there was born somewhere in Southern England, one Stephen Bachiler. Just what was his birthplace I do not know, nor what his ancestry. The name was a common one, and whether his parents were of Hampshire or Berkshire does not specially matter. Perhaps indeed they came from Protestant France or the Netherlands. To Southampton about 1568 came a small colony of Walloons, driven from their shops and studies by the iron hand of Philip. Among them were a father and son named Bachelier from Tournai in France. The teacher of this little band of Protestants was Adrien de Saravia, that stout champion of Calvin. Adrien was born in Artois, his father a Spaniard, his mother a Fleming, and he was a minister in Antwerp until driven to the Channel Islands in 1560. From there he came to Southampton for a few peaceful years,—returned to Leyden in 1582 as Professor of Divinity, and again driven back to Protestant England, where he ended his days. I like to imagine that Stephen Bachiler was

a charge of this brave Adrien, and drank in from him that opposition to tyranny and abuse which marked and marred his life.

But whatever his origin, we first find Bachiler at Oxford in 1581, a student at St. John's College, then newly founded by the good citizen and London Merchant, Sir Thomas White. The college of that time was vastly different from the St. John's of to-day, with its peaceful gardens, smooth lawns and ancient cedars. The good Sir Thomas since its foundation had lost much of his money, and his college was very poor. Not for some years did it receive new foundations and added wealth. But poor or rich, it was a part of that seat of learning, the great University of Oxford. Oxford was at that time a very hive of Puritanism.

The Regius Professor of Divinity was Lawrence Humphrey, an ardent Lutheran, who was disciplined by Archbishop Grindal for refusing to wear the churchly vestments. John Harmer, the Earl of Leicester's favorite and one of Queen Elizabeth's scholars, was Regius Professor of Greek. The unfortunate Thomas Kingsmill, another Puritan, was head professor in Hebrew. Edward Crocke was Margaret Professor of Divinity, and the most renowned scholar of the day; an Oxford man, John Rainoldes, was the head and front of the Puritan arm of the church, and the spokesman of the Puritan party. Rainoldes is called by quaint Anthony Wood "a living library and a third university." He declined a bishopric, preferring to remain the President of Corpus Christi College, and from his Oxford study sent forth a mass of treatises in favor of the advanced doctrines. It was he who mainly represented Puritanism at the Hampton Court Conference of 1605, and it was at his suggestion and by his aid that the well meaning but pedantic King James undertook that translation of the Bible, which is to-day mainly used.

Indeed, in England generally, at

this time, 1581-7, the leanings of the wisest were toward Puritanism. Elizabeth was sometimes Puritan and sometimes Prelatic; but her best advisers were of the new religion. Cecil, the great Lord Burghley, who for half a century of troubled life was Prime Minister to the lively and changeable Queen, held firmly to the same persuasion, and so did Walsingham and the unfortunate Davison.

Thus we may safely assume that Bachiler's university training was mainly Puritan, and the atmosphere of St. John's was not in the least Prelatical until the time of its later Fellow and President, the ill-fated Laud.

Among the scholars at St. John's during Bachiler's sojourn there was Henry Cromwell, an uncle of the Protector, who was father-in-law of Sir Oliver St. John, Cromwell's Lord Chief Justice, and of whose sisters one was the mother of the patriot, John Hampden, and another was the mother of Edward Whalley, the regicide, later a fugitive in New England.

At Oxford Bachiler continued until February, 1586, when he proceeded B. A. Perhaps he then became a chaplain to Lord Delaware, who presented him in 1587 to the Vicarage of Wherwell, Hampshire, a small retired parish on the River Test, whose "troutful stream," celebrated by Isaak Walton, is still a favorite resort of anglers.

Here Bachiler preached for twenty years, and here he doubtless hoped to end his days. No more peaceful and beautiful place is to be found in sunny Hampshire, lying as it does in the middle of verdant and fertile meadows. Wherwell was the seat of an ancient abbey, founded in 986 by Queen Aelfrida, the widow of King Edgar. At the Dissolution the abbey was granted to Thomas West, Lord La Warr or Delaware, and it soon became the principal seat of that great family. Here then let us leave Stephen Bachiler to marry and raise a family of his own, while we

consider the events that have begun to crowd thick upon England.

In the very year when Bachiler was made a vicar of Wherwell the preparations for the invasion of England by the Invincible Armada were being completed by the "spider of the Esequial." Her eyes blinded by the duplicity of Alexander Farnese, Elizabeth was still dreaming of an alliance with Spain, and was considering seriously the abandonment of that combination with Holland which finally kept Protestant powers the sovereigns of the world. Had it not been for the wisdom of Walsingham and the pugnacity of Drake and Hawkins, England's Protestants and Puritans might have been led in chains to the *autos-da-fe* of Spanish invaders, and the clock of the world's progress might have been set back another century.

But the alarm had awakened Britain from its slumbers. Preparations were made on sea and shore to resist the Spanish invasion, and when the 130 ships of the Invincible Armada appeared off Dover in 1588, a squadron of as many tiny fighting craft was ready. By the seamanship of the discredited Drake the unwieldy galleons of Spain were put to flight, and the tempests of August 15th finished the work of that great freebooter, and forever dispelled the fear that Catholic Spain would conquer Protestant England.

Meanwhile in England the Puritan party was disputing the supremacy of the established church. The death of the great Puritan prelate Grindal in 1583 summoned to the primacy John Whitgift, whose "cold mediocrity," as the elder Disraeli called it, was no match for the fiery arguments of the Martin Mar Prelate controversy. In the century and a half which had succeeded the dissolution of the monasteries and the establishment of a Protestant church in England, the same material abuses which had prevailed in the older church showed themselves in the reformed episcopacy. The prelates

waxed rich, while the people were over-ridden. The clergy was corrupt and the rites of the church were abused. Of a sudden a pamphlet ridiculing these abuses ran like wild fire over the land. Whether the first "Mar Prelate" monograph was written by John Penry, by Barrow or by Job Throckmorton will perhaps never be known, and does not now especially matter. The attack was so sudden, the knife went so deep into the vitals of the establishment that the surprised and angry bishops retaliated in similar rude and scurrilous pamphlets, and by fines, imprisonments and persecutions attempted in vain to check the growing wrath of people versus prelates. The first categorical answer to the Mar Prelate pamphlets was written by Thomas Cooper, the same Bishop of Winchester, who had a year before ordained Bachiler Vicar of Wherwell. But the established church was forced to attack both Romish priests and Puritan non-conformists, which weakened the force of attempts against either, and popular sympathy was far greater for the Puritan revolt against the establishment. The last years of Elizabeth's reign were marked by persecutions of Recusants and Reformers, with numberless imprisonments and executions. The Puritan faction grew steadily, and when in 1603 James of Scotland came to the throne, great was the rejoicing among them, for it seemed that a Scotch king of England augured well for the victory of Presbyter versus Prelate.

During all this time our Vicar of Wherwell became, we may imagine, a man of influence. Perhaps the Lord Delaware, who succeeded in 1595 and who married a daughter of the Puritan Sir Francis Knollys, favored him with his patronage, listened to his preaching, and agreed with his opinions. In 1596 Bachiler was named as Overseer in the Will of William Spencer of Chariton, a rich Hampshire squire, who had married one of his parishioners. Probably our Vicar was one of the thousand

English clergymen who sanctioned the millenary petition of King James, who greeted the Scotch monarch on his coming to the English throne,—a petition which urged the King to reform the crying abuses of the established church, and besought him to allow the Puritan pastors to continue their “prophesyings and preachings” undeterred by the persecutions of their bishops.

As a result of this petition, King James called the Hampton Court Conference in 1605. Four divines represented the Puritan party, John Rainoldes, John Knewstubb, Lawrence Chaderton, and Henry Sparke. Against them were arranged eight English prelates, headed by the next Arch-Bishop of Canterbury, Richard Bancroft, their bitter opponent. Lord Delaware was a member of this conference, which resulted badly for the popular party, for on Rainoldes’ mentioning the word *presbyter*, King James’s wrath was aroused, and he dismissed the conference with bitter reproaches, telling the Puritans that he would “make them conform or harry them out of the land.”

The following year was marked by the ejection of hundreds of Puritans, who declined to follow the hated ceremonies of the church. In May, 1605, Archbishop Bancroft held an ecclesiastical Court at Winchester, and undoubtedly instructed the willing Thomas Bilson, Bishop of Winchester, to dismiss at once all his non-conforming clergymen. Among these was Stephen Bachiler, who was ejected in August, 1605, from the peaceful riverside parish where he had preached acceptably for eighteen years.

The neighboring dioceses of Winchester and Salisbury were at this time under anti-Puritan rule. At Winchester was Bilson, an ardent champion of the establishment; at Salisbury was Bishop Henry Cotton, of Hampshire descent, who persecuted Putitan and Romanist alike, and of whom the quaint Sir John Harrington says “he had 19 children by one wife, whose name was Patience,”—adding

“I have heard of few wives of that *name*, and none of that *quality*.” When Elizabeth made Henry Cotton Bishop of Salisbury and William Cotton Bishop of Exeter (both persecutors of the sectaries) she observed that she had “well Cottoned the West” and the Salisbury prelate might have said the same of the rich preferments which he bestowed on his numerous family.

The next twenty years offer us but scanty notes of Bachiler’s life. Winthrop says he “suffered much at the hands of the Bishops” and family tradition alleges that he fled to Holland like the little band of Separatists from Scrooby, who in 1620 formed the Pilgrim colony at Plymouth. Bachiler was at 45 in the prime of his powers. We may imagine that, fitted by scholarship and by the turn of his mind, he was an ardent, able controversialist. We know that many of his parishioners followed him from the church at Wherwell to his ministrations under Puritan auspices at the adjoining hamlet of Newton Stacy. In 1607 Henry Shipton, a wealthy tanner of Shawe, across the border in Berkshire, leaves him a small legacy, and in 1616 Edmund Alleyn of Hatfield Peverell, a rich Essex squire, bequeaths him a similar sum. In 1610 Bachiler’s son Stephen was entered at Magdalen College in Oxford, the family college of the Wests, Lords Delaware. In 1621 the diary of Adam Winthrop, father of the Massachusetts governor, says that he had “Mr. Bachiler the preacher” to dine with him. That he was not without means is shown by the Hampshire land records, which recite, between 1622 and 1630, his purchase and sale of small properties in Newton Stacy. A petition of Sir Robert Payne, Sheriff of Hampshire in 1632, states that several of his tenants, “having been formerly misled by Stephen Bachiler, a Notorious conformist, demolished a chapel at Newton Stacy and executed many things in contempt of the canons and the bishop.”

Thus preaching, persecuted and adhered to by his former parishioners, Bachiler passed a score of years, and reached the age of seventy. His children had grown up and married; one son had become a chaplain in an English regiment in Holland, and one a merchant in Southampton. One daughter married John Wing, an English Puritan minister at Flushing and the Hague; and another Christopher Hussey, perhaps a relative of the Mayor of Winchester of the same name, who married a daughter of the Hampshire Puritan Prebendary Remiger; a third daughter married a Hampshire Samborne, probably connected with James Samborne, the Winchester scholar and Oxford graduate, Puritan Vicar of Andover and Rector of Upper Clatford, neighboring villages to Wherwell.

With the accession of Charles I in 1625 Puritanism received another blow, and many of the English reformers, encouraged by the success of the Plymouth pilgrims of 1620, decided to seek in the New World a freer atmosphere for their religious opinions. By this time Bachiler had reached an age when most men become weary of struggling, anxious to lay aside contention and strife, and to obtain a few years of rest. Not so our Hampshire Puritan, whose eager spirit outran his years, and who thought he saw in America an Arcadia of religious freedom.

In 1630 a small band of London merchants, perhaps friends of Bachiler's son Nathaniel, formed a colonizing company, called the "Company of Husbandmen" and obtained from Sir Ferdinando Gorges, the great enemy to New England Puritanism, a patent to some 1600 square miles in his province of New England south of the river Sagadahock. This Company of Husbandmen sent to America in the fall of 1630 a small ship called the "Plough," with a meagre band of colonists to settle on their new patent, probably about where the present city of Portland stands. The grant from Gorges seems to have

conflicted with other grants, and the original patent is lost, so that we cannot exactly locate the land, which the Husbandmen thought embraced the seacoast from Cape Porpoise to Cape Elizabeth.

This first little ship-load, sent from England six months after Winthrop's well found colony, appears to have landed on their grant in the hard winter of 1630-1, and were much disappointed in the outlook. The upper coast of New England was sterile and forbidding, bare of settlements except for a few scattering fishing stages, and we may imagine the Husbandmen were poorly equipped with the necessities for colonization. Whether Bachiler was an original member of the company I cannot state, for none of their records have survived that general loss of manuscripts which has occurred in the lapse of four hundred years. Presumably he was, since the first letter from the London managers, dated in March, 1631-2, and sent to their New England colonists, speaks as though he had for some time been eager in the Company's work. In this letter the London members ask the colonists to remember their duty to return thanks to God who "hath filled the heart of our reverent pastor so full of zeal, of love and of extraordinary affection toward our poor society. Notwithstanding opposition yet he remaineth constant, persuading and exhorting,—yea and as much as in him lieth constraining—all that love him to join together with us. And seeing the Company is not able to bear his charge over, he hath strained himself to provide provision for himself and his family, and hath done his utmost endeavor to help over as many as he possibly can, for your further strength and encouragement."

For another year, then, or until the spring of 1632 the Plough Company worked in England to secure more colonists and to enlarge their resources. The London members were none of them rich, but all were bound together by some mystical religious

fellowship, the exact significance of which has been lost in the ensuing centuries of oblivion. England was indeed from 1620 to 1630 a fruitful mother of diverse and complicated sects. The stern rule of Archbishop Bancroft had been followed by the gentler but less forcible Abbot, who was born in the same year as Bachiler, and of whom Lord Clarendon says,—“He considered Christian religion no otherwise than as it abhorred and reviled Popery; and valued those men most who did it most furiously.” In the last years of Abbot’s primacy he had lost credit with the Court, and had been supplanted by that Bishop of London, who was to succeed him, William Laud, the bitter foe of the Puritans. Laud’s narrow but determined spirit had quite changed the religious complexion of Oxford: and his promotion to the Bishopric of London and to the King’s Privy Council inaugurated an era of suppression and severity which aroused and united the hostility of these various sects against the Established Church.

But two letters remain, so far as the manuscript records of the 17th Century have been printed, to show who were the active members of that ill-fated and meagre Company of Husbandmen. John Dye, Grace Hardwin and Thomas Jupe, three London merchants of limited education and narrow resources, were the principal factors. On the first ship came over John Crispe, Bryan Binckes and John Carman, who seem to have had some authority in the company, but concerning whom the records disclose nothing of note. The loosely knit little company seems to have been organized and kept alive by the strenuous efforts of Bachiler and his kinsmen. A second shipment of goods and colonists was sent out in March, 1632, on the two ships the “William and Francis” and the “Whale.” The colonists on the former ship were captained by the stout old Hampshire parson, now over 70: and the party on the Whale by his

relative, Richard Dummer, also a Hampshire man, who had not joined the religious circle of the Husbandmen, but who was doubtless induced by Bachiler to finance the enterprise to some extent. Dummer was a man of breadth and ability, whose connection must have been of value to the struggling company, though he soon foresaw its failure and identified himself with Winthrop’s more permanent enterprise.

While Bachiler, Dummer and the London members of the Company were thus helping on the enterprise in England, imagining that the colony on the Sagadahock River was firmly planted in the new soil, that poor-spirited crew had left their northern settlement, aghast at the practical difficulties of colonization, and perhaps torn by some dissension. With their shaky little craft, the Plough, they had drifted down the coast looking for more substantial settlements, and Winthrop’s Journal of July 6, 1631, records their arrival at Watertown as follows: “A small ship of 60 tons arrived at Natascot, Mr. Graves master. She brought ten passengers from London. They came with a patent for Sagadahock, but not liking the place they came hither. Their ship drew ten feet and went up to Watertown but she ran on ground twice by the way.” The Husbandmen, with their vague and mysterious religious tenets, were with some reason looked on askance by the compact and intolerant colony of Endicott and Dudley. They had failed in their enterprise, and had come from the neighborhood of those fishing settlements along the North coast, whose rude and lawless members were in bad odor with the magistrates. It is doubtful, however, if they deserved the opprobrium which has clung to them because of a note added later by Winthrop or some other hand,—“They most of them proved familists and vanished away.” The offensive term of Familist, with its hint of free love tendencies, was applied to many of the

settlers who resented and differed from the arbitrary standards of the Massachusetts Colony.

Thus in June, 1632, when Bachiler and Dummer arrived with their families and adherents, the ill-fated little venture was already doomed. The earnest letter which Bachiler brought over from the London merchants was addressed to a band already in disorder, and it seems probable that they remained near Boston only long enough to deliver their patent to the new comers, coupled with such gloomy reports of the northern coast as effectually put an end to any further attempt at colonization. The Company of Husbandmen was practically dead, its assets in the hands of the Massachusetts court, and its members scattered; some went back to England and some to Virginia. The £1400 of joint stock was a complete loss, and apparently the patent was seized on by Dummer as some security for his advances. This Plough Patent was for years a source of dispute, being assigned some time later to one of Cromwell's commanders, Alexander Rigby, whose agent, George Cleeves, disputed the bounds of the Royal Province of Gorgeana, which fell to the heirs of Sir Ferdinando Gorges. The constant quarrels between the two factions existed until Massachusetts, through its agents in England bought up their claims and established Maine as a dependency of the Bay Colony.

It seems possible that the only person who derived a profit from the defunct Plough Company was Richard Dummer, who perhaps bought out Bachiler's interest in the patent, and who sold it through Cleeves to Rigby. Bachiler had disposed of his small estate in Hampshire to provide funds for the colony, had brought over a little company of adherents and his own children and grandchildren; and found himself at 71 stranded in Newton without a settlement or a pastorate, and equipped with a very moderate sum of money, a library of fair size and a somewhat

legendary coat of arms, which the fanciful herald, Sylvanus Morgan, says did "appertain to Stephen Bachiler, the first pastor of the church of Ligonía in New England."

Bachiler's arrival in the new colony was welcomed. Winthrop mentions it in his journal, and it was undoubtedly a matter of moment that the aged Oxford Scholar had chosen to settle in the Bay, with a considerable group of hardy immigrants. A man of education and cultivation, as his letters show him to have been, was no mean addition to Winthrop's settlement.

Although contrary to the direct statements of Lewis and Newhall, the historians of Lynn, I do not believe that Bachiler and his little colony immediately established a church at Lynn. Bachiler's own letter to Winthrop shows his first sojourn was at Newtown, now Cambridge. Here too we find the name of John Kerman, one of the Plough Company as an early settler. Here my idea is that the handful of colonists left of the Plough Company set up their first tabernacle, and listened to the prophesyings of Master Bachiler. The arbitrary General Court of Winthrop's colony promptly suppressed the influence of these doctrines, which were perhaps more tolerant and thus more acceptable to many of the newly arriving colonists not yet firmly bound to the compact and narrow limits of the oligarchy. Bachiler and his adherents had not joined the church covenant by taking the "freeman's oath." The Court on Oct. 6, 1632, ordered that "Mr. Batchel'r is required to forbear exercising his gifts as a pastor or preacher publicly in our pattent, unless it be to those he brought with him, for his contempt of authority and till some scandles be removed."

Probably after this he moved from Newtown to Saugus (Lynn) and established his church there. Massachusetts was fast filling up with immigrants, and new settlements were being established. These plantations

either kept no records of their first years, or, if such there were, they have been lost. Thus the only definite data of these early years are contained in the records of the General Court, and in the fragmentary notes of Winthrop's Journal. On March 4, 1633, the inhibition of the Court was removed, and Bachiler was free to preach at will. This I take to be the date of his first ministrations at Saugus. Here he continued some three years, preaching to his own little flock and gradually attaching others to them, until his church numbered a score of families. This increase became less coherent as newcomers settled at Saugus, and on March 15, 1635, Winthrop records that "divers of the brethren of that church, not liking the proceedings of the pastor and withal making a question whether they were a church or not, did separate from church communion." Bachiler and his followers asked the advice of the other churches, who, wishing to hear both sides, offered to meet at Saugus about it. Bachiler then asked the Separatists to put their grievances in writing, which they refused to do. At this Bachiler's quick temper flamed up, and he wrote to the other churches that he was resolved to excommunicate these objectors, and therefore the conference at Saugus was not needed. This hasty proceeding (as Winthrop calls it) met with no approval at the lecture in Boston where Bachiler's letter was read, and the elders at once went to Saugus to pacify the contending parties. After hearing both sides it was agreed that, though not at first regularly constituted as a church, their consent and practice of a church estate had supplied that defect and so, Winthrop concludes, all were reconciled.

Probably these reconciling elders pointed out to Master Bachiler that he had not yet conformed to their custom and become a "freeman": and indeed the Lynn church resembled rather the voluntary assemblings of the early Christians than the

formal and solemn installations practised in the bay. At all events, on May 6, 1635, Bachiler yielded to their practice, became a freeman, and thus joined the compact, if inelastic, body of the Puritan colony.

Their period was one of extreme danger for the Massachusetts Puritans. The bay was fast filling up with English settlers from different counties and each little band was headed by some disestablished or non-conforming clergyman whose dislike for English intolerance was probably equalled by his determination to submit to no arbitrary church government in the new country. Thus, in America the leaders of the Bay colony were confronted with the opposition of countless involved theological beliefs at variance with their own, while in England the King and Archbishop Laud were determined if possible to suppress the spread of Puritan strength by handicapping the new colony with a General Governor from England, whose autoeracy should be firmly allied with the English church and the Stuart dynasty.

The colony of Winthrop and Dudley was thus attacked from within and from without. Small blame to them for determining actively to expel the contestants here, and passively to ignore the church-and-state rule of England. The banishment of Roger Williams marks the first concerted move to stamp out theological division in their own body. In October of 1635 Williams was expelled from Massachusetts, one clergyman alone dissenting. It is believed that this dissenter was our Hampshire Master Bachiler. Indeed, the character of the two men was to some extent similar. Both were theorists, both intolerant of arbitrary rule, but history has magnified the success of one and well nigh obliterated the record of the other. The constructive talents of Roger Williams resulted in the establishment of a province where toleration was the rule of life, while the character of Bachiler, always in

opposition to authority, made his life work nugatory.

The same autumn which banished Williams brought young Sir Harry Vane to Massachusetts, and the intricacies of theological disputes found in him an ardent supporter. It is probable too that the Boston church, reacting from the stern rule of Dudley, repented their share in the banishment of Williams. At all events that church, under the broader and more spiritual mind of John Cotton, the teacher or assistant, became an active force in favor of toleration in the Bay.

But the task of weeding out the Puritan garden was not to be stopped. The colony must be united and intrenched at home. Each settlement must have as its leader some man whose trend of thought lay with that of the governing oligarchy. At Salem was the arch Puritan, Hugh Peter: at Newtown the somber Thomas Shepherd: at Boston was John Wilson, whose natural benignity was overshadowed by his loyalty to the intolerant tenets he professed: at Roxbury John Eliot and Thomas Welde were in full accord with the narrower beliefs. Saugus, with its venerable and educated Pastor Bachiler, was an exception, and here was the next stand made. In January, 1636, Winthrop records "Mr. Batchellor of Saugus was convented before the magistrates. Coming out of England with a small body of six or seven persons and having since received in many more at Saugus, and contention coming between him and the greatest part of his church, who had with the rest received him for their pastor, he desired dismissal for himself and his first members, which being granted upon supposition that he would leave the town (as he had given out), he with the said six or seven persons presently renewed their old covenant, intending to raise another church in Saugus; whereat the most and chief of the town being offended, for that it would cross their intention of calling Mr. Peter or some other minister, they complained to

the magistrates, who seeing the distraction which was likely to come by this course had forbidden him to proceed in any such church way until the cause were considered by the other ministers. But he refused to desist, whereupon they sent for him and upon his delay day after day the marshal was sent to fetch him. Upon his appearance and submission and promise to remove out of the town within three months, he was discharged."

Thus another opponent of the oligarchy was disposed of with the strong hand. The church at Saugus was put under the rule of an approved minister, Samuel Whiting, in whose honor the town name was changed to Lynn, and Master Bachiler, disheartened, laid down the ministry and retired to private life. Among his church, however, many besides his own family disliked the change, and several began a new settlement on Cape Cod, among them John Carman, the Plough Company man.

Bachiler himself is said to have removed in February, 1636, to Ipswich, where the younger Winthrop had established a settlement. I find no recorded authority for this, and incline to think that he and his son-in-law Hussey followed Richard Dummer to Newbury, where their cousin had taken up a farm of five hundred acres and where Bachiler and Hussey likewise received extensive grants of land.

The tyrannical rule of the New England Puritans met with little favor in Old England, where general sentiment favored toleration, and much disapproved arbitrary self-government in a colony. Mr. Stansby, a silenced Puritan in Norfolk, writing to John Wilson, the Boston pastor, in 1637, complains "that many of the ministers are much straited with you: others lay down the ministry and became private members, as Mr. Bachiler, Mr. Jenner and Mr. Nathaniel Ward. You are so strict in admission of members to your church that more than one-half are out of your

church in all your congregations: this may do you much hurt." And now the threatened insurrection broke out into a flame. The Fast Day sermon of John Wheelwright arrayed the Massachusetts settlements in two district factions, which we may term Antinomians and Arbitrarians. Vane was elected Governor; Cotton as teacher ruled the Boston church; the brilliant, if undisciplined, Ann Hutchinson lent distinction to the party of toleration. To the North lay the fishing settlements of Gorges and Mason, allied with the English church,—to the South Roger Williams and his colony of broader views. The Massachusetts Puritans saw no wiser way of treating the spread of these heretical opinions than by suppression. By a political coup worthy of the Twentieth Century, the new election was won for the arbitrarians; Winthrop and Dudley went back into office and the Court of Assistants was theirs by an overwhelming majority. The defeated party did what they could by electing Antinomian Deputies, but their power was for the moment gone. After some verbal sparring between Winthrop and Vane, the Massachusetts Synod, entirely Arbitrarian, denounced eighty erroneous doctrines, and at the November session of the General Court the iron hand was applied. The leaders of the opposition were banished, disfranchised or disarmed. Massachusetts again presented a stern front against toleration. Wheelwright and his adherents began a settlement beyond the bounds of Massachusetts, at Squamscott (now Exeter, N. H.). Richard Dummer, who was among those disarmed, had too much at stake to abandon his possessions at Newbury, but returned to England and brought back with him in 1638 a small band of relatives and friends who strengthened his hand.

Bachiler and Hussey, living quietly at Newbury and having been dealt with the year before, were spared in this dictatorial devastation, but the inaction was not to Bachiler's liking.

In the severe winter of 1637-8 the venerable Puritan walked on foot through the wilderness to Cape Cod, where he and his little party hoped to begin a settlement near that which had been established a year before by John Carman and the company from Saugus. The rigor of the season and the difficulty of the enterprise discouraged them. Winthrop says: "The undertaker of this (the settlement at Mattakees, now Yarmouth) was one Mr. Batchellor late pastor at Saugus, being about 76 years of age: yet he walked thither on foot in a very hard season. He and his company, being all poor men finding the difficulty gave it over, and others undertook it."

In England the growing strength of the Massachusetts Colony had alarmed the King and Canterbury. Malcontents sent back from the New England Canaan brought to the kingly ear strange stories of arbitrary and independent acts of the trans-Atlantic Puritans. Gorges with unflinching persistency schemed for their overthrow. The royal patent of 1629, granted or bought with anti-Scriptural bribes, contained privileges undreamed of when it was given.

As early as 1635 the great Council of Plymouth surrendered its charter to the King, and the Attorney General, Sir John Banks, began Quo Warranto proceedings to annul the Massachusetts patent. The whole coast line from Sagadahock to Narragansett was parceled out among the eight remaining members. To Gorges was allotted the Northern district, as far South as the Piscataqua. Mason's share adjoined this and ran south to Naumkeag, now Salem Harbor. The coast from there to Narragansett fell to Lord Edward Gorges. Thus a paper division shut out Winthrop's colony from any royal privileges, and the proposed appointment of their enemy Sir Ferdinando Gorges as Governor General completed the pen-and-ink overthrow of the Bay Puritans.

But paper was all that Charles

could give: money and resources he had none, and he was indeed keeping his own coffers barely filled by illegal and unpopular "ship money" and other taxes. With a singular lack of perspective, after sweating his English subjects by these money getting tactics, Charles and Laud added the last straw by attempting to force the Anglican church establishment upon Scotland. The storm which this raised at home quite blotted out all plans for colonial government and extension. Sir Ferdinando was left to his own resources to fit out the ship which should carry the Royal Governor to his happy New England tenantry; and the doughty Elizabethan Knight foundered in the attempt, just as his newly launched vessel broke to pieces on her way off the stocks.

Meanwhile the narrow limits of the Massachusetts patent "from the Merrimack to the Charles" began to press hard on Winthrop's expanding colony. Each year new settlers flocked there from England,—and new settlements were needed to accommodate them. In 1635 a band of Wiltshire men, headed by Thomas Parker, had planted the Massachusetts flag on the southern bank of the Merrimack, at Newbury, and soon the tide overflowed into Salisbury, Haverhill and Rowley.

Here began the Debatable Land of Mason's patent of 1629, stretching from the Merrimack to the Piscataqua and joining Gorges' province of Maine. Few and scattering were the settlements. Depositions made by early planters say that in 1631 there were but three houses on all that side of the country adjoining the Piscataqua. Captain Neale was sent out by Mason and Gorges in the same month as Winthrop's fleet, and on June 1, 1630, settled in the stone house built by Thomson, the Scotch trader in 1623 at Little Harbor. These absentee landlords had large plans, and built a manor house or two, set up sawmills and fishing stages, but their

colonies lacked the effective personal element which the Bay Colony possessed, and they came to little.

By the close of 1637 Mason was dead, Gorges was busy in the King's cause, and the vast regions along the Piscataqua contained but a few dismembered plantations. The Antinomian heretics were banished from Massachusetts or disarmed; shiploads of immigrants friendly to the Bay Colony were arriving and they must be provided with suitable plantations. The "Lords Brethren" of the Bay scanned their patent and saw that its Northern line was the Merrimack. Now that river reaches the sea at Newbury, but its head waters lie far to the North. "The wish was father to the thought." Winthrop and his oligarchy looked the ground over and decided that the King's intention was that their patent should include all the country south of the headwaters. As early as 1636 the General Court passed an order that a plantation should be begun at Winnicunnet, some fifteen miles north of Newbury, and that Richard Dummer and John Spencer should press men to build a house there. The exact location of this house, intended to mark possession but afterwards called the "Bound House," cannot now be definitely determined. It was, says Wheelwright, in 1665, "three large miles North of the Merrimack," apparently within the limits of the present town of Seabrook. Just where it was, by whom it was occupied and how long, it is impossible to say. The settlement planned was not completed, and in 1637 the inhabitants of Newbury were by court order allowed to settle there. Except for Nicholas Easton and a Mr. Geoffrey the Newbury settlers did not take up the new grant, and the two mentioned were unwelcome to the Massachusetts authorities, Easton (afterwards Governor of Rhode Island) having been disarmed as an Antinomian.

(Concluded in next issue)

“THE HILLTOP”

By Edgar Sherman Hathorne

The boy scrambled over rocks and fallen tree trunks with the agility and grace of a lawless Sylvan springing here and there to cull the choicest blossoms of the Mayflower. His knowledge of wood-craft had taught him that, in all the country about, this western slope of Wildcat Hill offered the rarest bloom. This particular patch had been his discovery several years before and here no living soul had been granted entrance or even acquainted of its existence with the exception of “teacher” and Beth. They had been admitted after giving a binding pledge of secrecy.

That was a year ago, but this spring Beth could not come for she was recovering from a long illness. When he had gathered as many of the fragrant blossoms as he could carry, the boy made for the lone pine that grew in the open pasture on the brow of the hill. For miles to the north and east it had been a landmark for years, its shapeless deformity clearly cut against the sky-line.

Around the base of the hill, the lake sparkled in the early morning sun, at whose head Mount Jerry stood on guard, while upward from the opposite shores of this four-mile strip of water rose the gentle slopes of Goat and Parsonage Hills; their thickly wooded sides dotted here and there with an occasional farmhouse and its outbuildings. Nearing the foot of Goat Hill the houses appeared more numerous and a sociable colony of smoking chimneys, half a mile farther down the hill denoted the village of Swedam. That red brick chimney farthest to the north was the home of the boy, the one first in that group to the southward was where Beth lived with her Grandfather Burbank.

Many years ago the village of Swedam had been built on the bluff overlooking the intervalles of the Merrimack, an occasional gleam of whose waters could be seen by climbing to the flat top of the pine. From here also the snow-capped summits of Mount Washington and other members of the Presidential Range could be seen on a clear day, their blue-gray shapes outlined in hazy relief against the expanse beyond. In the foreground the Belknaps, Ossipees, Cardigan and Five-step were plainly discernible; but, as the eye traveled westward, the rise of Goat Hill obstructed all further view of the mountains with the exception of Mount Kearsarge, who viewed the lake with solemn dignity from over the shoulder of Parsonage Hill.

As the boy dropped from the lowest branch of the pine he stooped to gather up the blossoms that he had tied into a bunch before climbing the tree. Upon leaving the hill he did not take the same path that he came up by, rather choosing the one that led around the foot of the hill to the south. This would bring him out of the woods below the Burbank's.

Trudging along in the clear morning air, he vainly thought of what he would say as he left the blossoms for Beth; he also wondered if he would catch a glimpse of her at the window, for he knew that she was now able to sit up a few hours each day.

He stepped onto the porch and with a trembling hand raised the big iron knocker. A series of quick sharp raps awoke the emptiness of the hall within. The waiting boy could hear his heart pounding his ribs; through the closed door came the steady tick-tock of the tall clock that stood at the turn of the winding stairway. Upon re-

ceiving no response to his summons the boy was about to turn away when he heard a latch click and then a shambling step coming across the bare hall floor. Presently the heavy paneled door swung in, allowing the morning breezes to gently ruff the long snowy hair of the old man who opened to him. The boy mumbled a few incoherent words about "sumpin fer Beth," and "bein' late ter school," as he offered the bunch of flowers, turning to beat a hasty retreat down the path, through the big white gate and into the road again.

As the old man climbed the stairs to Beth's room, with the boy's gift, the old blue eyes twinkled merrily, for they liked the boy and understood.

All day long the boy's offering had filled the room with exquisite perfume, their fragrance recalling pleasant memories. It was when the sun dropped from view behind the hill that Beth thought of the one short year ago; of the day when she and "teacher" had gone a-Maying with the boy to his "special" place and how he had helped her climb to the top of the pine that grew on the brow of the hill. The birds had never sung so sweetly as they did that day. How grand the view was from the flat top of the pine, the nearer hills with the mountains beyond and directly beneath lay the stretch of the lake!

Later, when evening twilight and star-rise met, Grandfather Burbank came into her room to give Beth her goodnight kiss, going out with the candle and latching the door after him. For a long time she lay very quiet in her high-posted bed, but when she heard the rope bed creak in the adjoining room she knew that Grandfather had retired for the night.

The evening breezes wandered in through the partially closed window, gently swaying the white window hangings in their capricious night-rule. The evening star peeped in between the moving draperies and saw a little white hand and arm reach out from under the warm comforters.

A cool breeze from the window awoke a shiver as it struck the bare, warm arm that reached to the lightstand where the boy's gift had been placed early that morning. The little hand, when it returned to the warmth, clutched one of the fragrant beauties.

The star then looked into the curtainless, back attic window in the big white farmhouse at the other end of the village. The boy saw the star as he undressed in the dark. The star saw the boy and winked knowingly, but did not tell what he had just seen.

The youth was teaching Beth to drink from the swift running brook that tumbled down the hillside in haste to mingle with the waters of the lake. They had left the merry party of picnickers in the woods below. When this lesson in pristine drinking had ended, the youth suggested the path leading to the foot of the pine that grew on the brow of the hill. Originally this path was an Indian trail, the oral tradition of the country-side says that a brave from the village across the Merrimack loved a pretty Indian maiden who lived with her folks in the wigwam on the brow of the hill. There is still a faint trace of the trail from the foot of the pine leading over the hill. This runs but a short distance, as it ended at the wigwam. The other trail is more pronounced as it has been used for years by all who visit the pine. The lovers would meet at the coming together of the two trails and many happy hours were spent along the time of sunset and star-rise.

The pine in those days was but a small tree of three or four feet in height. In the maiden's village lived a brave, who loved her, but his wooing had been in vain. One summer day at dusk as she left her wigwam and took the trail to meet her lover, a lithe figure glided stealthily after her. The savage stopped at a safe distance from their trysting place: his fiendish red visage distorted with rage and hate and jealousy when he beheld

his hated rival hold her in loving embrace

Quickly and quietly he strung an arrow, took aim and then dispatched the silent messenger on its deathly mission. As the arrow left the bow the evening breezes bowed the young pine; the swift flying arrow cutting clean off the tender, light green top of the pine and falling a few feet beyond unobserved.

A second arrow he then strung, a second aim he took, a second messenger he then dispatched which did its work but too well.

The maiden died a few moons after her lover was killed, but her spirit seemed to ever linger in the pine. When the gentle breezes ripple the placid features of the lake below, a sigh is heard from the pine, or on a blustering winter's night a voice of lamentation can be heard by the fire-log in the farmhouses across the lake.

The youth and Beth were grateful to reach the shade of the old pine, for the hot glare of the noonday sun had made the last uphill of the trail fatiguing. The old pine was in a dreamy, retrospective mood today, as it gently sighed, telling the lovers at its feet of the love of those happy days so long ago. Through all the sweet-memory song of the pine there came a note of gladness and peace, a note of thankfulness and joy; for the lover and his faithfulness; for the love that overcrowned all.

To the accompaniment of this symphony, the youth told Beth that old story of love and Beth listened to the old story of love from the lips of the youth. There was none to brook the sacred scene, save Mount Kearsarge, who stared with rude but impassive gaze from over the shoulder of Parsonage^{*} Hill; Mount Jerry at the head of the lake was too busy exchanging confidences with Uncan-noonce to heed them, while the Ossipees and Belknaps were gossiping with their snow-capped neighbors beyond.

A blast from the dinner horn sent its blatant, discordant echo chasing

around the lake and up through the woods to the two seated beneath the pine. As the youth and Beth hurried down the trail to join the picnickers, it seemed as though the whole hillside teemed with life and love; never was there such gladness in the woods before. Every bird was singing of love, the breezes as they chased through the trees whispered of love; even the busy bee hummed a love-lay. The trail now descended the hill and followed close to the lake, where each tiny wave sang of love as it gently kissed the shore, while overhead, "the murmuring pines and the hemlocks," of this forest primeval, with branches intertwined took up the refrain.

All day the sun had given no warmth and little light, and, as if repentant for the day's omission, outdid himself in a resplendent warmth of gorgeous colorings, as he sank beyond the western slope of Kearsarge. A cold, raw wind came in from the Atlantic, some forty miles eastward, hurtling drifts or fallen leaves across the frost-blackened pastures. A wierd and uncanny song came from the scattering oaks, shagbarks, and chestnuts that grew on the hillside, as the wind rattled their bony branches of skeleton leaves.

But the lonely pine that grew on the brow of the hill supplied a more harmonious note of eloquence to this grand *Miserere*. It was a note at times clear and shrill, then dying to a moan, then a sobbing sigh. During the intermittent lull the whispered prayer became more audible, with the oncoming gusts of wind, a supplication for strength to bear the injustice of it all. With the increasing wind, the old tree lashed itself into an impetuous fury, throwing its scrawny branches skyward and giving vent to the pent-up heart hurt, the soul-sickness and the utter uselessness of it all.

The figure of a man standing at the foot of the pine, outlined against the rich purples, dull pinks and dead

gold, seemed by his preoccupied mood, to supply a significant factor to the scene. While the man gazed on the wondrous protoplasm, the vivid colors melted to softer shades of lavender, pink and bronze-gray, that after a brief time silently dissolved themselves into the neutral afterglow of dusk.

How well the pine responds to the man's mood! for did he not have the same heart hurt; full five summers ago since that blissful hour with Beth, when their hearts, in tune with the heart of the pine, had sung the Song of Love. Yes, the Song of Love. Did Beth love him now? There was that quarrel of so many years ago, but not so many when you counted them. Yes, it was four years last New Year's Eve and they were to be married the coming spring. Beth had been unrelenting and he had been obdurate. The past four years abroad had failed to bring about the hoped-for oblivion, and tonight he cried out in anguish for her. During his silent soliloquy the pine had reached the culminating crisis of its lamentation. With a loud shriek and moan its voice broke; then followed a successive sobbing and whispered sighs. Thus the *Miserere* ended, for the wind had gone down with the sun.

A spirit of peace seemed to spring from the gray ashes of the sunset fire. The last gust of wind, dying, had scattered the heavy black cloud-forms into countless cloudlets, and, as the wind blew them about, the first star of evening appeared, bringing a message of hope.

Turning to leave the hill, some unknown caprice of fancy led him to choose the same path he took one early spring morning, so many years ago. Coming out of the clearing below the Burbank's he noticed the inviting air of hospitality that now, as ever, pervaded the place. An unseen and irresistible force drew him in through the big white gate. Fearing his step be heard on the path, he trod the frost-killed grass at the side. Half way up the path he

he paused; through the small window panes he could make out in the flickering firelight, the old seraphine and seated at it was Beth—she whom he loved; for whom his heart had cried out in the lone night watches. How pleasingly familiar the wheezy notes of the old instrument sounded through the shuttered window. He recognized the prelude to a well-remembered song. It was her voice that began that song.

Once in the dear dead days beyond recall
When in the world the mists began to fall

Just a song at Twilight, when the lights are low
And the flickering shadows softly come and go.

Deep in our hearts it dwells for evermore;
Footsteps may falter, weary grow the way
Still we can hear it at the close of day;
So till the end—

Through the closed window and partially closed shutter came the muffled song in which he read a note of sadness and longing. The song ended and as the last notes of the seraphine became silent, all the heavy heart burden lifted. With long determined strides he covered the distance to the front porch and raised the big iron knocker.

With courtly punctiliousness, betokening the pupil of a past school, the old man handed Beth into the yellow, high-backed sleigh, tucking the robes around her back and under her feet with the same loving nicety, as in the first years. What happy hours they had spent together in that yellow, high-back sleigh with the figures "1858" on the back in red and black. The sleigh had been Grandfather Burbank's wedding gift to them along with the title deed of the homestead. That was forty-seven years ago tonight and they had driven away from the minister's in this same sleigh.

What a glorious night that was forty-seven years ago! When they left the minister's that night they did not come home by the Parsonage Hill road, there was a hard crust and a full moon, thus making it possible to drive home through the pastures by

the way of the lone pine that grew on the brow of the hill.

Tonight they would make their annual pilgrimage to the "Land-mark that breathes of other days."

Driving up through the village they notice the countless changes in the span of years; the now prying sociability of the houses along the road in contrast to the formerly few farmhouses. The trolley-track at the side of the main road and parallel with it; on a high bank, runs the steam-car track in lieu of the old stage coach and turnpike road. Here on the right stands, newly erected, an electrical power plant and farther on as old Doll slowly draws the sleigh up the hill, the outlines of the red mill delineated against the snow-covered hill beyond, the tall chimney and the cupola standing in high relief against the star and moonlit azure.

Reaching the top of the hill, Old Doll feels the tightening of the left rein; accordingly, she takes the newly made road that leads from the village square to the top of Wildcat Hill. This road, though comparatively new, has become a bit of driveway of much repute. The beauty and charm of landscape, so easily accessible, have excited the admiration as well as the patronage of many.

The hill grows steep and Old Doll is obliged to jog along at a moderate pace with an occasional halt. With few exceptions since the date on the back of the sleigh, the last eve of every year has found them on their pilgrimage to the lone pine that stands on the brow of the hill. Two years back, in the 60's, they had not come; for he had been away in the Southland following the Stars and Stripes. One year Beth had been ill and another time he had a broken arm, caused by a falling tree. Then there was that great blizzard in '74, and that not-to-be-forgotten year-end, when he and Beth walked hand in hand through the Valley of the Shadows, watching by the bedside of Baby Beth, struggling for the

little life that had come to mean so much to them. The anguish and heavy heart-hurt of that flitting! The next year they did not come for a little stranger came to them to heal the wound of the year back.

The sleigh has reached the open country on the top of the hill; now Old Doll feels both reins tighten and stops. The lover of long ago jumps out, somewhat rheumaticy, draws the bars of the pasture gate; he then returns to lead Old Doll and the high-back sleigh with Beth, through the lower bars and across the pasture to the pine that stands on the brow of the hill.

Standing by the side of the sleigh, he and Beth silently contemplate the moonlit splendor up-rolling before them. The night is of exceptional beauty; the moon in an effulgence of light paints the bright places in high light at the same time throwing the subdued into dead black shadow. The sky has that almost day-bright azure, sparsely studded with only the brightest and most courageous stars. The brightness occasionally grows dim as each troop of omniform cloud obnubilates the moonlit way; their shadows chasing across the frost-frozen face of the lake below and then over the silver crusted uplands, to disappear in the blackness of the thick woods on the hilltop.

An unisonant note of perfect peace and irrepressible sweetness is generated from the far-reaching, countless forces. Each distant hill and nearby lowland supplies some silent pedal note to the Divine Nocturne.

To the accompaniment of this silent organ music of the night, the voice of the pine falls on the ear in soft cadence. All the bitter disappointment and useless yearning, with the passing years, have developed a quality in tone of rare richness. Tonight the song is a pathognomy, revealing a glimpse into the hidden chambers of sorrow, disclosing the storm scars underlying the sweet song of memory. It was a song of resignation to the life of hope and faith in the

mysterious unknown: of thankfulness for the joy to live again the past. All this was harmonized in the Song of Soul, from the life experiences of the pine and from the lives of the two beneath its widespreading branches. They had felt alike the glare of the hot noonday sun and the cool refreshings of eventide: the sharp cutting of the winter's blast and grateful warmth of the spring; the gladsome brightness of day and the dark despair of the night they knew as well; likewise the bitter disappointment and the unlooked for joy, the love, that crowning fulfillment of all.

Lost in silent contemplation, they awoken from their musings as a black cloud crosses the sky—

"The moon is hid, the night is still;
A single church below the hill is
pealing."

As the last echoes chase around the shores of the lake and up over the hill, Old Doll is turned about and led back through the bars into the road. There the lover of long ago takes his seat beside Beth in the high-back sleigh, sitting close to her and drives home with the reins in one hand as in the first years.

LOVE'S LIGHT

By Moses Gage Shirley

By some act of kindness shown,
By some gift of friendship given,
Though you may be sad and lone
You have found a light to Heaven.

By some act of hate and spite
That may bring another pain,
From you, you may shut the light
And in darkness long remain.

THE DROWNED SAILOR

By William Wilson

His was the passion the ocean to dare,
He loved its wild ways—
His ways were as wild,
And his heart knew no fear;
Now lifeless he lays
Beyond human care.
And the petulant waves like a frightened coquette
Are hugging his form in a foamy caress
And fretfully combing his hair,
And the spray on his eyelashes shines like a tear.
All unmindful is he to the kiss or the fret,
And his hair like the seaweed all tangled and wet
Rises and falls with the tide.

REMINISCENCES OF EARLY LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND

By John Bachelder

The writer was born and reared among the granite hills of New Hampshire, before the iron horse had invaded the quiet villages in the valleys of the Connecticut, Merrimack and smaller streams—before the cotton mills and other large industries that now characterize New England towns and cities as the Manchesters and Birminghams of America had made much progress. Instead of railways, we had the old Concord stage coach which has not, like "The Deacon's One Hoss Shay" entirely collapsed. It is still used in the mountains where the railway has not penetrated.

The woolen mills, as they were then called, consisted of a set of power cards usually located in a small room. The wool was washed by the farmer and the mill simply converted it into rolls which were spun into yarn by the farmer's wives and daughters on the large hand wheels. Some families would card and make their own rolls with hand cards. The yarn was woven into cloth on hand looms and used for clothing the family, both male and female, for everyday service and was called homespun; but most families had their Sunday or "go-to-meeting" suits. Of course we all went to church and heard "Old Hundred" sung, and read nothing on Sunday but the Bible and smiled only by special permission. This period was before my 'teens had arrived—seventy-five years ago. The boys usually made up for this mental blockade on the following week days and balanced accounts with the old folks. Boys were boys then as now. New England atmosphere and environment did not eliminate the boy. The equipoise of the pedagogue was

often disturbed by the boy. The girls, of course, never indulged in mischief; it was always the naughty boy who slipped icicles into the pockets of the teacher's swallow-tailed coat, to melt, when he monopolized the heat from the sparkling wood fire on a cold winter day. But this was long ago. We had no system of steam pipes or steam-heating devices then, but this stray leaf from memory's library is well preserved and still legible. We had husking bees in "ye olden tyme" which the reader may know but little about, unless the trunk of the ancestral tree was of Yankee origin, or their knowledge, traditional.

In New Hampshire, seventy years ago, common labor was paid fifty cents per day; the farmer raised and dressed his flax; the housewife spun and wove it. He raised his own wool and had it made into clothing.

They purchased prints and sheetings in limited quantities—the former at from eighteen to twenty-five cents per yard, of qualities inferior to what are now at one fourth of these prices. These were the conditions often alluded to by politicians as "the good old times."

There was but little money in circulation. The merchant or farmer rated at \$10,000 was regarded as a king among his peers. They trusted in God, but had no industrial trusts and no labor strikes. The dignified parson prayed for rain when the growing crops began to suffer, and if Pluvius was too liberal, reversed his appeal. The solar system has not changed materially, so far as I can discover, but Doctor Franklin's little experiment with the turkey that

prostrated the goose, has been utilized with wonderful results. The wooden mould board of the farmer's plow was covered with strips of wornout tire from cart and wagon wheels. The sickle and grain cradle were all the harvesting machinery in use. McCormick, if born, was unknown to fame. The music was the flail instead of piano during the short winter days, and Revolutionary and ghost stories for amusement in the evenings. Our holidays were limited to the Fourth of July and Thanksgiving: but we had husking bees when the whole neighborhood would congregate to husk the farmer's corn and when it was over,

A feast was ready—tables spread,
A bill of country fare—
Turkey, mince pie and gingerbread
Prepared with special care.

Next, "on the light fantastic toe,"
All but the deacons dance;
At twelve o'clock we all must go:
Somehow—perhaps by chance,

The pendulum of the old clock
Refused to move or tick;
The wheels of time received a shock—
Perhaps a boyish trick.

Our seniors would not let us borrow,
And when the clock struck twelve,
No drafts were honored on tomorrow—
Tomorrow all must delve.

Hobson was not the first man kissed,
Red ears were passports then;
His name was not upon the list
Though it included men.

Our parson prayed for all his flock—
For saints and sinners too;
Commencing with old Plymouth Rock
And traced their hist'ry through.

His congregation all could sing
Old Hundred—all by rote;
And often make the old church ring
When few could read the notes.

But times have changed since I was young—
We hear the organ's peal;
No longer is "Old Hundred" sung,
And sinners seldom kneel.

The spinning wheel has been retired,
The hand looms rest unused;
Electric sparks have been inspired
And energy infused.

Now, forty minutes span the earth;
"Time was, but is no more"—
Modern science has given birth
To truth, and we want more.

I'll say good-by to "good old times"
And wipe away my tears;
And find a better use for rhymes
In my declining years.

The dawn of an enlightened age
Is lighting up the way;
Let us enlarge the historic page
And greet the coming ray.

The old we class as lower grade,
And not quite up to date;
Electric sparks are on parade,
And steam is doomed by fate.

Automobiles—the latest fad
Are now familiar sights;
Old fogies say that we are mad,
But are the fogies right?

Both Occident and Orient
Are boundaries today;
In warfare but an incident
In monarchy's decay.

We've many trusts,—some trust in God,
But more in shining gold;
The toilers meek who turn the sod
Are oft by it controlled.

Returning to domestic affairs, the young lady's outfit and trousseau consisted of a set of furniture not by any means as elaborate and expensive as we find on sale today: Bed-clothing, home made from flax and wool, kitchen furniture, a set of silver spoons, a string of gold beads, and among the curios of today would be the warming pan of polished brass, with fancy handle and trimmings, having a perforated hinged cover for the heat to escape from the live coals with which it would be filled when ready for use in warming the bed in cold weather. This article has become historical by the use made of it by (Lord) Timothy Dexter of Newburyport.

When a young man he was a shoemaker, had saved a little money and made many successful ventures in shipments to the West Indies and other places. Later he became a shipowner. On one occasion, when making up a cargo for the West Indies, he asked the advice of one of his neighbors in regard to what he should ship there for a profit. His waggish neighbor, as a joke, recommended warming pans. The ludicrous idea of shipping warming pans to a tropical climate, did not occur to Dexter, and he acted upon the advice and bought up all the warming pans he could find and shipped them. To the surprise of everybody, after learning what he had done, it turned out a good investment. The sugar planter used it with the cover turned back, to dip the syrup from the kettle, then put down the cover which was

secured by a catch and turned it over and strained it. He was fortunate in most of his ventures, but more by accident than by the exercise of good judgment. He built and furnished a fine residence—palatial for the early days; the exterior was ornamented with carved images which were still standing in 1845. He was the laughing stock of sensible people, had but a limited education and was heavily overstocked with vanity. He assumed the title of Lord and was flattered when addressed as My Lord or Lord Timothy.

The old Concord stage coaches were run between the capital and the larger towns carrying the mails and passengers. Railways were not dreamed of. The first passenger railways in New England—the Boston & Providence and the Boston & Lowell commenced running in 1831, when the Eastern and Middle States bordering on the Atlantic as well as in England were pushing in the same direction—organizing railway companies. On completion of the Liverpool & Manchester road, I think in 1832, an excursion train with invited guests left Liverpool for Manchester. Among the guests was the British Premier who was accidentally killed. This led to the introduction of a bill in parliament limiting the speed of railway trains to twelve miles an hour. Trains have recently been run over that road at the rate of seventy-two miles an hour. In 1830 the first passenger train was run over the Baltimore & Ohio road, and in 1831 the first long cars with four-wheel trucks were built, but none of this style were used in Europe for many years after. On some of our first roads, the rails were flat bars of iron spiked down to a wooden rail secured to ties that were imbedded. The heavy wrought-iron rails were too expensive. Money was not loaned at 3 per cent. then. The ends of these bars would sometimes get loose and go up through the bottom of the car. A friend once related his experience when traveling in the West. The end of a rail (snake

heads they were then called) came up between him and a fellow-passenger on the same seat.

In 1838, the year I took up my residence in Boston, the steamer *Sirius* made a passage from London to New York in seventeen days and the *Great Western* from Bristol to New York in fifteen days. The celebrated English savant, Doctor Lardner, denounced the project of transatlantic steam navigation, and published a pamphlet embodying his views on the subject just previous to the departure of these vessels from England which had the effect of damaging his reputation for sagacity. In 1846 and '47 the writer crossed the Atlantic four times in the Cunard steamers, making the shortest passage in fourteen days and now the passages are made in less than six days—the shortest by the *Lusitania* in 5 days, 7 hours, and 23 minutes. Steam was a pioneer in industrial development; but electricity will soon be, and is now to a large extent, its successor. From these early beginnings within my recollection, we now lead all other nations in railway mileage and are nearly equal to all combined. Previous to 1860 our annual production of iron did not exceed 20,000 tons. Up to 1870 we had made but about 30,000 tons of steel rails. Today we are the largest producers in the world and have sold a better quality at \$20 per ton than we have paid England \$160 for. The Yankees are accused of being boastful, but when we review their achievement it must be regarded as a pardonable sin. No other nation has ever accomplished half as much in a half century as we have in the last half of the nineteenth, and are still pressing on.

It is unsafe to say that what may seem visionary, cannot be accomplished. We are apt to call people cranks until their efforts are crowned with success. Let us wait and see what the next half-century will bring to the surface. Only our juniors, the youth of today, will enjoy that pleasure.



HON. HIRAM A. TUTTLE,
Governor of New Hampshire, 1891-2.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

HON. HIRAM A. TUTTLE.

Hiram Amerieus Tuttle, governor of New Hampshire in 1891 and 1892, died at his home in the town of Pittsfield, February 10, 1911, after a long and painful illness.

He was a son of George and Judith Mason (Davis) Tuttle, born in Barnstead, October 13, 1827. His father was a grandson of John Tuttle of Dover, who settled in Barnstead in 1776, and a descendant of that John Tuttle, the first of the name in America, who came from St. Albans in the West of England, in 1633; while his mother was a descendant of Samuel Davis, a Revolutionary soldier and an early settler of the same town.

When Hiram A. was nine years of age his father removed with his family from Barnstead to Pittsfield, where he attended the public schools and Pittsfield Academy. At the age of seventeen he became a clerk in the clothing store of Lincoln & Shaw of Concord, remaining several years and acquiring a thorough knowledge of the business, and, through his courtesy and affability, winning a host of friends who were devotedly attached to him in all the after years. After a time he was made manager by this firm of their branch store in Pittsfield, of which he ultimately became the proprietor, and whose business grew and prospered under his direction till it became one of the largest and most flourishing establishments of the kind to be found in the state outside the larger cities, and has so continued.

But Mr. Tuttle's ambition and energy carried him into other fields of industry and enterprise, and as early as 1888 he engaged in the lumber business, continuing therein extensively through life. He was also largely interested in real estate, and to his building operations the prosperous village of Pittsfield is indebted in no small measure for its attractive appearance, his own fine residence (unfortunately badly damaged by fire since his decease) and his large business block being prominent architectural features of the place. He was an active promoter of the Pittsfield Aqueduct Company, holding a large share of its stock, and was deeply interested in all measures and agencies designed to advance the welfare of the town in material as well as educational lines. He was a director of the Pittsfield National Bank, president and trustee of the Pittsfield Savings Bank, president and director of the Suncook Valley Railroad, whose construction he did much to promote, and a director of the Concord & Montreal Railroad. He was also president of the Manchester Savings Bank.

He was one of the trustees of the old Pittsfield Academy, and last year presented the

town of Pittsfield with a fine school building, in memory of his daughter and only child, the late Hattie French Tuttle Folsom. He was for many years president of the Old Home Week Association of the town, under whose auspices many pleasant reunions of the sons and daughters of Pittsfield had been held.

In politics Mr. Tuttle was a Republican of the stalwart type, uniting with that party when attaining his majority, though his relatives were all Democrats. In 1860 he was the candidate of his party for town clerk, when the first determined contest was made for control of the town by the Republicans, it having long been strongly Democratic. He was successful, his election being the first Democratic defeat in a third of a century. He was elected to the Legislature in 1873 and again the following year, and in 1876 was appointed an aide on the staff of Governor Person C. Cheney, with the rank of colonel. In 1878 he was chosen a member of the executive council, and re-elected in 1879, under the amended constitution, for a term of two years. In 1888 he was a delegate at large to the Republican National Convention, and in 1891 and 1892 was governor of the State of New Hampshire, having been the candidate of his party at the election in November previous, which was the most closely contested in the history of the state. He received 42,479 votes at the polls, to 43,386 for Charles H. Ansdn, the Democratic nominee, and 1,363 for Josiah M. Fletcher, Prohibitionist, and was elected by the Legislature in joint convention at the opening of the session in January.

He was one of the most popular incumbents who ever held the executive office, and attended many important public functions. He was present with his staff at the opening of the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago, and at the dedication of the battle monument at Bennington, Vt., also the laying of the cornerstone of the main building of the New Hampshire College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts at Durham.

Governor Tuttle was a member of and liberal supporter of the services of the Episcopal Church of Pittsfield, but gave generous aid also to other churches of the town.

He married, in 1859, Miss Mary C. French, only child of the late John L. French, in the fifties, cashier of the Pittsfield Savings Bank. Their only child, Hattie French Tuttle, born January 17, 1861, a highly accomplished young woman, educated at Wellesley College, who was the wife of Frederic K. Folsom of Boston, died a few years since, leaving two sons, Hiram Tuttle Folsom and Charles E. B. Folsom.

MRS. C. JENNIE SWAINE.

Mrs. C. Jennie Swaine passed from this life at her home in Dover, December 10, 1910. Mrs. Swaine was the daughter of Daniel and Mehitable B. (Watson) Clough, and was born in Pittsfield, June 17, 1835. The family moved to Epsom in 1840, where she was educated in the schools of that town and Pembroke Academy.

She commenced teaching young, which vocation she followed until her marriage to Charles G. Swaine of Barrington, where she resided several years. Mr. and Mrs. Swaine afterward lived in Pembroke many years, but left seven years ago to reside in Dover during their remaining years.

Mrs. Swaine began when quite young to write poems for the press, and for many years was a well-known verse and prose writer for many publications. Some years ago she published a volume of poems entitled "Legends and Lilies."

She was a woman who lived near to nature, and its beauties appealed to her. With a heart full of love to God and her fellow-creatures, she won many friends. She leaves to mourn, beside her husband, one son, D. Loren Swaine, two grandchildren, all of Dover, and two sisters, Mrs. Rosilla W. Heath of Epsom and Mrs. S. Elisabeth Leighton of Millville, N. J.

DR. GEORGE F. WILBER.

George Fiske Wilber, M. D., born in Webster, Mass., May 15, 1839, died in the city of Nashua, January 21, 1911.

He was a descendant in the eighth generation from that Samuel Wilbour who came to this country from the vicinity of Doncaster, England, and settled in Boston in 1633. Succeeding generations have spelled their name Wilbor, Wilbur and Wilber, all descending from the same stock. Doctor Wilber's home was in Massachusetts, at Webster and at Chicopee Falls, till 1847, when his people removed to Gilsom in this state, remaining till 1855, when removal was made to Nashua, where his residence has since been. He was educated at Crosby's Literary Institute in Nashua, at Kimball Union Academy, Meriden, and at Westbrook (Me.) Seminary, paying his way by teaching and work in other directions.

After leaving school he was assistant postmaster at Nashua, under Postmaster George Bowers, and after the outbreak of the Civil War he went to Fortress Monroe, in charge of the military post-office, where he remained a year or more, meanwhile continuing his medical studies. Afterward he entered Long Island College Hospital, where he graduated M.D. in 1864, then entering the naval service as an assistant surgeon, being finally mustered out in November, 1865. Subsequently he was for a while at the West, but returned East a year later, and after a short term of

service as resident surgeon at the Long Island Hospital, he came back to Nashua, where he continued through life, being in active practice there for more than forty-five years, with marked success.

He was a member of Rising Sun Lodge, A. F. and A. M., Meridian Sun Royal Arch Chapter, Israel Hunt Council, St. George Commandery, K. T., and all the Consistory bodies, being a Scottish Rite Mason of the 32d degree. He was a member and a past chancellor of Nashua Lodge, K. of P., a member of Pennichuck Lodge, I. O. O. F., and a patriarch in Indian Head Encampment. He was city physician in 1872 and 1873, and county physician in 1875 and 1876. He was a trustee of the City Guaranty Savings Bank and interested in the City Emergency Hospital, serving on the staff. He was surgeon at the Home for Aged Women and a member of the Board of United States examining surgeons for pensions. He was also prominent in the Grand Army of the Republic and had served as department commander and medical director.

In religion he was a devoted Universalist and by will left the First Universalist Society of Nashua a bequest of \$35,000.

He married, September 20, 1875, Clara E. Bowen of Nashua, who died May 29, 1910. They had no children.

ELLA LOUISE KNOWLES-HASKELL.

Ella Louise, daughter of David and Louisa (Bigelow) Knowles, born in Northwood, in 1860, died at Butte, Mont., January 27, 1911.

She obtained her primary education from her mother and in the district school, graduated from Northwood Seminary at fifteen years of age and from the New Hampshire Normal School at sixteen. Subsequently she engaged in teaching, earning the money to pay for a college course, which she completed at Bates College, Lewiston, Me., in 1884, graduating with high honors. She immediately commenced the study of law in the office of Burnham & Brown of Manchester, continuing till her health gave out and a change of climate became imperative. She accepted a position as professor of rhetoric and elocution in Iowa College, which she filled for a time, but found another change necessary and went to Montana, among the mountains. She taught in the schools of Helena till improving health enabled her to take up again the study of her chosen profession. Meanwhile she succeeded after a hard struggle in getting a bill through the territorial Legislature authorizing women to practice law in Montana. December 28, 1888, she was admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court of Montana, after a severe examination, and was authorized to practice in the United States courts in 1890.

Taking an interest in politics, she was named by the Populist party, of which she was one of the organizers in the state, as its

candidate for attorney-general, and made a brilliant canvass, speaking nearly one hundred times during the campaign, in all parts of the state, but was defeated by her Republican opponent, Henry J. Haskell, who subsequently appointed her as his assistant and, later, married her. She assisted in most state cases during his administration, but continued her own private practice, which soon became extensive and lucrative. In a case which she won in 1894, she received a fee of \$10,000, then said to be the largest fee ever paid a woman lawyer. The year before she appeared successfully in a school land case for the State of Montana, before the Interior Department at Washington, the amount involved being some \$200,000.

Some years after her marriage to Mr. Haskell, she was divorced from him and removed to Butte, where she was actively engaged in practice for some time, with much financial success, but had been compelled to relinquish her labors and had traveled extensively for her health.

She had been active in woman's club work, and prominent in the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution. She was deeply interested in theosophy and Oriental philosophy. Of a serious and thoughtful nature, independent and determined, she was a woman of marked character and left a strong impress upon social and public life.

HIRAM HARVEY DOW.

Hiram Harvey Dow died at his home in Kearsarge, Conway, on Saturday, December 24, 1910. He had had a long illness of more than two years, and had returned from Boston, where he had been staying for special treatment, only the week before.

He left hundreds of friends in many cities of the country, who had experienced his frank and kindly courtesy as their host of the beautiful Ridge House, and in his own town and county and state are many other friends and admirers, become so through appreciation of his honorable service in a number of public offices.

He was, in the opinion of many, the best politician in Carroll County, using that much misused word in its true and best sense.

Col. Harvey Dow was born July 6, 1847, in Wheelock, Vt., the only son of Joseph and Mary (Chase) Dow. He came to Kearsarge when only a lad, and began his hotel career by helping his brother-in-law, the late Edwin Merrill, in the old Merrill House. Afterwards he was clerk at the Kearsarge House in North Conway, in those stirring days when Samuel W. Thompson was the famous landlord of that famous summer resort. He married Clara Ella Barnes, the daughter of Albert Barnes, who kept the Summer House at Kearsarge Village, now officially "Kearsarge." He and his father-in-law removed the Summer House from the foot of the poetic hillock where it stood to its crest and rebuilt and renamed

it prettily. Together they kept the Ridge House for a number of seasons (until its destruction by fire), though latterly Mr. Barnes had retired from business, and Colonel Dow's son, Albert Barnes Dow, was associated with him.

Colonel Dow was a good servant of his town, serving as collector of taxes in 1872. In 1873 he was made a member of the board of selectmen and served as its chairman for four years. Two years he served as county commissioner for Carroll County. He served a term as representative in the General Court, where he was placed on several important committees and was chairman of the appropriations



Col. H. H. Dow.

committee. He was a member (with the rank of colonel) of the official staff of Gov. Moody Currier, and during President Harrison's administration he was deputy collector of internal revenue.

A good man is gone, one who was a good neighbor, a fair-minded counselor, a kind husband, a devoted and loving father, a valuable citizen. Besides his wife and son, he leaves a daughter Helen, who is a teacher in the Parmenter School, Arlington, Mass.; and two sisters, Mrs. Sumner Hill of Conway, and Mrs. James L. Gibson of North Conway.

He was a member of the Mount Washington Lodge of Free Masons, and his funeral at his home, the day after Christmas, was held with Masonic ceremonies. Previously the Rev. Bruce W. Brotherton, of the Congregational Church, held the church burial service.

WILLIAM B. WEEKS.

William B. Weeks, born in Canaan, May 14, 1839, died at Lebanon, January 26, 1911.

He was a son of the late Hon. William P. and Mary E. (Doe) Weeks, his mother being a sister of the late Chief Justice Charles Doe, with whom he commenced the study of law, after graduating from Dartmouth College in 1861. He concluded his legal studies with Foster & Sanborn, in Concord, was admitted to the bar in 1864, and commenced practice in Canaan, where he was associated for a time with the late Isaac N. Blodgett, afterward chief justice of New Hampshire. Subsequently he removed to West Virginia, but did not long remain. Returning to New Hampshire, he located in Lebanon, where he continued. He was well read in his profession, but never attained an extensive practice, being of quiet manner and retiring disposition.

In 1866 he married Henrietta M. Bridgman of Hanover. They had no children, but adopted as their son Ethan Allen Bridgman, now in business in Seattle, Wash.

Mr. Weeks was a staunch Republican, liberal in his religious views and a pleasant man to meet socially or in business. He had lived for years in the home on Bank Street, in Lebanon, which was earlier known as the Aaron H. Cragin place. He is survived by

his wife, a sister, Mary E. Weeks of Canaan, and a brother, Marshall H. Weeks of Fairbury, Neb. The late Hon. Joseph D. Weeks of Canaan was a brother.

DR. ARTHUR W. BLAIR.

Arthur W. Blair, M.D., born in Plymouth, May 22, 1848, died in Dorchester District, Boston, Mass., January 11, 1911.

Doctor Blair was the youngest of eleven children of Hon. Walter and Eliza Farnum Blair. His father died the year after his birth and his mother removed to Vermont, where he was educated, preparing for college at Newbury Seminary. He entered Dartmouth College, graduating in 1872. He taught successfully for several years, and then took up the study of medicine, graduating from the medical department of the University of Vermont and locating in practice in the town of Orford, this state, where he remained till 1886, and then removed to Dorchester, where he continued until his decease in active and successful practice.

He was a Congregationalist in religion, a devoted member of the church, and an earnest and sincere Christian, as shown by his life and example more than by any profession.

In 1877 he married Ellen S. Chamberlain of St. Johnsbury, Vt., and she and their two sons, Walter and Hugh, survive him.

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER'S NOTES

The delay in the issue of this double number of the *GRANITE MONTHLY* for February and March, which should have appeared two weeks since, is due to a combination of circumstances over which the publisher had no control, and he, therefore, feels called upon to make no apology. As the magazine is published not as a money making, proposition (which it never has been), but because the State of New Hampshire should have at least one publication primarily devoted to its history and biography, it is hoped that its patrons will overlook the occasional delays, which are a source of greater annoyance to the publisher than they possibly can be to others.

The session of the Legislature now drawing to a close is the longest that the state has known since the biennial system was established. It has been characterized, also, by a greater degree of absence, and general inattention to business, on the part of the average member, than has been the case at

any previous session; and also by a larger addition to the annual salary list, and the general running expenses of the government, not to mention special and extraordinary appropriations. It has failed, lamentably, in some things, notably in its defeat of the resolution ratifying the income tax amendment to the federal Constitution, in utter defiance of the wishes of the people, as plainly set forth in the platforms of both political parties; and in its refusal to adopt the resolution calling for a national constitutional convention to provide for the election of United States Senators by the people. It has done good work in some other directions, however, as evidenced particularly in the unanimous passage of the measure providing for the perpetual preservation of the natural beauties of Crawford Notch, and in the adoption of measures for the permanent settlement of all questions arising between the railroads and the people,—if it so happens that such measures shall prove effective,—and hereafter the railroads shall be kept out of politics and politics out of the railroads.



EDSON C. EASTMAN.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. XLIII, No. 4

APRIL, 1911 NEW SERIES, VOL. 6, No. 4

EDSON C. EASTMAN

By H. H. Metcalf

Few, if any, families in New England have been more intimately and actively identified with the material development, intellectual progress, and political history of this important section, or of the country at large, than that bearing the name of Eastman, whose representatives, for many generations, have been among the foremost citizens of Concord and of New Hampshire, in business, in professional and in public life. While many of these may have attained greater eminence, in one direction or another, it is safe to say, however, that no one bearing the name ever pursued a more honorable career, lived a worthier life, enjoyed a wider acquaintance, or won for himself in higher measure the friendship, confidence, respect and esteem of those with whom he came in contact, than EDSON CUMMINGS EASTMAN, who was born in Concord, November 1, 1832, and departed this life, March 9, 1911.

Mr. Eastman was a descendant in the seventh generation from Roger Eastman, the emigrant ancestor of the Eastmans of America, who, born in 1611, came from Langford in Wiltshire England, in 1638, and settled in Salisbury, Mass., in 1644. He had eleven children, through Philip, the third of whom, descent is traced. Ebenezer Eastman, the third child and eldest son of Philip, born in Haverhill, Mass., February 17, 1681, was the first settler of Concord, then the plantation of "Pennycook," in 1727, who came with his wife, Sarah Peaslee, and six sons—a daughter

and another son being born subsequently. His home was on the east side of the river, and he was an extensive farmer as well as mill owner, and was reckoned the most prosperous man in the community. He was one of the committee that settled the first minister, Rev. Timothy Walker. When he died—July 28, 1748—his estate was appraised at nearly £8,000, one item of which, it may be noted, was "a negro man," valued at the handsome figure of £400. There was heroic blood in Ebenezer Eastman's veins, and he did valiant service for his country in the Colonial wars, commanding a company at the siege of Louisburg in 1746. Nor were his descendants less patriotic. Nathaniel, his fourth son and next in the line, born in Haverhill, Mass., March 10, 1717, and therefore ten years old when the family removed to Concord, who married Phebe Chandler, was also engaged in the French war, serving under Colonel Williams at the battle of Lake George in 1755 and a Revolutionary soldier, with Capt. Ebenezer Webster at Ticonderoga, in 1777, as was his own eldest son, Nathaniel, born in Concord, October 9, 1755.

This last Nathaniel, of the fifth generation, married Ruth Bradley, reputed to have been a gifted woman, who was one of the first members of the First Baptist Church of Concord. They had eight children of whom the youngest was Seth, born August 11, 1801, who married Susan Coffin, and was for many years prominent in Concord business life. Seth and Susan (Coffin) Eastman had four

sons of whom the first and last died young. The elder survivor was Edson Cummings, the younger, Samuel Coffin Eastman, the well-known Concord lawyer and business man, now the only remaining member of the family.

Edson C. Eastman was educated in the schools of his native city, and at Gilmanton Academy, and commenced active life as a clerk in the office of the Concord Railroad, under the late Joseph A. Gilmore, subsequently Governor of New Hampshire. This line of work, however, was not to his taste, and he shortly purchased an interest in the crockery store of S. G. Sylvester, with whom he was for some time associated in the business, under the firm name of Sylvester and Eastman.

About 1860 he disposed of his interest in the firm and engaged in business by himself as a bookseller and publisher, gradually increasing his trade and eventually becoming the leading dealer in the state in law publications and legal supplies. This business brought him into contact with members of the legal profession throughout the state, with many of whom he was on terms of intimacy for years, faithfully serving their interests and enjoying in return their well-earned patronage and kindly regard. No man in his day, not himself a member of the fraternity, was so well known by the lawyers of New Hampshire generally, or so highly esteemed by them, as was Mr. Eastman, whose intelligent appreciation, and courteous and obliging manner bound all his customers as firmly to his interest as he was devoted to theirs.

He was the publisher of Eastman's *White Mountain Guide*, which had a great sale for many years, running through many editions, and is still an authority among mountain tourists. He had also been the publisher, for many years previous to his death, of *Leavitt's Farmers' Almanac*, a welcome annual visitor to thousands of New England firesides. For a number of years he conducted a printing

establishment in connection with his publishing business, but had discontinued the same before moving into the quarters which he had occupied in the elegant new building of the New Hampshire Savings Bank, since its completion in May, 1887. Previous to that date he had occupied other locations, always on Main Street, having been burned out, and suffered heavy loss, by the disastrous fire of Aug. 1, 1869, which destroyed Merchants' Block in which he was then established.

Never a politician in the ordinary sense, Mr. Eastman was always a firm believer in the principles and an earnest supporter of the policies of the Democratic party, and contributed generously in time and money for the advancement of its cause, sincerely believing that the welfare of the country would best be promoted by its success. He served at different times upon ward, city and state committees, was a frequent delegate in the conventions of his party, and was often nominated for office by his associates, who, ever in a hopeless minority, could give him no farther or higher token of their confidence.

He was an early and active promoter of the famous Eastman Family Association, organized in this city, whose membership, embracing the descendants of Roger Eastman, is widely extended, and whose annual gatherings have come to be regarded as notable historic occasions. He had been president of the association, and was all along prominently identified with its work. He was also an active and enthusiastic member of the Appalachian Mountain Club, participating in its excursions, and promoting its work with a keen delight, born of the intense love for the grand and beautiful in nature, by which his life was strongly influenced, notwithstanding the cares and confinement of city business life. No man loved the New Hampshire mountains more than he, and few were more familiar with their rocky heights and forest recesses.

In the history of the state, to whose building and development his ancestors had contributed in goodly measure, his interest was commensurate with that which he manifested in its present prosperity and future progress. He was among the most active members of the New Hampshire Historical Society, and served on important committees of the organization. He was also a member of the New Hampshire Society of the Sons of the American Revolution. He loved his native city, and was ever mindful of its interests, heartily, but unostentatiously, contributing to their promotion by all means at his command. He was an active member of the Concord Commercial Club—now the Board of Trade—from its organization, a member of its board of directors for many years, and for some time chairman, till failing strength precluded farther activity in that direction. In early life he was actively connected with the Concord Fire Department, as a member of the Penacook Hand Engine Company, and, at his decease, held membership in the Concord Veteran Firemen's Association. He held office in no corporation, and was connected with no secret order or fraternal organization; but regarded every man as his brother, and was through all his life, a living embodiment of the ideal of Sam Walter Foss—"a friend of man"—quietly, faithfully, unassumingly doing his duty from day

to day, in accordance with his own convictions of right and justice, and a realizing sense of the obligations of society, citizenship and humanity. He was, for many years, a member of the First Baptist Church of Concord.

Mr. Eastman married, February 14, 1855, Mary Elizabeth Robinson, of East Concord, who died March 2, 1884, leaving two children,—a son and a daughter. Seth the son, born November 12, 1885, entered the medical profession pursuing his studies in the Vermont Medical College and the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons. He was for a time Assistant Surgeon at the Chambers Street Hospital in New York, then a surgeon on the Alexander Steamship Line, afterward in practice at Danvers, Mass., and again in steamship service as surgeon on the Brazilian and then the Rotterdam Line; but, himself a victim of pulmonary disease, he passed away in New York City, October 8, 1889. Mary Isabel, the daughter, born September 6, 1858, is the wife of Robert E. Styll, a native of Edge Hill, Va., whom she met while a teacher in the South, and with whom she was united September 24, 1890. Their home is in Oklahoma City, Okla. They have two children, a son and a daughter.

On November 21, 1888, Mr. Eastman married Miss Mary Whittemore of Bradford, Mass., by whom he is also survived.

TO THE MERRIMACK

By Martha H. Abbott

From hills of the northland, winding down,
As blithesome and as free
As its bright birds, thy waters go,
To meet the boundless sea.

Oh, long and lush thy grasses grow,
As o'er thy banks they lean
And sweet the whisper of thy pines,
Robed in eternal green.

The catkinned birches fling thee down
Their gold, all lavishly,
And oft the silver maple laves
Its sweeping boughs in thee.

By sweet, calm places, alder-fringed,
Thou fondly lingerest,
To mirror sun and moon and stars,
Upon thy tranquil breast.

Or, if thou art in gayer mood,
With swirl and flash and spray,
Thou leapest on, from rock to rock,
Like some wild thing at play.

Or, massing all thy mighty strength,
Adown some rocky steep,
With deafening roar thy waters go,
In grand, majestic sweep.

To go rejoicing in thy strength,
To be forever free,
Canst dream of any higher thing,
To be attained by thee?

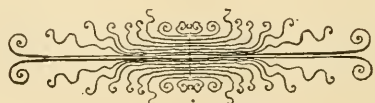
But hark! from town and city's din,
Again and yet again,
Resistless and importunate,
Comes the strong call for men,

To the work! to the work, O Merrimack!
Give life to shining steel,
To myriad wheels and flashing belts!
The spindles turn, and feel

The ceaseless throb and jar and hurt,
Far down within thy breast,
Of ponderous machinery,
That nevermore may rest!

From town and city's grime and grind,
They call thee, Merrimack,
And the glad freedom of the past,
May not again come back;

But thou hast learned the secret
Of all life's truest worth,
And, serving, sealed thy kinship, with
The only great of earth!



WRECK OF SCHOONER GLENDON

By Harry V. Lawrence

One Sunday afternoon, late in the month of February, 1896, the writer was seated in the telephone exchange located at Exeter, N. H., when suddenly a call came in over the wire from Hampton Beach to get the life-savers from Wallis Sands and Straw's Point. The telephone operator immediately connected up with Portsmouth, and the operator in that city got the life-saving stations on a pri-

had swept the road bare of snow in many places. At the Exeter House, we made a quick change, and took the proprietor's buggy.

Starting out in the storm once more, we drove as fast as we could for the next five miles. The snow was falling very fast now, and three miles from the beach we met the life-savers on their way to the wreck. They had their surfboat mounted on wheels



The Schooner Glendon

Under the Bow Can be Seen Great Boar's Head

vate line maintained by the government. Leaving the telephone office and getting the proprietor of a local hotel to harness up his trotter to a two-seated pung was the work of a very few minutes, and then we started on our ten-mile drive, after inviting another man to accompany us to the wreck. We had driven about two miles when we began to drag on our runners, as the strong northeast wind

and four horses were drawing it at a fair speed, although it seemed to be rather tough work for the animals. We arrived at the beach about thirty minutes ahead of the life-savers and it seemed as though the "northeaster" was trying to blow over the high bluff, "Great Boar's Head." We immediately unharnessed our horse, put him in a nearby barn, and then waited for the arrival of the surfmen. In a

short time they put in an appearance and we had the opportunity of watching the splendid work of life-saving crews at a wreck for the first, and probably the last time in our lives.

A short distance from the shore, a large three-masted schooner was dragging its anchors and slowly but surely being driven in upon the jagged rocks that lined the coast at this point.

The northeast wind was getting in its deadly work upon this helpless vessel. At first we could see the light from a lantern on the deck but in a

the meantime, the unfortunate crew aboard this vessel were lashed to the rigging, and it was a discouraging sight to see brave men so utterly helpless.

By this time, the officials of the town of Hampton had sent cordwood and oil to make a large fire and after this fire had been burning a short time, one could see the oil suits worn by the schooner's crew. In a few minutes, we heard a sailor calling from the wreck, "For God's sake get us out a line, we're breaking apart."



View of the Stern

short time this light disappeared, and we knew that the crew were having a hard time aboard that boat. While we had been watching the schooner in its struggle with the tempest, the life-savers had rigged up their apparatus for shooting a line over the wreck. They fired several times and got lines to the rigging but the crew had taken to the "cross-tree" on the main-mast, and could not reach these lines from their perilous position. In a short time, the life-saving captains decided to change their position and try again from another section of the beach. In

The life-savers were now working as fast as they could to get a line to these discouraged sailors. Shot after shot was fired and one of the surfmen would pull back the line hoping against hope that he would feel an answering tug from the wreck. The life-savers were beginning to get discouraged themselves, and they had begun to talk about using the surf-boat, although it was known that it would be an extremely dangerous trip to make on such a night. All kinds of wreckage was coming ashore and we picked up hats, books and even half of

a life-preserver with the name *Glendon* painted on its side.

Suddenly the surfman nearest the water felt a tug on the other end of his line and we all knew that the shipwrecked crew had a fair chance to reach the shore. When this surfman cried out, "They've got her," a thrill went through that little knot of people who were trying to help the brave sailors on that vessel. One of the surfmen with a very powerful voice cried out, "Have you got that rope?" Back across that stormy sea came the answer, "All right." It was very dark now and some men started up the fire again so the life-savers could have plenty of light to carry on the hard work ahead of them. The strong "northeaster" was driving the waves completely over the decks and it was a sad sight to see this vessel being ground to pieces on the rocks. After a short delay, the sailors on the wreck pulled out a larger rope and then the big "hawser" with the "breeches-buoy" attached was pulled out and fastened to the main-mast.

When all was ready the crowd assembled on the beach, took a firm grip on the big "hawser" as it was not necessary to use the "sand-anchor" on account of so many men volunteering to hold the large rope. The crowd of men who had their hands on that rope was made up of life-savers, fishermen, sailors, clam-diggers, hotel proprietors, town officials and even boys. When all was ready, one of the surfmen started to pull in the "breeches-buoy," and when this life-saving device came over the rope toward us we saw that it contained a sailor and just before this man landed on the

beach he cried out to the life-savers, "Heilo, boys, great night out." Six more trips were made by the "breeches-buoy" and each trip brought a sailor to the shore. The last trip brought the captain, and he was in a rather bad condition as he had fallen down into the hold of his vessel



A Part of the Crew

earlier in the evening and had to be assisted up to the "cross-tree" where he hung on with his crew for several hours.

NOTE.—The *Glendon* was a coal-carrying schooner and was originally a steamship. The U. S. Government has established a life-saving station at Hampton Beach and it was the wreck of the *Glendon* that brought about the building of this station.



HYMN TO NEW HAMPSHIRE

By Maude Gordon Roby

When I am far across the sea,
What is it turns me back to thee,
Till in my dreams I seem to be
In Old New Hampshire?

Is it the little cottage, trim,
Where once the peaceful evening hymn
Swelled forth in now forgotten vim,
In old New Hampshire?

Is it the lovers, one, two, three,
Who came this blue-eyed maid to see,
And filled her heart with ecstasy,
In old New Hampshire?

Is it the girl-bride going out
From cottage white, with many a shout,
As rice and slippers flew about,
In old New Hampshire?

Is it the hills of granite, bright,
That glisten in the fair sunlight,
So stanch and strong for truth and right
In old New Hampshire?

Is it the dark pines, straight and tall,
Whose shadows on Pasquaney fall,
As in the breeze they softly call,
In old New Hampshire?

Is it the breadth of earth and sky,
The vastness of the dome on high,
Into whose blue the songs-birds fly
In old New Hampshire?

Is it the sunset's gorgeous hue,
When purple vies with rose, and blue,
Till Heaven itself seems bursting through,
In old New Hampshire?

'Tis all of this and more, I fear,
That takes me back full many a year.
Once more I stand, a girl, and cheer
For old New Hampshire.

* * * * *

Dear picture that I love the best—
No one shall take you from my breast
Till I, at last, am laid at rest
In old New Hampshire!

AN UNFORGIVEN PURITAN

Rev. Stephen Bachiler—First Minister of Hampton

By Victor C. Sanborn

(Concluded from last month.)

The salt marshes and pleasant meadows were well known to Newbury men, and our old friend Bachiler soon desiered in them a fit place to establish his little colony, now living with him at Newbury. In the autumn of 1638 the Massachusetts General Court granted the petition of Bachiler and his company to settle at Winnicunnet. The Company included the adherents of Bachiler, his son-in-law and his four grandchildren,—and with them were also one or two Norfolk men who had settled first in Watertown and then in Newbury. The court ruled also (perhaps remembering past difficulties with Bachiler) that John Winthrop, Jr., and Mr. Bradstreet should go with the little band of settlers, and no decisive act should be done without the affirmation of two of these Massachusetts officials.

A letter from Bachiler to the younger Winthrop dated Oct. 9, 1638, a still extant, shows that the actual date of the trip from Newbury, which was made in a shallop, was October 14th. On this pleasant fall day then, the settlement was made, and our ancient friend probably felt that in this new plantation his remaining days would be spent in peace. The future looked serene. His adherents were united to him,—a pleasant and fertile spot had been chosen, and one at the farthest Northern end of the Massachusetts patent, if not indeed really outside its limits. To the West lay Wheelwright and his little colony,—farther up the coast were the independent settlements of Strawberry Bank and Coheco. It looked as though liberty indeed lay before him.

But the true colonizing spirit of the Bay did not end with the beginning of a settlement,—the authorities provided the settlers also, and saw to it as best they could that the Bay influence should predominate. With the next spring came a band of Norfolk and Suffolk men to Hampton, and with them came Timothy Dalton, a relative of Winthrop, and a man loyal to the Massachusetts doctrines.

Dalton was a Cambridge graduate, ejected from his Suffolk rectory of Woolverstone for non-conformity, who had come to New England in 1635, settling in the Puritan colony at Dedham. The Pastor and Teacher nominally head of the church and assistant, were as far apart as the poles. Bachiler, was old, educated, controversial, versed in polemical discussion, and wedded to his own ideas; Dalton was younger, less cultivated, equally obstinate and determined to uphold the tenets of his cousin and neighbor, Winthrop. Probably dissension began at once: it grew and spread like wildfire. Time has obliterated nearly all traces of the quarrel. The Town Records contain no reference to it. The Church records have disappeared.

An occasional gleam flashed out until in 1641 the dissensions at Hampton culminate in the sorry incident related in Winthrop's Journal under date of Nov. 12, 1641. No personal criticism of Stephen Bachiler has up to this date been discovered,—no breath of scandal has touched his character. That he was opposed to the arbitrary rule of the Bay oligarchy is unquestioned, but it was left to the "reverend, grave and gracious

Mr. Dalton" to defame his character and blacken his memory by the story which Winthrop recites with that gusto with which similar incidents, real or falsified, were treated by early Puritan historians. Winthrop says:

"Mr. Stephen Batchellor, the pastor of the church at Hampton, who had suffered much at the hands of the Bishops and having a lusty comely woman to his wife, did solicit the chastity of his neighbor's wife, who acquainted her husband therewith: whereupon he was dealt with, but denied it as he had told the woman he would do, and complained to the magistrates against the woman and her husband for slandering him. The church likewise dealing with him, he stiffly denied it, but soon after when the Lord's Supper was to be administered he did voluntarily confess the attempt, and that he did intend to defile her if she had consented. The church being moved by his full confession and tears silently forgave him and communicated with him: but after finding how scandalous it was they took advice of other elders and after long debate and much pleading and standing upon the church's forgiving and being reconciled to him in communicating with him after he had confessed it, they proceeded to cast him out. After this he went on again in a variable course, sometimes seeming very penitent, soon after again excusing himself and casting the blame upon others, especially his fellow elder Mr. Dalton (who indeed had not carried himself in this course so well as became him, and was brought to see his failing and acknowledged it to the elders of the other churches who had taken much pains about this matter) so he behaved himself to the elders when they dealt with him. He was off and on for a long time and when he had seemed most penitent so as the church were ready to have received him in again, he would fall back again and as it were repent of his repentance. In this time his house and near all his substance was

consumed by fire. When he had continued excommunicated for near two years and much agitation had been about the matter and the church being divided so as he could not be received in, at length the matter was referred to some magistrates and elders and by their mediation he was released of his excommunication but not received to his pastor's office. Upon occasion of this mediation Mr. Wilson, pastor of Boston, wrote this letter to him." It is to be regretted that the letter is not extant.

Here then is the story as told by Winthrop, with some detail, which has for nearly three centuries blackened the memory of our Hampshire Puritan. It were bold to discredit Winthrop, and yet the tale is stamped throughout with improbability. This account is all that remains; the court records, district or general, contain no trace of it: no letters mention the case. A careful search discloses nothing among the Massachusetts archives: church records, local and synodical, are blank concerning it. No published or manuscript record except Winthrop's give us any facts. Bachiler's age, eighty years, discredits the story. His life up to this time was public, honored and respected. The story apparently comes from his enemy Dalton, whose literary relics afford us nothing, unless we may consider a large bequest to Bachiler's grandson Nathaniel as a tardy attempt at reparation.

It is curious to note that on the shoulders of Dalton and Hugh Peter rests also that slanderous account of Knolly's and Larkham's offenses against decency, perpetuated in Winthrop, but now generally disbelieved. It is almost inconceivable that the ardent and spiritual Knollys, the founder of the Baptist church, could have sullied with that filthy and indelible stain a life otherwise pure. Thomas Larkham's life in England is blameless. The fact is that the settlements north of the Merrimack were looked on by the Bay Puritans as reeking with impurity, and any

garbled accounts of misconduct there were of pleasant savour to the nostrils of Massachusetts.

But let us see what Bachiler and his friends and neighbors have to say. Himself writing to Winthrop in 1643, says: "I see not how I can depart hence" (that is from Hampton, to accept one of two calls he had received, to Casco and to Exeter), "till I have, or God for me, cleared and vindicated the cause and wrongs I have suffered of the church I yet live in; that is, from the Teacher, who hath done all and been the cause of all the dishonor that hath accrued to God, shame to myself, and grief to all God's people, by his irregular proceedings and abuse of the church in his hands,—by the major part cleaving to him, being his countrymen and acquaintance in old England. Whiles my cause, though looked slightly into by diverse Elders and brethren, could never come to a judicial searching forth of things, and an impartial trial of his allegations and my defense; which, if yet they might, I am confident in God, upon certain knowledge and due proof before yourselves, the Teacher's act of his excommunicating me (such as I am, to say not more of myself), would prove the foulest matter,—both for the cause alleged of that excommunication, and the impulsive cause,—even wrath and revenge. Also the manner of all his proceeding throughout to the very end, and lastly his keeping me still under bonds,—and much worse than there I may mention for diverse causes,—which, to bear on my shoulder in going hence, is so uncomfortable that, tho' I can refer it to God's revenging hand and wait on him, yet then I am taught again that such sins endanger the very state of church and commonwealth, for neglecting of the complaints of the afflicted in such a state, wherein Magistrates, Elders, and brethren all are in the sincerest manner set to find out sin, and search into the complaints of the poor,—not knowing father nor mother,

church nor Elder. In such a State, I say,—in such a wine-cellar to find such a cockatrice, and not to kill him,—to have such monstrous proceedings passed over, without due justice,—this again stirs up my spirit to seek for a writ *ad melius inquirendum*. Towards which the enclosed letter tendeth, as you may perceive. Yet if your wisdoms shall judge it more safe and reasonable to refer all my wrongs (conceived) to God's own judgment, I bless the Lord for his grace, if I know mine own heart herein, I can submit myself to be overruled by you. To conclude,—if the Apostle's words be objected, that this is thanksworthy, that a man for conscience's sake shall endure grief, suffering wrongfully,—and therefore I ought in this aforesaid cause of mine to endure the grief thereof in whatsoever I suffer wrongfully, without seeking redress or justice against the offender,—I profess it was more absolutely necessary so to suffer, when the church had no civil power to seek unto, than in such a land of righteousness as our New England is."

So far as we know, Bachiler's son-in-law Hussey, and his grandchildren, who were by this time prominent among the younger Hampton Settlers, stood by the slandered patriarch. While the turmoil was at its height, Bachiler was chosen as arbitrator in the important land suit of Cleeve vs. Winter. His award was adverse to Winter, but the Rev. Robert Jordan writing to his father-in-law Winter in July, 1642, says: "Mr. Stephen Bachiler, the pastor of a church in the Massachusetts Bay, was, I must say, a grave, reverend, and a good man; but whether more inclined to justice or mercy, or whether carried aside by secret insinuations, I must refer to your own judgment. Sure I am that Cleeve is well nigh able to disable the wisest brain."

When the five years' struggle at Hampton was over, and the Bachiler party defeated, the ancient Puritan minister decided to leave Hampton,

and cast about in his mind where to settle. By this time Massachusetts had strengthened its lines and had reached out to the Piscataqua settlements to take them into its fold. One by one Strawberry Bank, Dover and Exeter joined the Bay Colony. Wheelwright, the punished heretic, had withdrawn into Maine, and Exeter was without a pastor. The Maine settlements were free from the rule of the Bay, since Alexander Rigby, one of Cromwell's commanders, had bought the Plough Patent from Bachiler's Company of Husbandmen, was actively at war with the Gorges heirs over his title, and yet was opposed to the arbitrary encroachments of Winthrop's colony.

Both Exeter and Rigby's Settlement sought to secure Bachiler for their pastor. Both were neighboring plantations to Hampton, and must have heard of the Hampton slander. Apparently they disbelieved it and certainly they invited him to settle with them. In February, 1644, Bachiler laid the matter before the church at Boston and the elders apparently advised him merely to remove from Hampton, leaving him to decide between the two calls. In May he decided to accept the call to Exeter, and wrote to Winthrop as an old friend to acquaint him with the decision, asking him to urge "his brother Wilson" to attend the ordination at Exeter, and "make it a progresse of recreation to see his ould friend and this to do me this laste service save to my buriall."

But the Boston elders, having apparently advised somewhat against his removing to Casco, now looked with dismay at his gathering a church at Exeter, which the Bay authorities now claimed lay within their patent. The General Court held at Boston May 29, 1644, passed this order:

"Whereas it appears to this Court that some of the inhabitants of Exeter do intend shortly to gather a church and call Mr. Bachiler to be their minister: and forasmuch as the divisions there are judged by this court

to be such as for the present they cannot comfortably proceed in such weighty and sacred affairs, it is therefore ordered that direction shall be sent to defer the gathering of a church or any such proceeding until this court or the Court at Ipswich, upon further satisfaction of their reconciliation and fitness, shall give allowance thereunto."

Winthrop's Journal mentioning this order adds,—“And besides Mr. Batchellor had been in three places before, and through his means, as was supposed, the churches fell to such divisions as no peace could be still he was removed.”

The call to Casco declined, and the gathering of a church at Exeter being forbidden, our stout old Master Bachiler was now quite adrift. In 1644 he was forced to sell his great farm at Hampton, and moved soon after to Strawberry Bank, where he lived for some years, preaching to the godless fishermen of that seaside parish. With him went his godchild and grandson, Stephen Samborne, and they settled on the Kittery side of the Piscataqua. At this time, Richard Gibson's Anglican church establishment having been disrupted, and James Parker, that "Godly man and scholar" having gone to the Barbadoes, the missionary at Strawberry Bank had also the cure of souls in the Hamlet of Kittery and the fishing settlements of the Isles of Shoals. Here dwelt a type of men different from the devout colony of Hampton and of Exeter,—a rude, lawless race of deep sea fishermen, often also deep drinkers and roisterers. Jenness in his "Isles of Shoals" gives us graphic pictures of their lives,—as for instance the court record in the case of John Andrews, husband of a local termagant who sought consolation in the wine cup and was convented therefor, he "swearing by the blood of Christ that he was above ye heavens and ye stars, at which time (the record ingenuously comments) ye said Andrews did seem to have drunk too much, and did at

that time call the witnesses Doggs, toads, and foule birds."

In April, 1647, Bachiler gave to the four grandchildren he had brought to New England what remained of his Hampton property. He petitioned the General Court in 1645 for some allowance for his six years' pastorate at Hampton, but was referred to the district court. While his case was pending he wrote from Strawberry Bank to Winthrop in May, 1647,—

"I can shew a letter of your Worship's occasioned by some letters of mine, craving some help from you in some cases of oppression under which I lay,—and still do,—wherein also you were pleased to take notice of those oppressions and wrongs; that in case the Lord should give, or open a door of, opportunity, you would be ready to do me all the lawful right and Christian service that any cause of mine might require. Which time all being, in my conceit, near at hand, that I would humbly crave is this,—to read this inclosed letter to my two beloved and reverend brothers, your Elders (Cotton and Wilson), and in them to the whole Synod. Wherein you shall fully know my distressed case and condition; and so, as you shall see cause, to join with them in counsel, what best to do for my relief."

"It is no news to certify you that God hath taken from me my dear helper and yokefellow. And whereas, by approbation of the whole plantation of Strawberry Bank, they have assigned an honest neighbor, (a widow) to have some eye and care towards my family, for washing, baking, and other such common services,—it is a world of woes to think what rumors detracting spirits raise up, that I am married to her, or certainly shall be; and cast on her such aspersions without ground or proof, that I see not how possibly I shall subsist in the place, to do them that service from which, otherwise they cannot endure to hear I shall depart. The Lord direct and guide us jointly

and singularly in all things, to his glory and our rejoicing in the day and at the appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ! And so, with my humble service to your worship, your blessed and beloved yokefellow, (mine ancient true friend) with blessing on you both, yours and all the people of God with you, I end and rest your Worship's in the Lord to commend."

But "whether at Naushapur or Babylon" whether at Saugus, Hampton or Strawberry Bank, peace in New England was not to be found by Master Bachiler.

His third venture in the matrimonial lottery was this honest neighbor "Mary surnamed Magdalene" the widow of an obscure seaman named Beetle, whose adultery with a local rascal, George Rogers, was soon detected. Rogers was a renegade seaman or servant of Trelawney, who had settled at Kittery, across the river from Strawberry Bank. This ignominious Lotharian adventure with Mary Bachiler was punished in March 1651, by the court at York, which sentenced him to be flogged, and the erring wife, after her approaching delivery, to be whipped and branded with the letter "A," the "Scarlet Letter" of Hawthorne's romance.

But before the York court had passed its sentence, Bachiler had doubtless discovered the true nature of this obscure Thais, and probably left her and returned to Hampton, applying for a divorce. The district court at Salisbury on April 9, 1650, gave him a judgment against the town of Hampton for £40, "wages detained" and at the same session fined him £10 for not publishing his marriage according to law. It then entered the following atrocious order:

"That Mr. Bachelor and his wife shall live together as man and wife, as in this court they have publicly professed to do; and if either desert one another, then hereby the court doth order that the marshall shall apprehend both the said Mr. Bachelor and Mary, his wife, and bring them forthwith to Boston, there to

be kept till the next Quarter Court of Assistants, that farther consideration thereof may be had, both of them moving for a divorce: Provided notwithstanding, that if they put in 50 pounds each of them, for their appearance, that then they shall be under their bail to appear at the next court; and in case Mary Batchellor shall live out of the jurisdiction, without mutual consent for a time, then the clerk shall give notice to the magistrate at Boston of her absence, that further order may be taken therein."

By October, 1650 (the next term of court) when the Maine Court presented Rogers and Mary Batchellor for adultery, the local justices had probably learned the actual offense and remitted half the fine imposed in April. Perhaps they ignored the incomprehensible order referred to, for we hear no more of it: but life in New England had become impossible for the venerable Puritan. Old England seemed a sure haven. There Cromwell and the Parliament had overthrown his ancient foes, the bishops, and there he had grandchildren living in comfort. Sometime in 1654, accompanied by one grandson and his family he sailed from New England, the Arcadia of his hopes, to England, the land of his earliest struggles. His last act on leaving America was to turn over what remained of his property to Christopher Hussey and his wife "in consideration that the said Hussey had little or nothing from him with his daughter as also that the said son Hussey and his wife had been helpful unto him both formerly and in fitting him for his voyage." This kindly act is the last that we have of authentic record concerning Bachiler, who it may be hoped returned to prosperous and friendly kindred in old England to linger out his last years.

The graceless Mary Bachiler was sentenced by the Maine courts for sexual irregularities in 1651, 1652 and 1654, and lived to cast one more slander at her aged and deceived

victim. She petitioned the Massachusetts General Court in 1656, stating—

"Whereas, your petitioner having formerly lived with Mr. Stephen Bachiler in this Colony as his lawful wife (and not unknown to divers of you, as I conceive), and the said Mr. Bachiler, upon some pretended ends of his own, has transported himself into old England, for many years since, and betaken himself to another wife, as your petitioner hath often been credibly informed, and there continues; whereby your petitioner is left destitute not only of a guide to herself and her children, but also made incapable of disposing herself in the way of marriage to any other without a lawful permission. . . . And were she free of her engagement to Mr. Bachiler, might probably so dispose of herself as that she might obtain a meet helper to assist her to procure such means for her livelihood, and the recovery of her children's health, as might keep them from perishing,—which your petitioner to her great grief, is much afraid of, if not timely prevented."

This allegation rests on her unsupported and discredited statement, and may be taken as an utter falsehood. A Dover court record of March 26, 1673, seems to indicate that the daughter of Mary Bachiler, (born in coverture and therefore legally the daughter of our Hampshire parson though undoubtedly disowned by him, attempted to secure some part of Bachiler's estate. Her husband, William Richards, was given power of administration to the estate of "Mr. Steven Patchelor dec'd," being also prudently enjoined to bring in an inventory thereof to the next court and to put up "sufficient security to respond ye estate any ye may make better claim unto it." As no further record exists of this matter, we may conclude this "fishing expedition" resulted in nothing. Tradition states that the ancient Hampshire parson died in England in 1660, having rounded out a century, and that the

last six years of his life were spent in tranquillity with prosperous descendants in England. The statement that he died in Hackney near London rests, I think, on a letter to Increase Mather from William Hooke, who speaks of the death there of a Mr. Bachiler, a preacher, but I think refers to John Bachiler, the licenser of publications mentioned in Edward's "Gangraena."

Whether or not the facts as to Bachiler's life in old and New England will ever be exactly known, it is difficult to state. New manuscripts are constantly coming to light both in England and America, and it would be a welcome task to clear away authoritatively the opprobrium which has long rested on his memory.

The statements of Winthrop's Journal are so diametrically opposed to what we know elsewhere of Bachiler's life, his spirit and his character that, judged by the laws of evidence, his memory may be said to have been cleared. Bachiler's mind, as shown by the scanty light of other contemporary records, shows cultivation in

excess of many of his contemporaries, and his few remaining letters evince a gentleness and a courtesy quite at variance with the account given by Winthrop.

Two portraits are offered of him. In one, you may see an erring and disgraced old man, hunted from place to place by his own mistakes, fleeing from England to America and finally hiding in England from the results of his senile misconduct. I prefer to see in the other a high-minded but unsuccessful patriarch, with the defect of his qualities, at variance with the narrow and doomed intent of the Bay oligarchs, spending his life in the vain search for religious freedom and rebelling at the limitations and prescriptions which time was to show were impossible in a free and gradually enlightened democracy. Driven from place to place by the autocracy first of the English church and then of the Winthrop colony, at last he saw triumphant the principles of social and religious enfranchisement for which he spent his life, his means and his best ambitions.

NOTE.—This paper was read before the N. H. Historical Society, April 14, 1909, by Frank B. Sanborn of Concord, Mass., father of the author.

WHEN COMES THE LAST

By Stewart Everett Rowe

When Death toward us is speeding sure and fast,
 And earthly life for us has almost flown,
 When we shall soon have solved The Great Unknown,
 'Tis then we'll think and ponder on the past.
 And we shall think, not of this world so vast,
 With all its glories that we fought to gain,
 But of the friend who through both sun and rain
 Was loyal unto us until the last.

For, after all, throughout this world so wide,
 Wher'er by chance our footsteps we may wend,
 'Mid things that are, or things that may have died,
 Yes, o'er and through this earth from end to end,
 We'll find that when with joy or grief we've cried,
 In all the world there's nothing like a friend.

FOR BECKY'S SAKE

By Henry Jacob Krier

Wanted. A competent chauffeur to go on an extended trip. One accustomed to water preferred. Highest references required. Address by letter only. Rufus Sharpe, Black Grove.

While scanning the want pages of the morning paper, Saunders, noticing the above advertisement, whistled softly. "Sharpe, Black Grove," he read, weighing the names carefully. "I wonder if they are the Sharpe's Becky knows."

Taking a letter from the table he glanced over the following paragraph: "Alice Sharpe who lives at Black Grove is my roommate, here at the seminary. She is perfectly lovely and I wish you could meet her. Of course I can't help but sing your praises and she laughingly declares herself to be more than half in love with you, and dares not risk a meeting. I regret not having your photograph to show her; but as she leaves today for the summer months, you can look her up if you remain in that vicinity."

Laying his sister's letter on the table he lighted a very black pipe and proceeded to analyze the ad. "What a jolly way to spend the summer," he soliloquized, after deciding that he was equal to the requirements. "Besides," he continued seriously, "I could save enough to keep Becky at the seminary until she finished, instead of waiting for our affairs to be settled. But where are my references to come from?"

"I have it!" he exclaimed, going to the telephone and calling 1081.

"Hello, who is this?—Kindly ask Mr. Higley to step to the 'phone."

"Hello old man—this is Saunders; will do you me a favor?"

"Yes, a favor. You remarked once that I would pilot an automobile into Hades if one but expressed a desire to visit that place. Well, this is what I want you to do for me; should anyone

ask you about my ability to look after an automobile, lay it on thick. I'll explain the first time we meet; and in the meantime you are to assure all who ask, that Bob 'Sunders,' not Saunders, mind you, is a crack chauffeur. Can I rely upon you?

"Thanks old boy. Yes, that's true, but it isn't safe to give you the particulars over the 'phone. Good bye."

Going to the desk he prepared a carefully worded application, which he laid aside, reflecting that during her intimacy with his sister, Miss Sharpe had possibly become familiar with his writing, and acting upon this reflection he rewrote the note in a slightly altered hand.

Miss Alice Sharpe was dozing in the depth of a great chair trying to forget the fatigue of her recent journey, when the telephone bell gave forth an imperious call. Rousing herself with an effort, she crossed the room and placed the receiver to her pretty ear.

"Hello old man," said a pleasant bass voice, "this is Saunders; will you do me a favor?"

"Hello, that you Bob?" answered a gruff though not unkindly voice and you want Old Higley to do you a favor, eh."

Realizing that the wires were crossed, she was about to replace the receiver when the words "Saunders" and "Bob" arrested her attention.

"Saunders," she thought. "Why that is Becky's name; perhaps this is Becky's Bob."

"Yes, a favor," continued the pleasant voice, "you remarked once that I would pilot an automobile into Hades if one but expressed a desire to visit that place. Well, this is what I want you to do for me; should anyone ask you about my ability to look after an automobile, lay it on thick. I'll explain the next time we meet and

in the meantime you are to assure all who ask, that Bob 'Sunders,' not Saunders, mind you, is a crack chauffeur. Can I rely upon you?"

"Certainly," came from Higley's end, "but what lark are you up to now? I could work better if I knew more of the details. There isn't a woman in it, is there?"

Losing interest, she replaced the receiver and sought the comforts of her favorite chair. But as she slumbered quietly a mellow voice repeated, "This is Saunders;" followed by the gruff interrogative, "That you Bob?"

Miss Sharpe tripped lightly down to breakfast the following morning, to dine and chat with her father before he departed for the city. Rufus Sharpe, although termed hard and cynical by his colleagues, loved and was ruled by his pretty daughter; and he frequently remarked that she ruled him as she would a fretful child. He was busily engaged with a pile of letters as she entered, an unusual occurrence at Black Grove, and caused her to exclaim, "Why papa, where did all those letters come from!"

"They are answers to an advertisement."

"An advertisement for what?"

"Chauffeur."

"Oh, I had forgotten. Is it necessary to have one of those odious creatures with us when we take our vacation? George says they never do anything but act hateful."

"George is a blockhead," asserted her father testily. "A bit of effeminacy in the wrong package."

Alice hastened to direct the conversation to a smoother channel by asking, "Have you any suitable applications?"

"Yes," he answered, "there are several but this one seems to be the most likely," tossing a letter across the table as she touched the bell.

She started to read the letter with scant interest, feeling that the necessity of an evil left little to choose between one autocrat or another. "Who is Mr. Edward Higley," she suddenly

asked, tingling with suppressed amusement.

"Higley is a gruff old fellow who occasionally turns things topsy-turvy in the Street and has the reputation of being honest."

Returning her attention to the letter, which in her opinion bore the ear marks of a cleverly planned lark, she resolved that this aspirant for chauffeur honors should have the place and be taught a lesson that he would not soon forget. Her dear Becky was without doubt the innocent cause of the conversation over the telephone between Mr. Higley and the writer of the note she had before her, signed "Bob Sanders," having aroused the curiosity of the latter. Well, he was likely to find it rough sailing.

"Is he satisfactory?" asked her father as she turned to the waiting breakfast, "if so I will drop him a line from the office."

"He appears to be straightforward," she answered, "and it will do no harm to give him a trial."

Sunders, alias Saunders, alias Becky's Bob, was greatly elated when he received a brief note from Mr. Sharpe, requesting him to call between five and six that afternoon. This was welcome news and he set about making preparations, feeling that the interview would be successful.

Clean shaven and clad in a rough-looking suit he boarded the four-thirty car for Black Grove, feeling decidedly nervous. This nervousness increased with rapid strides as the miles went fleeting by, but pulling himself together as best he could before the journey ended, a nervously born determination finally landed him at the great door of the Sharpe mansion.

He fumbled for his card case as a comely maid answered the not over-confident summons, but recollecting his assumed character, said pleasantly, "I would like to see Mr. Sharpe, please; he asked me to call between five and six."

"Oh, yes, this way please," returned the maid, who had her orders, "Mr.

Sharpe will be here shortly and you're to wait. Just leave your hat on the hall tree," ushering Saunders into the library and leaving him to his own resources.

Dropping into a chair near the table he selected a magazine but did not read, passing the time by aimlessly turning the leaves.

A faint rustle caused him to cast a furtive glance toward the door. "Becky's Miss Sharpe," was the thought that swiftly formed, as he beheld a thoroughly self-possessed young lady of about twenty-two, favoring him with a haughty stare of inquiry.

"Becky's Bob," commented the imperious beauty, aside. "Not thrillingly handsome."

"Mr. Sanders, I presume," came floating toward Bob, icily.

"At your service, Miss," he answered with some hesitancy.

"Papa is late but we expect him any moment. You will find some magazines on the table," she added, affecting not to notice that he held one in his hand.

"Yes, Miss—thank you," he stammered weakly as she withdrew.

Although the weather was cool, the perspiration gathered on Bob's forehead; a condition that belied his muttered soliloquy, "Being buried in a snow-drift would be fun, compared with that icy imperiousness."

Mr. Sharpe arrived soon after, and several minutes before six o'clock, Saunders was duly installed as chauffeur at twenty-five per week and quarters in the servant's hall.

Heretofore, Sharpe had handled the machine, but Miss Alice and a party of girl friends were infatuated with the idea of a novel overland summer trip to several secluded resorts; an undertaking that made a chauffeur necessary.

The new man was astir at an early hour, eager to inspect his new charge.

An involuntary exclamation of admiration escaped him as the door swung back, revealing a powerful touring car resting rakishly in its

berth. Being a natural lover of fine machinery he examined it with pride, attending to its wants with an experienced hand.

It was nearly nine when he swung the great machine gracefully to the stoop, ready for the trial, feeling both glad and sorry when he saw that Miss Sharpe was to accompany her father, and sincerely hoped that she would refrain from stabbing him with congealed indifference while he was occupied with the throbbing monster, pulsating like a thing of life, directly beneath.

"You may start," said Sharpe, and Bob applied the power.

Away they sped with a graceful, rhyming motion that quickened the pulse and imparted an ecstatic sensation of unbounded freedom. Miss Alice, forgetful for the moment, leaned slightly forward the better to observe the masterful movements of the newly installed chauffeur, so gracefully did he bend the machine to his will.

Fully a week went by before everything was in readiness for the extended outing, and in the meantime Saunders had found time to run into town and make arrangements with his landlady, and to purchase a few articles, needful to a chauffeur. He had also learned from the maid, who regarded him with favor, that there were four ladies in the party besides Miss Sharpe: the Misses Brown, Miss Barker and Mrs. Sidney who posed as chaperon.

Alice had apparently ceased to be aware of his existence until the day before the start was made. "We wish to get an early start," she said, with an odd little smile. "Can you arrange it?"

"Yes, Miss, I will be ready at daylight," he answered respectfully.

"Very well, thank you."

With this she turned, and as his eyes followed her to the house he was conscious of a curious mixture of feelings. "Woman is Nature's surgeon," he said thoughtfully. "She pierces our vitals, that she may salve the wound with a smile."

The start was made under the most favorable circumstances. The morning was ideal and everyone was exceptionally prompt. Mrs. Sidney, a rather portly widow of uncertain years, was assigned to occupy the seat with Bob, who had hoped for something better.

The young ladies chatted gaily as the auto bowled along with no attempt at speed, stopping now and then to deek it with wild flowers and branches.

Becoming disgusted with the public room of a small inn, where they had stopped for the night, Saunders, thinking the party safely in bed, withdrew to the cool though modest sitting-room and lighted his pipe. He was soon wafted to the smokers' Heaven and failed to notice Miss Sharpe eying him disdainfully from the doorway.

Seeking relief from her chattering friends she had seized a magazine and fled; only to meet a greater disadvantage. "He doesn't look very conscience stricken," she thought, noting the thorough relaxation of his posture. "No doubt he considers the whole affair a huge joke."

Alice was sorely tempted to call him to account. Why not! It was now too late for him to withdraw, and the punishment would be the greater. "Pray do not leave on my account, Mr. Saunders," she said quietly as he arose, sinking into a chair near the light.

Bob eyed her keenly. "*Saunders.*" Instantly the cause of her icy behavior appeared to him in letters of fire. He was caught!

"Yes, Mr. Saunders," she continued, "I am fully aware of the fact that you are sailing under false colors. Quite a gentlemanly proceeding to be sure."

Saunders was on the verge of choking. "How—?" He managed to gasp, too honest to attempt denial.

"No matter how." She interrupted in a tone that made him wince. "Suffice it that I know."

"May I explain?" humbly.

"Explain!" she exclaimed, passion-

ately, tapping a well-shod foot. "To lend ear to your excuses would accord greater honor than you merit."

Just how the crushed object of this last bitterness escaped from the sitting room and found his own was never fully remembered. "Oh, what a gay deceiver I am!" He groaned with self-seathing sarcasm, kicking off his shoes and sucking greedily at the unlit pipe. He realized that she had withheld her denouncement until gentlemanly retreat was cut off, and that he must either face the music or add dishonor to imprudence.

When the company trooped out to the waiting automobile the following morning, the chauffeur looked so dejected that Alice was touched and had not the heart to add thereto. He is not entirely devoid of honor, she thought; otherwise he would have taken himself off during the night.

Bob felt her approach and diligently examined the controller. "Mr. Saunders, I would like to be a chauffeur. Do you think I could learn? It must be a delightful occupation."

He looked up quickly. She was standing quite close and he searched the pretty, half serious face for a deeper meaning. Had she fears that he might decamp!

"You might, Miss," he answered evenly. "It isn't difficult."

She listened attentively as he explained the main points, though not failing to mark his strained bearing or the momentary confusion when his hand accidentally touched her own.

As the day wore on, the breach narrowed and Saunders found himself smiling at her pretty awkwardness as she steered the machine clear of obstacles, venting little shrieks of excitement. Later, when she bruised her finger by an unguarded movement, he longed to kiss it until the throbbing ceased.

"You had better go slow, Miss," cautioned Bob, who had been on the lookout with one eye, while watching his fair companion with the other. "There is something wrong up the road."

The thought of impending danger caused Miss Sharpe to give the controller a tug. The automobile bounded forward, snarling like a frenzied thing of life in its effort to spurn the roadbed.

None too quickly did a strong brown hand shoot forward to stem the flowing tide of motion, as its mate jammed the brake hard down, bringing the swaying mass to a halt on the very edge of a yawning culvert.

"That was near to it," remarked Bob grimly, staring at the wrecked crossing.

"You are crushing me!" gasped Alice. "Please move."

He started up, framing an apology, noticing for the first time that she was pinioned against the edge of the seat. "Have I hurt you?" he asked almost tenderly.

"A little," she admitted tremulously, "but I deserved it."

He did not trust his thoughts to further utterance but did what he could to pacify the frightened girls, and to restore Mrs. Sidney, who had collapsed under the strain, bringing cool water from the branch to bathe her forehead.

"Will you help me?" appealed Miss Sharpe to Saunders, who was ruefully eying the hole in the road. "My nerves seem to be shattered."

Her face came close to his as he assisted her to alight. "Thank you," she said simply, all haughtiness having fled, as she leaned weakly against the carriage.

"How will we ever get across?" asked Georgie Brown, looking into the four-foot of space.

"We might lift it over," earnestly suggested the diminutive Miss Barker.

"This is no time to stand by with gaping indecision," rebuked Mrs. Sidney, whose recent shock had left her in no amicable mood. "Any of the farm houses we have passed will accommodate us for the night."

"Had Mr. Sunders been less decisive, we would have fared badly," interposed Miss Sharpe reprovingly. Turning to Bob who shot her a grate-

ful look, "Do you think we can get over? Our apartments have been secured at Fairland."

"We can try," he answered, looking about.

Leaping the fence he made his way to the railroad, which lay some two hundred yards to the right, and presently returned, staggering under the weight of a heavy tie. This he leaned against the outer side of the fence and returned for another, muttering maledictions on traction engines and threshers, in general.

After a considerable period he reappeared with a second tie and breathlessly announced that no more were to be found.

"Well I don't see how we are to get across with those," pouted the younger Miss Brown.

Saunders mopped the perspiration from his streaming forehead as he rested astride of the fence. "A train runs on two rails," he answered sulkily, "Why can't an automobile?"

After placing the ties across the culvert, in line with the wheels he built an approach at each end with loose earth and bits of wreckage.

"The bridge is ready," he finally volunteered, washing his grimy hands in the stream. Standing on one tie, he assisted the ladies across the other with considerable more courteousness than the average chauffeur is given credit for.

"Do be careful," called Alice as he clambered aboard.

Bob nodded as he backed off a few feet and then came forward. The machine mounted the approach slowly but surely, and was soon safely on the other side surrounded by the applauding ladies.

"How very simple," remarked the younger Miss Brown to her sister.

Dusk was at hand and Saunders, leaving the party to scramble to their places unaided, lighted a small lantern and secured it over the hole. "We can get another at the first town," he said, adjusting the headlight.

Darkness had fallen before they reached the outskirts of Fairland, and

Miss Sharpe, who was sitting confidently close to Saunders, moved uneasily, unconsciously resting her soft hand for a fleeting moment against his arm.

At the end of the second week, Bob was forced to admit that conditions were rapidly approaching the unbearable. For several days after the incident beyond Fairland, Miss Sharpe had been very considerate and he correspondingly happy, boating or golfing with her as the opportunity offered. But this taste of bliss, which bade fair to produce complications, was followed by a bitter reaction when that young lady entrenched herself behind a solid wall of imperiousness.

Mooning on a small bench near the lake, he tenderly recalled her kindness at Fairland, and in fancy the white hand still rested against his sleeve, holding him prisoner.

"If I had the moral courage to run away," he thought, "all might be well. But that is not to be thought of. Why couldn't she have consented to my leaving when I asked her yesterday," he continued aloud, "instead of insisting that I fulfill the contract to the last dot!"

A slight rustle disturbed the dismal reflections, and the fragrance of effeminacy greeted his nostrils, as he turned with quickening pulse.

"Oh, it is you!" began Miss Sharpe, somewhat confused.

"None other," replied he, with flippancy born of dejection.

Alice frowned. "For Becky's sake, who thinks of you as one but little

removed from perfection, I have sought to excuse your position—and you reward me with ungentlemanly flippancy."

"Forgive me," pleaded the other, touched with her earnestness. "I have been imprudent, I grant, and at times ungentlemanly, but never dishonorable. It is difficult," he continued, "to humbly act the part of gentleman, when your every action proclaims me otherwise."

He was standing, gazing fixedly at the moonlit ripples, ill in body and mind.

"How ill you look," she said, half tenderly, putting reserve aside and coming quite close. "You had better go in; the night air will do you no good after the drenching you received yesterday. You should have kept your coat instead of forcing it over my shoulders."

"I do feel a bit shaky," he admitted, "but that is no fault of yours. You fought nobly to escape such protection as I could afford."

"You were very rough," she reminded demurely, her heart fluttering joyously as she recalled the tender, forceful pressure of his arms.

"I'm sorry."

"You need not be," coyly. "I liked it for Becky's sake."

"Why—?" he stammered as a hand stole into his.

"Because," she answered, causing him to stoop and kiss her, "your masterfulness told me that some day, Becky would be my sister."

THE BALLAD OF THE PENNON

By Lucy Mayo Warner

All the west glowed with the sunset,
 Purple, red and gold,
 Lighting up a gloomy fortress,
 Ivy grown and old.
 And the castle, in its ruin,
 Towers grand and proud,
 Even while the clinging ivy
 Weaves for it a shroud.

Swiftly flows the river, gilded
By the low sun's ray,
While the walls frown down upon it,
Moss grown, cold and gray.
Long ago, ere moss and ivy
Wreathed a ruin old,
O'er those massive walls a pennon
Waved its blue and gold.

Gallant knights and noble ladies
Met in merry throng,
Till the ancient courts and archways
Echoed to their song.
'Twas the stronghold of Lord Ubert,
Last heir of his line,
And his merry guests quaffed beakers
Brimmed with ruby wine.

All that day Lord Ubert feasted
In his joy and pride.
For, beside him, on the dais,
Yolande, his bride,
Golden tresses fell in ripples
To her jeweled shoe,
And her eyes outshone the turquoise
In their liquid blue.

Never waved their azure pennon
O'er a fairer bride
And Lord Ubert, gazing on her
Forgot all beside.
"Fill the cups again, my comrades,
Gallant knights and true,
Drink in honor of our colors,
Of the gold and blue!"

"Gold and azure is the pennon,
O'er our tower that flies;
Golden are our lady's tresses,
Azure are her eyes!"
At the word the cups were lifted
When—behold: Each knight
Clasped a hand upon his falchion,
While, in sore affright,

Dames and maidens sought the turrets,
For the courts without
Echoed to the clang of armor,
And the warriors' shout.
"To the rescue!" cried Lord Ubert,
Starting from his place,
"'Tis the battle song of Ulric,
Foeman of our race!"

Hour by hour the clash of weapons
Rang within those walls
Where but now the minstrel's chorus
Echoed down the halls.
One by one she sees them perish,
Gallant knights and true!
Dying to defend their colors,
For the gold and blue!

Till, o'erwhelmed by grief and terror,
Yolande, the bride,
Fearing not base Ulric's insults
Sought her husband's side.
He, amid the dead and dying,
Stood erect in pride,
And unto his wounded bosom
Fondly clasped his bride.

"Ha!" cried brutal Ulric, turning
To his outlaw train,
"We will hold her in our stronghold
Ere sun sets again!"
But Lord Ubert, smiling fondly
In his bride's embrace,
Saw a gleam of quick defiance
Flash across her face.

Swift as thought she drew a dagger
From her bridal dress—
"Men have died here for my honor,
And shall I do less?"
"Never!" And the gleaming weapon
Sheathed she in her breast,
Then sank back upon his bosom,
Like a child at rest.

Thus they died, while yet their pennon
Flung its blue and gold,
And for ages past, their story
Has remained untold.
And, tonight, the sunset glory
Slowly fades away,
But the castle walls are gloomy,
Ivy grown and gray.



SPRING TRYSTING PLACES

By Florence A. D. McKenzie

One April day, when the sun's rays had melted the snow from the little Mayflower plot in the pasture, the children rushed in with the first blossom of the season, and that scarcely open; thereafter, for many days, from the little bed, hardly long enough to lay the baby on, they gathered nosegays of the sweet-smelling flowers. However, they do not seem so sweet from a place like this in open pasture as from a shady nook beneath the "whispering pines," or under some scraggling bushes, half hid by leaves and evergreens. In such places their blush is deepest and their fragrance the rarest.

But, before the May blossoms reach their prime, there is another flower which we must seek, for it is quickly gone after the first ones appear. So down the road we go to the pasture bars and along the path, on either side of which are blackberry tangles where later the luscious fruit will hang, through the apple orchard to the hillside on a southern slope half covered by the tall trees whose last fall's leaves still nestle beneath our feet. Down the slope still farther we must go, almost fearing we are too late and yet feeling that this must be the time, for the Mayflowers have always been its forerunners by a little. At last, half hidden by leaves and sticks and stones, the cheerful little *Hepatica* faces appear before us, in groups and singly, and here and there in larger patches. Some are purest white, so innocent and lovely, others the daintiest shade of blue; farther on the deeper blues appear and then a delicate pink meets our eyes. All these are sisters, yet varying as in the human family; and as we gather handful after handful, hardly knowing when to stop, the dainty petals already begin to fall. With them we place a few of the bright red Partridge

Berries, on their leafy vines and we have a nosegay to brighten even a gloomy room.

This sheltered place, apart from common walking ground, seems just the place where the sweet fairy-like beauties can safely hold their spring-time revelry. And is their beauty shed in vain? Does not each blossom, though unseen, add just so much to the world's beauty of the spring-time, and so, though unrecognized by human sense, become a needed part of the great world of nature?

Coming home we find the yellow blossom of the Moosewood, from whose tough bark the Indian's are said to have made thongs, and truly the little stems are very difficult to break, nearly always bringing a strip of the bark along with them.

Another little blossom, shy and sweet, familiar too, and famed in song and story, we come upon one day, perhaps by the roadside, perhaps by the brook where it loves to grow and where it reaches its greatest height,—the Blue Violet. Its varied shades and sometimes its plainly marked pencilings as well as its distinct fragrance always fascinate. Near the little rustic bridge is a spot where white and blue together make a picture fair to look upon.

But we must not forget their sister of somewhat different habits, and rarer, too. Under a spreading tree, away from the brightest sunlight, grows the Yellow Violet whose leaves springing from the stem mark the difference between it and the other violets whose leaves come from the ground like the flower stalk.

While the bees are busily flying over our heads, back and forth, to the sugar maples on the sloping sides of the ravine, through which flows the noisy brook over its bed of pebbles and shelving rock, and are carrying

the red and yellow pollen to their hive we look for another flower, graceful and dainty, the "Wild-oats" in common nomenclature,—Bellwort, also called;—with its nodding, creamy, bell-like blossoms growing by some old fence or among the dry grass and rubbish of last year it is hardly noticeable.

Ere the apple blossoms are fully out, we look about among the rocks for a flower about a foot in height, relieving the grays and browns of moss and stone by its vivid red,—the pretty Columbine, beloved by the children. Although its color does not resemble the dove, from whose Latin name the word columbine is derived on account of a fancied resemblance between the shape of the parts of the flower and that of the bird, yet its message may well be a peaceful one. Together with the little Everlasting or Mouse-ear, growing beneath our feet and the bright, cheery, sociable-looking little Bluets or "Innocence," which delight to grow in small clumps or masses, we have a handful of color to make us cheerful indeed.

Another bright little flower which bravely makes its appearance before the cold is altogether gone is our well-known Bloodroot, not everywhere wild with us but usually known as a

wild flower. I well remember the surprise and pleasure with which I saw it growing as abundantly as Dandelion blossoms on the old turnpike from Newburyport to Boston, on a high bank beside the road the latter part of April.

Another flower, which surprises us in the early spring, is the Rhodora, with its bright rose-pink clusters, appearing before its leaves are fairly out. This is really a shrub with us, and plainly to be seen at quite a distance.

By the brookside, lining it on either bank, soon appears a tall feathery flower, perhaps two feet in height, so noticeable that even those who do not particularly watch for the flowers inquire what it is. With its beautiful clusters and graceful leaves it is often used for decoration. This is the Meadow Rue. Its finely cut petals and arrangement of stamens, and almost creamy hue, give it an appearance of elegance rarely found in a wild flower.

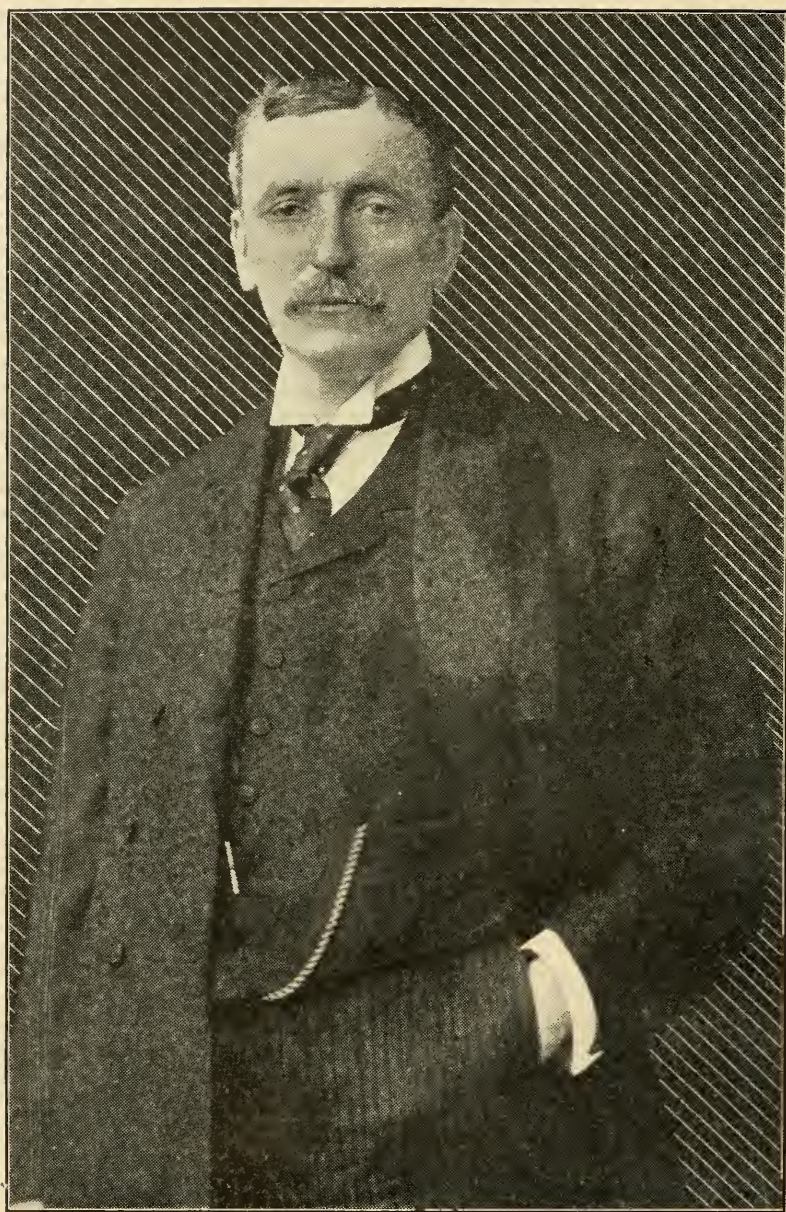
Together with the birds our early wild flowers are truly the "harbingers of spring;" though not appealing to the sense of hearing, yet through those of sight and smell they charm us by their beauty and fragrance, receiving from us, perhaps, a warmer welcome because of the cold days just departed.

EPIGRAM

By Bela Chapin

The rector asked a poet new
Whose verses some attention drew:
"Which of the bards of ancient time,
Or of these later, better days,
Do you esteem as most sublime
And most deserving of great praise,
Whose tomes, perhaps, adorn your shelf?"
The youth replied: "Myself, myself."





HON. JOHN McLANE
Governor of New Hampshire 1905-6

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

HON. JOHN McLANE.

John McLane, Governor of New Hampshire in 1905 and 1906, long and favorably known throughout the state as a business man and faithful public servant, and a conspicuous representative of the Masonic order, died at Southern Pines, N. C., on April 10, 1911, after a long illness, the direct cause of death being given as cirrhosis of the liver.

Mr. McLane was born in Lennoxton, Scotland, February 27, 1852, the son of Alexander and Mary (Hay) McLane. The family emigrated to this country in 1854, locating in Manchester, where two years later, the father died. In the public schools of that city and in the town of Henniker, where a part of his early years were passed, John McLane received his education. Later he went to the town of Milford, where he learned the trade of a cabinet-maker, and, in 1878, established himself in business as a manufacturer of post office furniture and equipments, securing the control of valuable patents connected with this line of manufacture, and creating a business which has long extended throughout the country and the civilized world, his industry being the leading one in the enterprising town which has since been his home, and in which he has been honored and esteemed as a loyal and public-spirited citizen.

Mr. McLane was elected a representative from Milford in the state legislature in 1885, and took an active part in the work of the House. In 1891 he was chosen to represent his district in the Senate, and was elected president of that body. Returned to the Senate two years later he was again elected president and served efficiently, as before. In 1900 he was a member of the New Hampshire delegation in the Republican National Convention, which nominated McKinley and Roosevelt. Four years later he was the candidate of his party for Governor, and served in that office the following two years with conspicuous fidelity. It was largely through his efforts, and upon his invitation, extended in the name of the state, that the envoys of Japan and Russia held their famous conference, resulting in the treaty of peace between those great nations, in our New Hampshire seaport city, the outcome being known throughout the world and permanently recorded in history as "The Peace of Portsmouth." He was present in Portsmouth during much of the time occupied in the negotiations, and his presence and unfailing courtesies contributed in no small measure to the high appreciation of New Hampshire hospitality entertained by the envoys, who left lasting testimony of their regard in donations of

\$20,000,—\$10,000 from each delegation—the income to be expended, annually for all time, in aid of the philanthropic and charitable work of the state.

Governor McLane also did valuable work in advancing the cause of forest preservation by hearty and effective support of the White Mountain and Appalachian Forest Reserve bill, which only recently was enacted into law after a struggle of years against hostile interests.

It was during his administration, also, that the battleship *New Hampshire* was launched at the Camden, N. J., shipyards, June 30, 1906, on which occasion he represented the state, and at the hands of his daughter Hazel, the splendid vessel was christened with the name of her native state.

Governor McLane, though lacking a liberal education, and generally classed as a "self-made man," was a master of graceful and forceful English, and a speaker of more than ordinary ability. He proved himself equal to the occasion in every emergency before public gatherings, as in the conduct of business, either public or private, and will ever rank among the ablest of New Hampshire's chief executives.

He was an active force in the public affairs of Milford, president of the Sowhegan National Bank of that town, a friend of all worthy local enterprises, and of all the people, regardless of party or creed.

March 10, 1880, he married Ella L. Tuck, who survives, with three children—Clinton A., Hazel E., now Mrs. John Clark of New York, and John R. The former was a representative from that town in the Legislature of 1911. A younger son—Charles—died last year as the result of severe injuries in an accident at Revere Beach, Mass. His loss was a severe blow to Governor McLane, from the effects of which he never fully recovered.

THOMAS CROSBY EASTMAN.

Thomas Crosby Eastman, one of the oldest and best known citizens of North Conway, died at his home, Moat Mountain House (and his birthplace) on Sunday, the 22d of January. He was born October 8, 1831, the sixth of the seven children of Thomas and Eunice Cutts (Hill) Eastman, and was the last survivor of them all, the others being Abigail Hill (the beautiful wife of Dr. Jonathan Thompson, a physician of great repute throughout this region, from 1836 to 1866), Drusilla Adams, Henry Abiathar, Leavitt Hill, Charles, and Mary Chase.

The Moat Mountain farm is one of the largest in the county, comprising about

three hundred acres of woodland and tillage, and has been in the possession of the Eastman family for more than a century. In 1856, the farmhouse was enlarged, and it has always been one of the exclusive summer resorts of the east side of the White Mountains. Mr. Eastman was one of that group of progressive spirits who in the middle of the nineteenth century developed the famous East Side section. For many years he was one of the owners of the Centre Harbor line of stage coaches, running in the old days from Centre Harbor to North Conway. Frequently in times of the crowded season, Mr. Eastman would himself drive the four and six horse Concord coaches over the route.

He was too, for the greater part of his life, engaged in lumbering, not in an extensive but still in a substantial way.

He married on January 9, 1866, his fourth cousin, Mary Elizabeth Eastman, the daughter of Jonathan Cummings Eastman and Susan Merrill, a descendant of the de Merles who left France at the time of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, and came to England and from thence to Salem, Massachusetts, early in the seventeenth century. Jonathan Cummings Eastman was the old-time host of that idyllic sylvan retreat, the Artist Falls House (now known as the Forest Glen) which in 1850 was first a summer home for White Mountain tourists—the property being Jonathan Cummings Eastman's inheritance from his father, Deacon Jonathan Eastman.

Three children were born of the marriage of Thomas Crosby and Mary Elizabeth Eastman. These were Mary Crosby, Thomas Bowdoin, and Bertram Cummings.

Mr. Eastman was a quiet and reserved man, kind and friendly, much disposed to alms-giving—as all the tramps of Carroll County well knew—of gentle manners, an ideal host, a generous, obliging neighbor, an upright citizen, a good husband and father. His death is a loss not only to his family, but to his town, and especially to North Conway. He was buried in the village graveyard near the goodly acres in the midst of which his four score years were lived, and whose very sod he greatly loved.

SAM WALTER FOSS.

Sam Walter Foss, journalist, poet, lecturer, librarian, and "friend of man," born in Candia, N. H., June 19, 1858, died at his home in Somerville, Mass., February 26, 1911.

He was the son of Dyer and Polly (Hardy) Foss, who were farming people, and he, their only child to reach maturity, spent his early years in agricultural pursuits and attending the district school. When he was fourteen years of age his parents removed to Portsmouth, but continued in farming, so that while enabled to attend the high school he had to walk three miles each way, daily, to

do so. He graduated from the Portsmouth High School in 1877, spent a year at Tilton Seminary, entered Brown University, and graduated therefrom as class poet in 1882.

For a time after graduation he engaged as a book agent, but shortly engaged in the newspaper field in Lynn, Mass., where he published the *Saturday Union*, which was ultimately merged with the *Yankee Blade*, of Boston, of which he became editor, continuing for several years and developing the poetic talent with which nature had endowed him in large measure. He contributed humorous verse and other matter quite voluminously also to other publications. The *Blade* attained a large circulation under his editorship, and gained a national reputation. In the late eighties, he severed his connection with that paper and accepted an editorial position on the *Boston Globe*, in which he continued, doing considerable outside writing, until 1898, when he was chosen librarian of the Somerville public library, having long before made his home in that city, in which position he remained till death, gaining much distinction for thorough work, while at the same time continuing his poetical writing, and engaging quite extensively in the public entertainment field as a reader and lecturer, selections from his writings being largely called for.

Mr. Foss had published several volumes of poems, the last, "Songs of the Average Man," in 1907. He was a member of the Authors, Twentieth Century and Economic Clubs and had been president of the Massachusetts Library Club. In 1907 he received the honorary degree of Master of Arts from Brown University.

In 1887, July 13, he married Carrie, daughter of Rev. Henry W. Conant of Providence, R. I., who survives, with two sons.

HON. GEORGE W. FIFIELD.

Hon. George W. Fifield, a former mayor and well-known citizen of Lowell, Mass., died at his home, 1180 Middlesex Street, in that city, on January 30, 1911.

Mr. Fifield was a native of the town of Belmont in this state (then Upper Gilmanton) born April 25, 1848, the son of Josiah and Viana J. (Dwinells) Fifield. He was educated in the public schools of his native town and at Gilmanton Academy. After graduating from the latter institution he learned the trade of a machinist, which he followed for a time in Belmont, and then went to Waltham, Mass., where he was located for a number of years. In 1873 he removed to Lowell and established a business which developed into the Fifield Tool Company, which was long one of the leading establishments of the kind in the country, the manufacture of engine lathes being a prominent branch of the business.

Politically Mr. Fifield was a Democrat and took an active part in public affairs. He was his party's candidate for mayor against Edward J. Noyes in 1884, but failed of elec-

tion. Nominated for the same office again in 1890, he was elected, and re-elected the following year. He was also the Democratic nominee for Congress in the Lowell District in 1894, though unsuccessful, the district being strongly Republican. For several years he was a member of the Lowell Board of Health. He was a member of the Masonic fraternity and in religion a Universalist. He was many years a director of the Appleton National Bank of Lowell and for some time president of the same. He had also been president of the Lowell Electric Light Company.

He had been twice married, first to Miss Nellie De Roehn, and afterward to Mrs. Susan Knowles, the latter dying some seven years ago. He had no children, but left two sisters, Mrs. Frances Wilson, of Wentworth, N. H., and Miss Abbie M. Fifield of Belmont.

MOSES F. EMERSON.

Moses F. Emerson, one of the most prominent citizens of the town of Candia, died at his home in that town January 19, 1911.

He was born in Candia November 15, 1832, the son of Abraham and Abigail (Dolbear) Emerson. Attendance at town schools was supplemented by a course at Pembroke Academy, and he was then for ten years a teacher in various New Hampshire and Massachusetts schools. Farming then became his principal occupation.

Mr. Emerson had represented Candia in the Legislature and had repeatedly served it as selectman, often as chairman of the board, as collector, member of the school board and in other capacities. For more than fifty years he had been a justice of the peace and probate court matters claimed much of his time. He was a Mason and a member of the Congregational church.

On December 16, 1857, Mr. Emerson married Miss Abbie Patten, of Candia. She survives him, as do four sons, Dr. Francis P. Emerson of Boston, Abraham F. Emerson of Manchester, Dr. William R. P. and Nat W. Emerson, of Boston, and two daughters, Mrs. Charles F. Flanders of Candia, and Miss Annie S. Emerson of Concord.

REV. WILLIAM ORNE WHITE.

Rev. William Orne White, who died at Brookline, Mass., February 17, 1911, though not a native of the state, or a resident thereof at the time of his death, is best known as a New Hampshire man, on account of his extended pastorate over the Unitarian church in Keene.

Mr. White was a native of Salem, Mass., born February 12, 1821. He graduated from Harvard College and from the Cambridge Divinity School in 1844. After leaving the theological school he took a long trip abroad, visiting Egypt as well as several European countries. He was ordained to the ministry

of the Unitarian Church, in West Newton, Mass., November 22, 1848; his resignation of that pastorate taking effect December 31, 1850. He was the pastor of the Unitarian Church in Keene from October 1, 1851, until November 3, 1878. After leaving Keene he established his home in Brookline, where he had since resided. His wife, who was Miss Margaret Eliot Harding, died in June, 1903. A daughter survives, Eliza Orne White, a well-known authoress.

HON. BENJAMIN F. NEALLEY.

Benjamin Franklin Nealley, one of the most prominent and widely known citizens of Dover, died at his home in that city, March 27, 1911.

He was a native of South Berwick, Me., born October 24, 1839. He went to Dover in 1858 and engaged in mercantile life in which he continued with much success until his retirement a few years since. He was active and prominent in public affairs, as a Republican, serving as a member of the common council, city treasurer, representative in the General Court, state senator and mayor. He was also a trustee of the public library, and chairman of the building committee, having in charge the erection of the new city hall, one of the finest in New England. He was a director of the Strafford National Bank and a trustee of the Savings Bank, and had been secretary and treasurer of the Dover Navigation Company since its organization in 1878.

He was a 33d degree Mason; a past master of Strafford lodge, No. 29, A. F. and A. M., past eminent commander of St. Paul commandery Knights Templar; member of Belknap chapter, Royal Arch Masons; Orphan Council No. 1, Royal and Select Masters, and a Shriner. He was also a member of Olive Branch lodge, K. of P., and of the First Parish Congregational church of which he was moderator when he died.

SILAS H. BRIGHAM.

Silas H. Brigham, born in Brownington, Vt., December 26, 1841, died in Lisbon, N. H., March 24, 1911.

Mr. Brigham was the eldest of two sons of John M. and Marion (Grow) Brigham, and was educated in the public schools and Derby, Vt., Academy. He located in Lisbon some thirty years ago, in the hotel business, and "Brigham's Hotel" soon became favorably known to the travelling public. He was subsequently sheriff of Grafton County for two terms, and held the position at the time of the Almy-Warden murder case at Hanover—Frank Almy, by the way, being the last person executed for murder in this state. He was appointed a Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue under the second Cleveland administration in 1893 and reappointed four years later. He married in 1868

Miss Olive J. Merrick, who died in 1902, leaving three sons—Harry S., Frank M., and George L. With the eldest of these, in Lisbon, he had made his home since his wife's death.

DENMAN THOMPSON.

Henry Denman Thompson, universally known by the second Christian name only, noted the continent over as actor and playwright, author of, and impersonator of the leading character, in the famous New England play "Joshua Whitcomb," and of the "Old Homestead" of similar nature, died at his home in West Swanzey, April 14, 1911.

Mr. Thompson was born in Girard, Pa., October 15, 1833, but his parents were Swanzey people (his father being Capt. Rufus Thompson and his mother a daughter of Dr. Henry Baxter) and returned to that town when the son was fourteen years of age. He attended the district school and Mount Caesar Seminary; but at the age of seventeen he joined a circus as property boy, soon developed into an acrobat, and not long after became enamored of the stage, appearing first as a "super" with Charlotte Cushman, at the Howard Athenæum in Boston, and taking his first speaking part

in "The French Spy" at Lowell in 1852. In 1854 he engaged with the Royal Lyceum Theatre in Toronto, Canada, where he remained fourteen years. There he married, in 1860, Maria Ballou, of Niagara, N. Y., who died at West Swanzey in 1904, leaving four children—two sons and two daughters, who still survive. While in Canada he crossed the ocean for one season and played in London with fair success. His first appearance as "Uncle Josh" was at Pittsburg, Pa., in 1875, in a one-act comedy, which he subsequently developed into the longer play which made him famous throughout the country. He travelled constantly for a long series of years, except during the vacation period spent at the Swanzey home which he retained and improved; but a few years since left his part to an understudy, except in a few of the principal cities and finally quit altogether. But the fever returned, and, during the season now closing, he appeared in the "Old Homestead" in New York, Philadelphia and Washington, and had planned to close in Boston, but was forced by failing health to abandon the purpose, returning to Swanzey, where he gradually sank, and passed away at the date above indicated.

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER'S NOTES

By a typographical error in the last issue of the GRANITE MONTHLY the birth of the late Ex-Governor Hiram A. Tuttle was made to appear ten years earlier than it really occurred. It should have read 1837, instead of 1827. In this connection it may be remarked that the recent death of Hon. John McLane, elsewhere noted, removes another from the shortening list of surviving Ex-Governors of the state, of whom seven only remain—David H. Goodell, John B. Smith, Frank W. Rollins, Chester B. Jordan, Nahum J. Bachelder, Charles M. Floyd, and Henry B. Quinby.

The Supreme Court has performed the duty devolving upon it through the recent action of the Legislature, in providing for a permanent Tax Commission of three members, the same to be appointed by the Supreme Court, as were the members of the Board of Equalization, which Board the Commission succeeds, with largely increased powers and duties. The appointees named by the Court are Albert O. Brown of Manchester, chairman, for six years; William B. Fellows of Tilton, present State Auditor, clerk, for four years, and John T.

Amy of Lancaster, two years. One appointment will be made every two years, hereafter for six years, which is the established term of office. The duties of this Commission are of the highest importance, and will doubtless command the abilities of its members in full measure.

One of the latest measures inaugurated by the management of the N. Y., N. H. & H. Railroad in the development policy which it proposes to carry out, under the Mellen administration, in the important section served by the "New England Lines," is the establishment of an Industrial Bureau with headquarters at the South Station in Boston, under the management of Mr. W. H. Seeley, late general freight and passenger agent of the Central New England Railway, who will study the conditions, needs and possibilities of New England industrial life—manufacturing, agricultural and commercial—and, through systematic means and methods, contribute to the advancement of that prosperity which is mutually essential to the railroads and the interests they serve.



“NESTLEDOWN,” COUNTRY HOME OF DAVID E. MURPHY, CONCORD

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. XLIII, No. 5

MAY, 1911

NEW SERIES, VOL. 6, No. 5

NEW HAMPSHIRE COUNTRY HOMES

Home of David E. Murphy, Concord

The "abandoned farm" in New Hampshire has had its day and is now, generally speaking, a thing of the past. Moreover the cheap farm era has gone, probably never to return. Farm values have increased throughout the state more than a hundred per cent., upon an average, in the last ten years, and it is no longer possible to buy a hundred-acre farm, with good buildings thereon, for a thousand dollars or less, as was frequently the case a decade ago. Farms cannot be bought anywhere in the state today except at prices that would have been deemed exorbitant in the days when agriculture was the leading industry of the state, and absolutely preposterous in the later years when its decadence was manifest.

The reasons for this change are many and manifest. The general increase in prices, including the much-talked-of and universally felt "high cost of living" has naturally had its effect in this direction, as has the general improvement in agricultural conditions throughout the country. Another strongly contributing cause is the persistent and effective campaign that has been carried on under the auspices of the State Board of Agriculture, directed by its efficient secretary, to promote the purchase of New Hampshire farms for summer homes by men of wealth from other states,—a movement that has been deplored by some, on the ground that the best interests of the state require permanent, or all-the-year-round, rather than temporary or summer-season occupants upon its farms, but

which has, unquestionably, contributed largely toward the general increase of farm prices.

Another strongly contributory cause, and one less open to objection from any quarter than the last named, is the constantly increasing tendency among business and professional men in the cities and larger towns throughout the state, to secure for themselves country homes—some for summer occupancy only, and others for permanent residence, and to engage to a greater or less extent in agricultural operations in connection therewith, as a healthy diversion, if not as a source of financial profit. Indeed the number of these men who are acquiring farms for homes for the vacation period or for the entire year—some a short distance out in the country and others more remote—is constantly and rapidly increasing, since the trolley line and the automobile render such arrangement entirely practicable.

The more generally the people of all classes come in contact with the soil, and the closer they come to nature in their daily life the healthier they are themselves, physically, mentally and morally. Not every city man can own a farm, or any considerable amount of land, either for occupancy or diversion; but the more generally those who are able to do so avail themselves of the opportunity the better for the entire community, since the general tone and character of society is inevitably improved and elevated by individual contact and influence.

In recent years there has been developed a strong tendency among the business and professional men of Concord to get out into the country onto land of their own, either for longer or shorter periods, and in some cases for the entire year, the feeling being that there is more of health, comfort and genuine enjoyment to be had in a home of one's own, on the fresh face of mother earth, surrounded by green fields and abundant shade trees, with fruit, flowers and vegetables in their season freshly gathered, than in any hotel or boarding-house, wherever located, and at less expense.

Some of these men have gone several miles out into adjacent towns, while others have found desirable locations nearer by. Among the latter is David E. Murphy, the well-known dry goods merchant of the Capital City, and a leader in the state in his line of trade, who purchased the old Worthen place, more recently occupied by Charles F. Flanders, a mile and a half out on South street on the Bow road, containing some twenty acres of land, with a fine old brick mansion, erected by Richard Worthen about 1820. This Richard Worthen, by the way, came up from Amesbury, Mass., in the early part of the last century, to

cut timber for ship pins. He secured a large amount of land in the vicinity of Wheeler's Corner, married Lydia Wheeler, and afterward built this house from brick of his own production, having discovered an extensive clay-bed on his land, and engaged quite largely in brick-making. The brick used for the interior work in the old state house and state prison was of his manufacture.

Mr. Murphy has made extensive improvements upon the house, making it one of the most pleasant and attractive homes in the region and is engaged in bringing the land to a high state of fertility, regardless of labor and expense. His original purpose was to occupy the place as a summer home only, but the comforts and attractions it presents are so alluring that it became at once an all-the-year abiding place, where the busy merchant finds daily rest and recuperation, and his wife entertains her many friends under far pleasanter conditions than are found in the environments of crowded city life.

The interior arrangements of the home, throughout, are of the most charming order, evincing the rare taste of the mistress, a wealth of antique furniture being a leading characteristic.

WHY

By Stewart Everett Rowe

I've done the best I could,
 If I'm misunderstood,
 I do not care—I know what I have done.
 The world may say I lost,
 But I, 'though big the cost,
 Have kept my honor bright from sun to sun!

And so, old world, laugh on,
 I do not mind your scorn,
 You cannot stop me and you cannot blast;
 For God, up there above,
 With great and boundless love,
 Will help me win the victory at last!

MEXICO, OLD AND NEW

Its Sights and Scenes. Its People and Customs

By John C. Thorne, Concord

Old Mexico is a wonderfully interesting country and of especial interest today on account of the Revolution now being enacted within its borders.

A few years ago we visited that people of mysterious origin and strange customs, in a land fascinating in its history, in its ancient architecture, and most attractive in its magnificent scenery, possessing every climate,

us across the Rio Grande river, and we accepted the pleasant invitation.

We left Concord on Tuesday morning, February 19, and, traveling by way of Albany, Chicago, Topeka, Kansas City and Fort Worth, were in San Antonio, Texas, Saturday morning early—3,000 miles from home. Snow and cold, with an occasional blizzard, followed us even through Kansas, but in this old Spanish city



Mount Popocatepetl, 17,785 feet high

owing to latitude and altitude, from the tropical forests of a luxuriant vegetation to the heights of everlasting snow and ice, more than seventeen thousand feet above the sea.

We had visited Europe and looked upon its mighty capitals, wandered through its palaces, castles and galleries of art, viewed its grand mountains, sailed upon its beautiful lakes and rivers, but here was Mexico at our very doors, unique and with the mysticism of the Orient, beckoning

we found roses in bloom amid the tropical growths of its plaza. We visited at once the old, historic Alamo, a stone Mission House of the early fathers, built in 1741, used later as a fortification, now in a dismantled, ruined condition, but preserved in honor of the brave deeds enacted there. Here was the American "Thermopylae." Here fought 180 Americans against 4,000 Mexicans under General Santa Ana in 1836. Unlike the Grecian battle, not even *one* of

these brave men was left alive; among the dead were the noted Davy Crockett, Colonel Bowie and Colonel Travis. The ancient Cathedral, facing the plaza, was interesting, as it was the first of a great many Spanish churches we afterward saw in our journey through Mexico. We also went out to the military barracks, on Government Hill, the finest in the country, and from the lofty tower, rising on its Parade Ground, we gained an extensive view of the broad plains of Texas.

Crossing the Rio Grande at Eagle Pass, to Diaz, so named of course in honor of the really great Mexican President, we also pass safely through the Custom House of the "Gate City" and are on Mexican soil. The Rio Grande del Norte (Grand River of the North) which is the boundary line between the two republics, rises in the Rocky Mountains and flows for 1,500 miles, when it empties into the Gulf of Mexico. To speak of it as grand is to draw upon the imagination. From what we saw, one might have walked over its bed, so much of the water being drawn away for the purpose of irrigation during its long journey.

We took a night ride of 160 miles over the Mexican International, through a sandy, dusty, sage bush region, to Monterey (the Mountain of the King), a city of 50,000 people. Many Americans are located here and great advance has been made in manufactures in the last decade. General Taylor fought a battle here, in 1846, at a place near called the Bishop's Palace. Monterey is surrounded by beautiful and curiously formed mountains. Saddle Mountain has the shape on its lofty ridge, sharply defined against the clear sky, of an immense and perfectly formed Mexican saddle. Another is the Bishop's Mitre, with its clearly cut, double-pointed peak. These jagged mountains are evidently of volcanic origin—reminding one somewhat of the Dolomites in the Austrian Tyrol, but lacking the height and

beautiful colorings of those unequalled peaks.

Perhaps a description of Monterey in its general outline will serve as an illustration of nearly every Mexican city which we visited with a few exceptions, which were some fifteen in number. The first object, and the center of the life of these old Spanish cities, is the plaza, or park, with its rare trees to Northern eyes, the graceful, towering palm, the sweet scented orange and the great oleander trees, with their innumerable pink blossoms. The varied forms of the cactus and the magnificent century plant, with its broad, sword-shaped leaves, the blossom being borne aloft on a stem twenty feet in the air. In the center of this garden of beauty, around which circle the walks, is the elaborate music stand, where the band discourses sweet music every evening to the gathered promenading people. Facing this plaza are the important government buildings, and if it is the capital of the state there is the Governor's palace also. There too rises the grand cathedral, with highly ornamental façade, either in stucco or carved stone.

On another side of the square are the finer shops, in portals or arcades, as you see in Paris or Venice. In a more distant section of the city is the great market, an enclosed building of immense size, while around it in the open space are numberless booths and large umbrellas under which are sold the fruits, vegetables and flowers of the southern clime. One peculiarity is in the sale of the goods, which are gathered in little clusters and sold for so many centavos each, making it difficult and almost impossible to buy in any large quantity. "Larry," our caterer for the dining car, had much trouble in collecting supplies for our company. It may be stated that in our travel through Mexico our Pullman train of diners and sleepers was generally side-tracked for our stay at different points, as the accommodations were were much better than the hotels

could offer—except at the great cities of Guadalajara of 100,000 people and the City of Mexico of 400,000, where we were well cared for. At the capital of the country our quarters were in the Palace of Iturbide, on San Francisco street. The former President was absent, but we were well entertained in the stately halls surrounding the courts of this great edifice.

One other attraction is the “bull ring”—patronized by the populace

by a race now unknown—some eastern race, we judge from its sculptured ruins, its lofty pyramids and its ancient legends, all of which betoken a great antiquity. Here came Hernando Cortez, the great and cruel Spanish conqueror, in the 15th century, and with a mere handful of soldiers gained possession of this whole country with its untold treasure for himself, his followers and the king of Spain. The horses and fire arms, which the natives had never seen



Castle of Chapultepec, City of Mexico

somewhat but too much by the tourist as the spectacle is a disgusting one, so some of our company said, and the sport, so called, is frowned upon by the authorities although not yet abolished.

We are now well into the heart of Old Mexico. As we journey on, into this land of history and mystery, we recall that here settled the Toltecs in the year 600 A. D., the Aztecs in 1100, Spaniards in 1500, and a good many Americans in 1900. It was occupied at a much earlier period than any date here mentioned

before, spread terror and dismay among them, they regarding them as beings sent from Heaven and bearing in their hands the thunder and the lightning. The grand mountains, the great tablelands and the wonderful climate was about all this savage and avaricious conqueror left in the land he so thoroughly subdued.

The Republic of Mexico is much larger than is generally supposed. While the domain gained by Cortez for Spain stretched from Florida and Mexico to Alaska, the present area is upwards of 800 miles in width and

2,000 miles in length, containing 775,000 square miles—as large as England, France, Germany and Spain combined, or 85 times greater than our State of New Hampshire. The interior is a lofty tableland, at an elevation of from 2,000 to 8,000 feet above the sea, while mighty mountains like Ixtaccihuatl (White Woman) 16,000 feet, and Popocatepetl (Smoking Mountain) 17,700 feet, rise into the sky. They, like Mount Blanc, are “crowned with a diadem of snow.”

The population of Mexico is about 14,000,000, as estimated; 2,000,000 being of Spanish descent and 100,000 of European and American. Inquiring in the plaza of Guadalajara, one of the best Mexican cities, one day as to the number of its people, our informant said “about 10,000 American and 90,000 others.” Twenty-six different dialects are spoken within the boundary of Mexico.

The republic is very similar in its form of government to our own United States. There are twenty-eight states, one territory and one federal district of which the City of Mexico is the capital. Each state has its Governor, Legislature and Courts. General Diaz is nominally President, practically he is Dictator and has ruled his country with a strong hand and this turbulent, revolutionary people, partially civilized and densely ignorant need it, and certainly for thirty years he has proven himself one of the world's great statesmen, and the friends of humanity may look with a good deal of anxiety upon the results of the present revolution as regards maintaining peace and establishing prosperity on the foundation laid by the “Washington of his Country.” During his long reign, the republic has seen a wonderful advance along all lines; yet at the age of 80 years, notwithstanding his wise management of affairs, it may be well that he step down from his place of power and if the mass of the population are strong enough in self-control, a larger

freedom may be given them under a more liberal ruler.

Returning to a more detailed account of the observations of our tour, and considering the climate, we find that, owing to its nearness to the equator and the varied elevations of the land, that here is every climate from the *tierra caliente*, or hot land, along the coast to the *tierra fria*, or cold land, on the high table region, and along the mountain slopes. A most delightful climate in the temperate zone with only slight variations averaging 60 degrees in the winter and 70 degrees in the summer. The dry season extends from November to May; the wet season from May to November. During the dry period it never rains, while in the wet it generally rains every afternoon. Thus it appears to be a condition that may be relied upon, and six months before starting upon our trip we were promised a beautiful sunset and grand view of Popocatepetl from the summit of the great pyramid of Cholula, and such we had.

In consequence of these climatic and atmospheric facts the fruits and products of three zones are obtainable—especially the temperate and torrid. Naturally a very dry country, as it appeared to us after three months of drought (our visit being in February and March), the rivers and waterways had suffered. The Gulf of Mexico was full, however, and at Tampico we went in bathing in its delightfully tempered water. After our refreshing bath, we were asked if we had seen any man-eating sharks, as it was said they frequented this neighborhood.

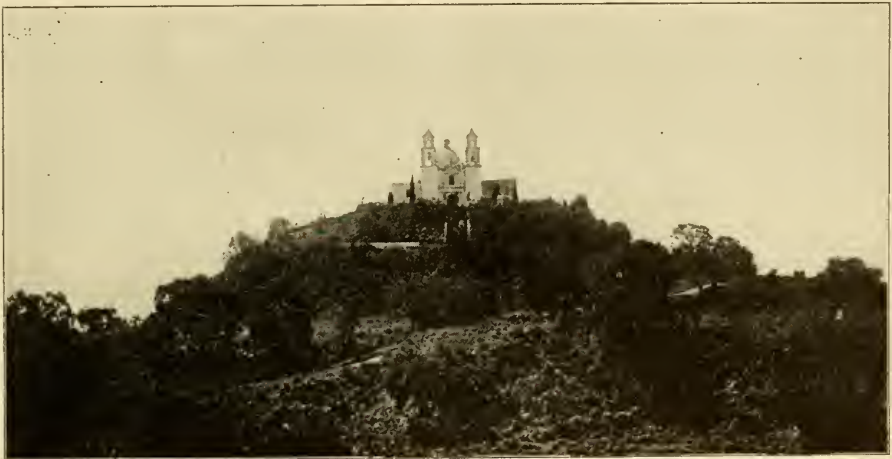
The lakes are few, the most important being Chapala “the lake above the clouds,” resting among the mountains at an elevation of 5,000 feet. It is thirty miles wide and sixty miles long, and we sailed across its bosom, enjoying a delightful afternoon.

The railroads, over which we were conveyed from city to city, are marvels of engineering skill. They cross

deep ravines, or barrancas, ascend lofty mountains and are one of the wonders of this wonderland. In passing from the City of Mexico to Cuernavaca, we went over mountains 10,000 feet high, drawn by double-header engines. There are many thousand miles of railroads, entering every state and exceedingly well constructed. They are managed largely by English and Americans.

The architecture, as portrayed in churches, convents, palaces and homes, is both Spanish and Oriental. The hundreds of churches, built in an ornate style of elaborate decoration

The greatest and most antique ruin, showing in a marked degree the power of the early races to build grandly, is the great pyramid of Cholula, a few miles from Puebla, (the City of the Angels,) and also called the Onyx City, from its rich mines of the celebrated Mexican onyx. This pyramid is built of sun-dried and fire-burned brick, twelve by fourteen inches in size, its height is 200 feet above the plain and covering an area of twenty-three acres—twice as large a base as the great pyramid of Cheops on the banks of the Nile. It faces the four points of the compass, a paved



Pyramid of Cholula

exist all over Mexico—built, of course, in honor of, and for worship in the Catholic faith. Convents and monasteries have been erected without number; but in recent years, the government has confiscated the wealth of the churches and turned convents and monasteries into public schools. The homes of the better class are built around a court, or patio, as it is called here. Fountains and flowers abound, making a most delightful arrangement for seclusion and rest. The adobe houses of the peons, or poorer class, are constructed of sun-dried clay, are poorly and cheaply made, with the earth for a floor, almost windowless and decidedly cheerless abodes.

road, with steps of hewn stone, up which we walked, leads to the summit. The top is one hundred and sixty feet square and on it stood a magnificent temple dedicated to the "God of the Air." Here blazed a never-dying fire, fanned by the winds of heaven. To this shrine, says the old chronicler, "came the people from near and afar to worship," as to Rome or to Mecca.

The sides of the pyramid are now overgrown with shrubs and even trees, and, at a distance, it has the appearance of a natural hill. In the place of the old temple stands one built by Cortez who, as was his custom, destroyed what he found and

replaced it with one devoted to the Catholic religion. This one which is a fine church of noble proportions still stands, nearly four hundred years old, and is called the Church of Nuestra Señora de los Remedios. From the steps of this edifice and the ground adjoining grand views of the city of Cholula, the vast plain encircling it and of the two principal mountains of all Mexico, Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl, are to be had. Our school-day remembrances recall those almost unpronounceable names, then we had never expected to look upon their grandeur. Today from the top of the pyramid, the towers of sixty churches can be counted, to express the civilization of Cortez' day he wrote to Spain that from this height he saw 450 towers rising from this sacred city of then nearly 400,000 souls. The legend is that this was built by two giants, survivors of a deluge that overspread the whole land. Very much the idea of the Tower of Babel, raised to save a remnant at least of a race from another flood.

The public schools are located, in some cases, in former convents, or monasteries. We visited one in the city of Silao (See-low), a place of perhaps 20,000 population. Passing along the street we hear a humming noise, and stopping at the door are invited in by the gracious lady teacher who with smiles and bows conducts us to the platform. The little scholars were studying out loud, as seemed to be their custom; but, putting aside their books, they sing to us their national hymn with vigor and sweetness, in the Spanish tongue. The superintendent of the building appears and in broken Spanish introduced himself, saying in a most deferential manner, "I am the director of this school; you are most welcome; this house is yours and I am your obedient servant." We were politely shown through the different departments of the large school and as we took our leave he presented each one of us with rare specimens of quartz from the neighboring mountains.

From Silao we took a branch of the Mexican Central for Guanajuato, (Wan-ah-wah'-to) a word of Toltec origin, meaning "Hill of the Frogs," where a huge frog, cut in stone, was early worshipped. This is one of the great mining towns with a population of 40,000. We pass through, under and over, in our progress up the steep hill, some of the greatest silver reduction works in the world. As we ride along the scene suggests most vividly views in old Palestine. Perched on the almost perpendicular hillsides are the low, flat, adobe houses standing out here and there on some jutting crag, where scarcely a goat could rest; rising, tier above tier, along other parts of the way, occupied by the Mexican peons who labor in the mines. Along the road which we travel by mule car are crowds of people. Burros and carts laden with silver ore coming down from the mountains. Men and burros are the great burden bearers of Mexico—men with heavy pieces of rock ore, weighing several hundred pounds, strapped upon their backs, marching in file. Also the patient little donkey, loaded beyond his own weight with baskets of the ore from the mines. On our left as we pass are the silver haciendas or reduction works, built like an ancient castle with high walls and drawbridges for protection against revolutions and robbers. We visit one of these works and see the pure silver reduced from the rough ore. The old patio process for the amalgamation of silver, invented in 1557, is still the most popular. The ore is first crushed by immense stones, turned by mules, until it becomes a powder; then it is carried by water to a paved court yard, or patio. When the mass is about two feet deep then blue vitriol, salt and quicksilver are thrown in. When thus ready a herd of mules are driven around and constantly around in it, from two to four weeks; the amalgam sinks; the quicksilver is separated by distillation, leaving at the bottom blocks of pure silver. It is almost

everywhere done by this old laborious process in use for four hundred years, by mule and man power.

This ancient way I was told by the manager yields fully as satisfactory returns as more modern methods; fully as large a percentage of silver from each ton of ore and at as small a cost. This is undoubtedly owing to the meagre pay of forty to sixty cents a day paid the workmen, and the very few dollars for the cost of mules. From 1548 to the present over one thousand millions of dollars

and delicate green stone from the surrounding mountains. Two noble lions in bronze guard the broad entrance. The auditorium is very richly and lavishly decorated in magnificent colorings by Mexico's greatest scenic artist, Herrea. Five tiers of galleries rise in beautiful curves to the gorgeous ceiling, and the appointments throughout are of the most luxurious character. Throughout this land, you will find beautiful and expensive theatres in the principal cities, approved and fostered by the govern-



Statute of Columbus, City of Mexico

has been produced from these mines and they are apparently as rich as ever. We later continued on up this winding barranca, quaint and oriental in every respect, up to the city of Guanajuato itself, 6,800 feet above sea level. One of the attractions, as is true of many of these southern cities is the theatre. Juarez theatre, in this city, is one of the finest in Mexico and probably on this continent. I think I have seen only one play house that surpassed it—the Grand Opera House in Paris. It has been only recently completed and is in every way of modern construction, built of a most beautiful

ment to offset the brutal bull fights which now only the lower classes and American tourists attend. For amusements other than these the common people indulge in cock-fighting and gambling; but what they do not have is the coarse and most brutal of all things, the American prize fight.

While it was heretofore stated that one city like Monterey is typical, in many respects, of every other Mexican city, yet each has a characteristic of its own, also. For instance, Quéretaro is the "Opal City." Opals large and small, good and bad, and in abundance, are mined and worked here. Puebla is the "Onyx City,"

rich mines of this valuable and semi-precious stone being found in its mountains.

San Luis Potosi is the "Silver City" the name indicates that it is the "City of the Treasure." The great output of silver has been so enormous during the last 300 years that even its streets might be paved with solid blocks of the white metal.

Durango, the "Iron City," is located near a mountain of iron enough for the world's supply for several hundred years. This mount of iron is only half a mile from the railroad station, and the metal averages 75 to 90 per cent. pure.

Leon is the "Leather City"—noted for its beautiful work in the magnificent saddles and bridles that the Mexican cavalier loves so well. The Sombrero that may be loaded with gold and silver trimmings to cover his head, and the Zerape of many brilliant colors which he wraps about him in true Spanish fashion are also manufactured in the little square adobe homes of the natives.

Aguas Calientes—"City of Hot Waters"—was another one of our many tarrying places. It is noted for its delightful hot baths which are most refreshing and much sought for in this hot and dusty region. Our baths were had in one of those cleanly but ancient houses that look as if they were brought from the plains of Palestine, where the water bubbles up in small swimming tanks, in different apartments at varying degrees of temperature. The baths are properly named after John the Baptist and the Apostles, their names are written over the doors with the figures indicating their particular amount of heat. A small towel, a cotton quilt in which to wrap yourself, a bit of good soap, and a wisp of the fibre of the maguey plant as a wash cloth, are handed you in an antique brass basin, as you put down your 25 centavos and are shown to your room of luxury—it is indeed such after a ride of several hundred miles through this dusty land.

Besides its baths the town is noted for its beautiful drawn-work. It is brought to the train in great variety and quality, from the coarse grade to the spider-web which is so ruinous to the eyes of those who make it.

The Jardin of San Marco (or Garden of St. Mark), is a beautiful one, with its plants and flowers and trees of the southern clime. There are numerous churches here, with numberless paintings by old masters, but generally hung in a poor light and so dim with age that they do not attract much attention unless some special one is pointed out. Many of these were sent from Spain by Charles the Fifth and during succeeding reigns.

Another interesting city is that of Queretaro, (Kay-ret'-aro) from an old Indian word "guerénda," a rocky peak. This is the "Opal City," as before remarked. Nearly every person one meets here, man, woman or child, has a handful of opals to sell. These brilliant little gems are of different bright colors, but the choicest is the fire-opal which in its iridescence contains all the hues of the rainbow. A dozen of the pretty stones was thrust into our hands as we were taking the train for a bit of silver we gave in exchange. It was here, in this city, that the Emperor Maximilian made his last headquarters, and from which, as he attempted to escape, he was captured and, after a court martial, ordered to be executed. A couple of miles out from the city, on the "Hill of the Bells," he and his two generals Mijia and Miramon were shot at sunrise. As the soldiers aimed their guns and the command came to fire Maximilian shouted "*Viva independencia! Viva Mexico!*" The men fell dead in their places and the empire which Napoleon III sought to establish on this continent expired at the same moment.

We present a copy of a photograph, taken by the writer, of the Memorial Chapel, very recently erected on this spot by the Austrian government. The view from the steps of the Chapel is broad and beautiful—the fields of

green in the foreground while in the distance rise the towers and domes of the city. The body of the Emperor lies with the Hapsburgs in a distant land, thousands of miles away from this scene, while the two faithful generals who died with him lie in the cemetery of San Fernando, in the City of Mexico.

One of the objects which meets the eye and reminds one of a similar work which crosses the Campagna at Rome, as you drive out on the Appian Way, is the immense stone aqueduct, crossing the undulating land for some five miles, passing through tunnels and again rising in massive stone arches nearly one hundred feet in height. This expensive work was constructed by a single rich Mexican citizen, as a gift to his town and his statue very properly occupies one of the city's plazas. This water from the mountains is distributed to several fountains, at various points, and is a continual blessing in this dry and thirsty land.

Of Puebla, (Poo-eb'-lah) the "City of the Angels," much could be written of the legend of the vision which gave its name; of the vicissitudes of war, which, next to the capital, it has suffered most in this long-harassed and overturned country. Of the Cathedral of Puebla, however, mention should be made. Except in point of size I think it is a rival of the great Cathedral of the City of Mexico and has a finer and more beautiful interior. A photograph is here reproduced of the high altar, the rich carvings which adorn it and the noble proportions of the lofty arches. As you approach this noble structure across the Plaza, you are reminded by its lofty twin towers of Notre Dame in Paris. The main doorway is on the west, between the towers, and the altar at the east end, as I believe is customary in all of the world's great cathedrals. The church is 323 feet long, 101 feet wide and the ceiling more than 80 feet in height; the whole surmounted by a splendid dome. The tower contains eighteen

bells, the largest weighing 20,000 pounds. The organ is carved in native woods, as are the great doors. The pulpit is of precious onyx. The high altar of every kind of marble that can be found in Mexico. There are many paintings of sacred events; rich tapestries of Flanders presented by Charles V., King of Spain; vestments of great value in richly carved and gilded chests—on the whole a wealth of adornment that makes this the richest and grandest church on the American continent.

As one finds in Italy that all roads finally lead to Rome, "The Eternal



Maximillian Memorial Chapel, "Queraro

City," so in Mexico we found that all roads led to Mexico City, the oldest city in America. It is situated in a valley, yet has an elevation above the sea of 7,875 feet—about 1,500 feet higher than the summit of Mount Washington. More than 500 years ago this was a great city, of a highly civilized people, located in the midst of lakes. The Aztecs looking for a site for their home, saw perched on the stem of the prickly cactus on the shore of a lake a golden eagle of great size and beauty, with a serpent in his talons and his wings outstretched toward the rising sun, this they took for a favorable omen and here they remained. This legend is preserved

as the emblem of the nation, upon its banner of red, white and green.

The city and the country was called Mexico from Mexitli, the war god of the Aztecs. For 250 years, the city was the largest upon this continent. The first houses were of reeds and rushes. These were soon supplanted by solid structures of stone.

Magnificent temples and palaces were erected resembling a city of the East. Mexico City is in the Federal District and is governed as is Washington, by the National Congress. Facing the Plaza Mayor, or principal park, the first object in this city of 400,000 people to claim one's attention is the great cathedral which was about 100 years in building, from the 16th to 17th century. The mighty edifice is of stone, 400 feet long, 177 feet wide, and 179 feet from the tiled floor to the roof—19 feet higher than the ceiling of Cologne Cathedral. The twin towers rise 203 feet. There are fourteen chapels connected with the building. Its cost was many millions. We entered its portals on a Sunday morning, but the throng was so great and the smoke of the burning incense with the dust-loaded air was so stifling that we made a quick retreat into the clear air and bright sunshine. This church is erected on the very foundations of the sacrificial temple of Montezuma.

Of the National Library and its treasures; of the School of Fine Arts; the National Museum with its fine collections of antiquities of special interest, which we would like to speak of, the various schools and colleges; hospitals and numerous and interesting churches and palaces, parks and monuments, space permits no mention and a brief word only as to the National Palace on the main plaza, built on the site of the palace of Montezuma, which was destroyed by Cortez and another erected by him which gave way in 1692 to the beginning of the present "new palace" 675 feet long. Occupied by the departments of government, it is not the

residence of the President. That is at the Castle of Chapultepec, on the "Hill of the Grasshopper." This royal abode is some two miles from the city and is approached by the grand avenue De la Reforma, planned by the Empress Carlotta, wife of Maximilian. Many monuments and statues, amid the overhanging trees, adorn this great highway from the Capitol to the Palace, now the White House of Mexico. The statue of Columbus, erected in a glorieta on this thoroughfare, claims attention as the first one erected on the continent which he discovered. It is a fine piece of work, of Cordier's, placed here by the generosity of a wealthy Mexican. The base is of a dark stone, with lamps at each corner. Resting on this is a massive block of red marble ornamented by exquisite sculpture on its four sides, representing important events in Columbus' life, above these, life-size figures in bronze, and surmounting the whole, the statue of the great discoverer drawing the veil that hides the new world. A view of this work of art, in the capital of the nation, is here given. At the foot of the rocky hill we pass through a grove of ancient cypress trees and note especially the "Tree of Montezuma," 60 feet in circumference and said to be at least 1,600 years old. Beneath the tree Montezuma wept at the loss of his empire,

This great building, on this superb site, has the appointments of regal magnificence. The Spanish viceroys of olden time, emperors of later days, and the president of the present, have added to its size and to its beauty. The fittings of the apartments are on a royal scale. The inclosed piazzas are a dream in Venetian glass, representing in groups of female figures, which cost \$85,000 in gold, the four seasons with their fruits and flowers. The onyx bath-rooms were a revelation of imperial magnificence.

One of the world's greatest views—



Interior of Puebla Cathedral, The Grand Altar

and I have looked upon many throughout different portions of this earth—is to be had from the terraces of this home of the kings, emperors and presidents of the last 1,000 years. Mountains, plains, the great valley of Mexico and the noble city itself, the battle

fields of Molino Del Rey and Cherubusco of 1847, are in the foreground, while the grand mountains which so often greet you push their white crowns into the deep blue of the sky as a setting for this glorious scene.

THE MOSQUITOS

By Georgiana Rogers

I hate them, abhor them, detest them,
No, I haven't put it one bit too strong,
Singing, whining, sighing around
Half of the day and all night long.

If they would simply come and light,
And very respectfully take a bite,
And then quietly get right out,
There wouldn't be so much to kick about.

There are other things that aren't perfection
And will hardly bear a close inspection;
I don't like a spider, a flea or a bee,
But from a mosquito, dear Lord, deliver me.

HISTORY OF THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH IN HAMPTON

By Rev. J. A. Ross

[In view of the publication, in the last two numbers of the *GRANITE MONTHLY*, of an extended article on the noted Rev. Stephen Bachiler, the venerable first pastor of the church in Hampton, the presentation at this time of a history of that church—the oldest in the state—for the first 250 years of its existence seems most appropriate. This is condensed from a sermon, preached on the occasion of the 250th anniversary of the church, August 19, 1888.]

In September of 1638, the fifty-six original settlers laid out the township of Winnicunett, and organized, or may be continued the organization of, the oldest church in New Hampshire, with Stephen Bachiler as pastor. The name seems to have been changed to Hampton on June 6, 1639. I should like to give here a paper probably written by Father Bachiler, but it is too long. Instead I will give a short extract from Johnson's *Wonderful Working Providence*:—After stating that Hampton had her foundation stone "scituate not farre from the famous river of Merrimack," and that "the great store of salt marsh did intice the people to set down their habitations there, having about four hundred and fifty head of cattle," the writer proceeds, "and for the form of the town it is like a Flower de luce, two streets of houses wheeling off from the main body thereof; the land is fertile, but filled with swamps and some store of rocks, the people are about sixty families; being gathered in church covenant, they called to office the reverend, grave and gracious Mr. Dalton, having also for some little space of time the more ancient Mr. Bachiler to preach unto them also."

Thus the church is planted in the wilderness. But a place is needed in which to meet for worship. Before their own homes were finished the little log meeting-house went upon the Ring, near where Mr. Holmes now lives. And the bell must have summoned the worshipers, for at the second town meeting of which we have any record, "on the 22nd of the 9th mo., 1639," we find this vote: "Wm. Sanborne (with his con-

sent) is appointed to ring the Bell before the meetings (on the Lords' dayes and other dayes) for which he is to have 6d. per lott of every one having a lott within the Towne." How strange the sound of the bell, startling the echoes amid the pine woods, and rolling across the marshes! How sweet the sound to the early settlers in the wilderness! Memories of home were in it. It recalled the green lanes of old England, and the ivy-covered churches where many of them had plighted their marriage vows, and some had left their dead. But we hear no word of repining from these brave men and true women. And a worthier home for the worship of their God must be built. In a town meeting of the following year it was voted, That Richard Knight build a "meeting-house frame 40 foot long, & 22 foot wide, with ye studdes, 13 foot high (between joynete) 8or 9 inches broad, and 18 inches only betwixt studd & studd with girt windows & a place for the Bell (now given by ye reverend pastor) 5 or 6 beams; 5 or 6 pair of principal rafters, & the rest answerable, to be payed, the one halfe in money or work by the tyme the frame is up, and the other halfe in money or beasts (at reasonable prices) within one year after." At a town meeting one year after this, "agreement is made to defray the charge of ye meeting-house by voluntary gifte." And although not completed in 1644, it must have been occupied in 1640, for we read then of the porch being used as a watch-house.

It was a plain building, without chimney or stove, at first without galleries, with a pulpit, and may be

a pew for the minister, with unenclosed seats, probably without backs, where the men and women sat apart, and the young people sat by themselves, and the services of the tything man were needed to keep them in order. The prayers and sermons were long. But the people met for worship. They believed in a God who was ever with them, and ordered all the events of their lives. With fervor they sang from Dunster's Psalms. Devoutly they stood through the long prayer. With patience, if not always with profit, they listened to the always doctrinal, but not always practical, sermon, and during the week discussed its teachings in the field and by the fireside. We will not look too closely into the causes of the fierce quarrel between Father Bachiler and his colleague, Teacher Dalton. They were both men of high temper and stubborn will. Father Bachiler was deposed and excommunicated, left Hampton in 1647, married a third wife when eighty-nine years old, and returned to England in 1650, where he married again, his third wife being still living. The chronicler quaintly adds, "How much longer he lived, and how many more wives he married is unknown." He died at Hackney, near London, in his hundredth year.

With Father Bachiler was associated as teacher Timothy Dalton, one of the original settlers. After Father Bachiler's departure he seems to have had a fairly quiet and prosperous ministry. The meeting-house was completed during his ministry. He had a farm of 300 acres, and for some years at least a salary of forty pounds. After 1652, he seems to have received no salary, and, probably owing to failing health, performed no pastoral or ministerial work, although retaining the title and (I think) the official authority until his death, December 28, 1661. Rather singular duties were expected of ministers in those days. At different times he was chosen with two others "to sett the bonds between Hampton and Colchester" (now Salisbury), with five others "to go and

view the highways towards Colchester," and "on a committee to confer about a ferri-place." Teacher Dalton was a more consistent man than his first colleague, but I think not so able a man, nor so unselfish. He seemed to know how to look out for himself, and acquired considerable property. Still we find him relinquishing four years' salary which the town owed him, and his famous Deed, from which came the ministerial fund, was partly gift. "He conveyed by this Deed to the church and town of Hampton for use of the ministry forever, certain portions of his land for the sum of 200 pounds sterling." He was an able theologian, strictly orthodox, and somewhat intolerant. He had a keen eye for Quakers and witches, although not directly concerned in the persecution of Eunice Cole. Johnson sings of him:

"Age crownes thy head, in righteousness proceed
To batter down, root up and quite destroy
All Heresies and Errors that draw back
Unto perdition, and Christ's folks annoy."

What is mortal of him rests in yonder cemetery. Peace be to his ashes. He laid a foundation stone in this venerable church. I would lay my tribute wreath on his tombstone, if I could only find it. Is it not somewhat to our shame that the tombstones of these fathers of the church and town are lying neglected, and hidden by the rank grass?

But how did the strictly orthodox Dalton get along with his somewhat heretical colleague, John Wheelwright? It seems to me that there must have been friction between men of such positive characters as they both were, and so divergent in theological opinion. In those days men contended rather too earnestly for what they were pleased to call the faith once delivered to the saints. Of course they were "the saints." Wheelwright was brother-in-law of the famous Mrs. Hutchinson of Boston, and shared to some extent her views. If he did not, as she did, claim immediate revelation as the guide of his conduct, nor

denounce in equally extravagant terms the magistrates and ministers, he had very little respect for authority, civil or ecclesiastical, and in his doctrine of the indwelling of the Holy Spirit came perilously near to fanaticism, and pushed his doctrine of justification to the verge of anti-nomianism. When Mrs. Hutchinson was banished from the colony and went to Rhode Island, he withdrew to Exeter and formed a settlement and a church there. His claim to Winnicunett, founded on a grant from Indians, was rightfully disallowed by the General Court of Massachusetts. We next find him at Wells, in the province of Maine. The General Court having removed the sentence of disability on the acknowledgment of his errors, he was called to Hampton, then claimed by Massachusetts. The call is a curiosity. I should like to give it in full, if I had time. The good people of Hampton were evidently somewhat afraid of his love of change or aptness to stir up strife. They frame the call with all the carefulness and minute particularity of a legal document. Mr. Wheelwright is offered free transportation from Wells to Hampton, 40 pounds per year, a house and house-lot, and "the farm that was Mr. Bachiler's." To raise the salary it was voted: "Every master of a familie shall pay 5 shillings to the some of 40 pounds, & be more or lesse, according as the some or somes of the rates are, & all single-men, which goeth at ther owne hand, ore that taketh anye wages for themselves, they shall likewise paye 5 shillings as aforesaid." "Then what remaineth shall be raised upon the estate of every person equally, according to that they do possesse—be it in houses, land, cattle, boates, or otherwise, excepting only ther corne, which shall goe rate-free." A like salary was at the same time voted to Teacher Dalton.

It is not certain when he left Hampton. He was here in 1654, for in December of that year it was voted that 10 pounds be added to

his salary. This year is noted for the remarkable hail-storm. The storm was in June. In some places, the hail lay twelve inches deep, "and was not all dissolved 2 days after the storme, in many places, as we are informed by many eye-witnesses, and many of which haile were said to be 3 or 4 inches in length." I infer from the record of a town-meeting held December, 1656, that he was then about leaving, or that there was trouble between him and Mr. Dalton. But the vote is so ambiguously worded that no positive statement can be ventured on it. In 1658 he was in England, and in high favor with Oliver Cromwell, who said that, when he and Wheelwright were fellow-students at Cambridge, he was more afraid of meeting him at football than he was afterwards of meeting an army in the field. He returned to this country, and died in Salisbury in 1679, between 80 and 90 years of age.

Mr. Wheelwright's successor and Mr. Dalton's next colleague, Rev. Seaborn Cotton, so called because born at sea, inherited all the stiff Calvinism of his father, the famous John Cotton of Boston. Mr. Cotton was installed pastor in 1660 or thereabouts, two years after that unseasonably cold weather that came on after the apple trees were in blossom—the change in temperature so sudden, and the cold so severe that "in a fishing boat belonging to Hampton one man died before he could reach the shore, another was so chilled that he died in a few days, and a third lost his feet." His salary was fixed at 60 pounds. He had also a house given him, and a farm of 200 acres laid out at Hogpen Plain. In those days young people did not behave so well during services as they do now. At a town meeting in 1663:—"Itt is ordered thatt two of the inhabitane of the towne shall sitt in the gallery to keepe the youth in order in the time of publick exercises to see that they keepe their plases & sitt orderly & inofensavely." At a town meeting in June, 1675, it was voted,—That all

the inhabitants over twenty meet at the ringing of the bell to assist in raising the new meeting-house, and a fine of twelvapence in money is to be imposed on all who "faile of appearance." It was some years before the meeting-house was finished. In 1679 we find a vote for seating the people in the new meeting-house, so that it must have been then occupied. In 1680 it was voted that the old meeting-house be taken down. The heathen, as our fathers termed the Indians, were now making trouble, for in 1689 "it was voted that all those which were willing to make a fortification about the meeting House to Secure themselves and their families from the Violence of the Heathen they shall have free libertie to doe it." Captain Samuel Sherburne was the first man to whom was granted liberty to build a pew for his family in the meeting-house, "provided," the record characteristically reads, "he builds it not so high as Mr. Cotton's seat is built." This was in 1687. The minister was then the great man. He was king in his Jerusalem. To him the boys took off their hats, and the girls courtesied, and from his lips was received the law as well as the gospel.

Eunice Cole, of whose exploits as a witch tradition has so much to say, was a sad trial to Mr. Cotton, who inherited all his father's abhorrence of witchcraft, and a continual vexation to the town. Miserable must have been her death, alone and unattended in her wretched hut on the Ring; and melancholy her funeral, her body hustled without religious service into a hole near by, with a stake driven through it to which was attached a horse-shoe. About the same time the following shameful warrant was directed to the constables of several towns, and executed in Hampton and other places:—"You and every one are required, in the King's Majestie's name, to take those vagabond Quakers, Anna Coleman, Mary Tompkins, and Anne Ambrose, and making them fast to the cart's tail and drawing the cart through

your several towns, to whip them on their naked backs not exceeding ten stripes apiece on each of them in each town, and so convey them from Constable to Constable till they are out of this jurisdiction, as you will answer at your peril, and this shall be your warrant."

Mr. Cotton died pastor of this church, April 19, 1686, at the early age of fifty. He was the author of a catechism not now extant and is described in Mather's *Magnalia* as "a thorough scholar and able preacher." He certainly was a hard working minister, delivering well studied sermons on the Sabbath, calling the young people about him for frequent catechising, and visiting among the families of his flock. Also a doughty fighter of the Arminian heresy and zealous for the truth as he understood it. If he did flee to Boston to escape imprisonment, he was no coward. If he did bend to the storm, he was not a reed shaken in the wind. Should the storm blow too fiercely he would stand firm, and rather be uprooted and laid prostrate like one of the Hampton pines by the strong wind than deny the faith. He left a list of the names of sixty-eight members of the church.

His successor was his son, John Cotton. He was ordained pastor of the church November 19, 1696, ten years after the death of his father, but was acting pastor some time before his ordination. In 1694 the town voted a salary to our *present* minister, Mr. John Cotton. The vote is somewhat of a curiosity. I give it as recorded: "The Town will give our present minister, Mr. John Cotton, Eighty-five pounds a year for his paynes in the work of the ministry amongst us to be paid every half year in Wheat five shillings pr bushel, Indian Corn three shillings pr bushel, Mault and Rye at four shillings per bushell, pork at threepence per pound, all marchble and good over and beside the contribution every quarter formerly agreed upon, and the use and benefit of the House land and

Meadow that is appointed for the Ministry. And the Town to maintain the outside fence of said land and Meadow, and besides what the Towne shall see case to doe for him in wood towards maintaining his fiers." The church was in a sad state of spiritual decline when Mr. Cotton became its pastor. Only twenty-five members, ten male and fifteen female. During his pastorate of thirteen years two hundred and twenty were added to the church. In 1698 fourteen were dismissed to join the church in Exeter. The congregation must have grown, as there was a demand for more seats in the meeting-house. Discipline was enforced, and active measures were taken to bring the young people to a sense of their covenant obligations. In 1704 it was voted,—“That the Present Selectmen take care that all the Clay Walls in the Meeting House that are not ceiled shall be Smoothed over with Clay and Washed with White Lime & made Hansom,” “to have the flore over Beams of sd Meeting House covered with Bords, and these bords that are Seasoned Joynted & nayled Down.” A parsonage was built, and the fortification was removed from the meeting-house. There seems to have been a general waking up. The life that cometh down out of heaven was astir in this church. From these scattered farm-houses they crowded the roads that led to the Ring, and fervent prayers were answered, and discouraged, and almost despairing, souls were lightened, and eyes dim with watching again saw the salvation of the Lord. The able preacher and faithful pastor, maybe worn out by overmuch work, died suddenly March 27, 1710, at the early age of fifty-two. During his ministry 320 were admitted to full communion, and there were about 975 baptisms.

His successor, Rev. Nathaniel Gookin, who had married his daughter, was ordained pastor November 14, 1710. At a town meeting held in April, 1710, quite a number dissented from the vote to hire a minister for

the town for reasons which do not appear on the record. The prosperity of the church continued under the earnest labors of this excellent man. Although, besides the ordinary losses, in 1711 forty-nine members were dismissed to form the church in Kingston, and in 1726 twenty to join the new church in Rye, at his death the church numbered two hundred and fifty-three members. A new meeting-house was also built. It was voted that it be built on “ye meeting-house green as near ye present meeting-house as shall be judged convenient”; and that “it be built 60 feet in Length & 46 in width and 27 feet in stude between joints, and yt a steeple or Turret be built to the house at one end thereof from ye beam upward of convenient and suitable bigness & heidth to said house, and that there shall be one pew in sd house, & that for the minister’s family.” By a subsequent vote these dimensions were slightly changed to make “it more proportionate and hansomer.” The old meeting-house was to be sold for the benefit of Mr. Gookin. On October 18, 1719, the new meeting-house was occupied for the first time. Mr. Gookin died August 25, 1734, at the early age of forty-eight. “Learned, prudent, pious, and very much loved,” a contemporary writer describes him, “excelling as preacher and divine.”

Mr. Ward Cotton was chosen to assist Mr. Gookin, who was in feeble health, and was ordained a few months previous to his death June 19, 1734. The salary finally voted by the town was:—100 pounds in paper money, and 20 pounds in provisions; after four years five pounds to be added annually till the salary amounted to 120 pounds in money and 20 pounds in provisions, the use of the parsonage, hay and land sufficient to keep two or three cows and a horse, and the necessary fire-wood. During his ministry 437 members were added to the church, and there were about 1,200 baptisms. In 1738 we have the first record of a contribution for Home Missions. The meeting-house was

repaired and a new steeple built, four new flagons and four cups purchased for communion purposes, and other improvements made. One sad event happened then, the terrible throat distemper, which first appeared at Kingston, in May, 1735, and "ravaged from Pemaquid to Carolina." "The general discription of it is a swelled throat, with white or ash-colored specks, an efflorescence on the skin, great debility of the whole system, and a strong tendency to putridity." Fifty-five children died of it in this parish, in the second parish (Hampton Falls) where it was specially fatal, it carried away one-sixth of the inhabitants within thirteen months. This was a time of much spiritual prosperity and readiness for the work. But a dark cloud gathered on the clear sky. The pastor became physically infirm, and, maybe in consequence of this infirmity, lapsed into sad immorality. A council was called, and he was dismissed November 12, 1765. At a meeting held June, 1776, it is recorded,—"In consequence of Mr. Cotton's confession—Voted, to receive Mr. Ward Cotton to the Charitable Communion of this Church as a Brother in Communion with us." But he did not again become its pastor.

Before the next pastor was settled, on June 14, 1776, Deacon Joshua Lane was killed by lightning on his doorstep. A more terrible storm now swept the whole country, but the church kept on the even tenor of her way. You would not know from the church records that now the war for our National Independence was being waged. Rev. Ebenezer Thayer succeeded Mr. Cotton, and was ordained September 17, 1776. There was some opposition to his settlement. The church then consisted of two hundred and sixty-four members. It grew amid the storm. During Mr. Thayer's pastorate one hundred and two were added to the church. The meeting-house was renovated, new pews added, and seats made for the singers. A parsonage was also built. One of the most important occur-

rences of Mr. Thayer's ministry was the change of hymn books. Up to this time the book used was the Bay State Psalm Book as improved by Henry Dunster, First President of Harvard College, in conjunction with Richard Lyon. It was voted at town meeting, January 17, 1772: "To exchange Dunster's Version of Psalms for Doctr Wattses Psalms and Hymns." Mr. Thayer preached on Sabbath, and died next day, November 6, 1792. The town paid his funeral expenses, and gave a gratuity to his widow. He was a man of singular purity of life and singleness of purpose; yielding and yet manly; a lover of peace, without any sacrifice of dignity.

After Mr. Thayer's death an unfortunate division rent the church. As far back as 1712 we find Presbyterian tendencies. They now come to the surface. After unsuccessful attempts to settle Nathaniel Thayer, Daniel Dana, and Jonathan Brown, the town voted at a meeting held October 19, 1795, "to give Mr. William Pidgin a call to settle in this town according to the Presbyterian form of church government." The vote stood 63 for, 20 against. As the town could not, according to Congregational usage, settle a minister without the consent of the church, and as a vote for the call of Mr. Pidgin was negatived by the church, this was a necessary step if he was to become the minister of Hampton. The church held a meeting on the same day, and adjourned to the 27th, when it was voted, "Not to give Mr. William Pidgin a call to settle with us." Mr. Pidgin addresses his acceptance of the call "To the Presbyterian Church & Society in Hampton." At a church meeting held January, 1797, a unanimous call was voted to Jesse Appleton, who was ordained February 22. Then began the angry controversy and lawsuits, into the history of which I have not time to enter. A sad cloud rests on Mr. Pidgin's character. Under the wise and judicious leadership of their

talented pastor the Congregational Society prospered. Being ousted from the old meeting-house they built a new meeting-house in 1797 (our present town house), and dedicated it November 14th of that year. On November 10, 1807, Mr. Appleton was dismissed to assume the presidency of Bowdoin College, and the old difficulty seemed healed only to break out in another shape.

The Presbyterians returned to the old church, and the reunited church used the new meeting-house. Rev. Josiah Webster was installed pastor June 8, 1808. The town voted him a salary of \$525, and the use of "the house parsonage." Mr. Webster was as upright in character as in person; scorning to do anything mean or dishonorable; an untiring worker in all moral and religious reform; a diligent pastor and able preacher; earnest in revival work, treating opponents with manly frankness and Christian courtesy; maintaining his own opinions without regard to consequences, and giving respectful attention to the opinions of others. He was a leader in the temperance movement, when it cost something to be a temperance worker. By vote of the church October 4, 1835, the use of ardent spirits was prohibited to church members. There was but one vote in the negative. The first Sunday School was organized during his pastorate in 1818, and three years later the first Sunday School library was introduced.

On March 31, 1825, the present articles of faith and covenant were adopted, "former attempts to adopt articles having failed, but" as the record reads, "God has produced a mighty change within the last 17 years." Stoves were introduced by a vote of the town in 1821. The stove was so to be placed "as not to injure the meeting-house, or any person who sits therein." Mr. Webster was an earnest worker in revival efforts; but, strange to say, there was much opposition in the church to special efforts and revival work. But he persevered in face of opposition, and much suc-

cess attended his labors. There was a marked work of grace in 1819, and thirty-four members were added to the church. In the long and bitter controversy with the Baptist Society respecting the ministerial fund, and which resulted in the separation of the town from the church, Mr. Webster never stooped to take an unfair advantage, and this cannot be said of all the parties to this strife. At the March town meeting 1835, it was voted, "That Mr. Webster be no longer minister of the town, and that the Ministerial funds be divided." To this vote the selectmen of the Congregational Society objected. The controversy was substantially settled by a division of the fund among the three Societies in 1836, though the echoes of the strife lingered about three years longer. In 1844 the old meeting-house became the town house. Mr. Webster died March 27, 1837. During his ministry one hundred and seventy members were admitted to the church. In yonder cemetery a granite shaft fitly symbolizes the strong and upright character of him whose dust rests beneath.

I can merely glance at his successors, confining myself to the installed pastors. Erasmus D. Eldredge was called to the pastorate in 1838, and dismissed because of failing health in 1849. During his ministry the building we now occupy was built. Under his faithful labors one hundred and fourteen members were received on profession of faith. His successor, Rev. Solomon P. Fay, was ordained in 1849. The church was then on a sea of troubles, but the skilful pilot at the helm brought her safely through. At this critical period of her history it was well for the church that there stood in her pulpit one who was so able a preacher, and so wise and judicious a pastor. Mr. Fay was dismissed August 29, 1854. Rev. John Colby became pastor of the church in October, 1855, and was dismissed in November, 1863. The next settled pastor, Rev. John W.

Dodge, was installed October 19, 1865, and dismissed November 18, 1868. His labors here were abundantly blessed, and many members were added to the church. After being about a year acting pastor, Rev. James McLean was installed December 15, 1870, and was dismissed after a short, somewhat troubled, but on the whole successful pastorate of one year. The next pastor of this church, Rev. Walcott W. Fay, was ordained February 20, 1884, and dismissed November 26, 1886. The unbroken harmony of the church and frequent additions to its membership during this short pastorate testify to the successful labors of this young, energetic, and talented minister, whose worth the churches are now finding out.

This brings the history of the church down to the present time. It has now

136 resident members, 49 males, and 87 females. The little sapling has grown to be a great tree. The little congregation, that met in the rude log meeting-house two hundred and fifty years ago, has continued its unbroken history, the oldest church in New Hampshire, down to this year of grace, 1888. Many changes have taken place. The pine forests of Winnicunnett have been cut down. The Indian wigwams have vanished. Productive farms and comfortable homes have displaced the wilderness. The old landmarks are disappearing. Meeting-houses have been built, and taken down and rebuilt. Creeds have changed; and new modes of worship crowded out the old. But the church remains the same, because her foundation is He who is the same yesterday, today and forever.

THE SHIPWRECK

By William Wilson

She was a fragile ship—
A butterfly afloat;
Proudly she rode the waves
When lo! the Storm King smote.

Howling through the rigging,
Screaming fore and aft;
Storm voice growing hoarser
Driving Hope abaft.

Now, all torn to ribbons,—
Sails enshroud the mast;
Bursting o'er the halcyards
Breakers boom and blast.

Water quakes with passion,
High the frail ship flies,
Like a tattered banner
Hanging from the skies.

Plunging down the canyons,—
Eternally from view.
Back home another ship
Is listed "Over Due."

JOHN WILLIAMS

Father of the Modern Industrial System of Dover

By Lydia A. Stevens

If it were with a light purse that John Williams stepped into old Dover's little activities, it was with a light heart also. He had youth, strength, action, ambition, deeds to do, and a fortune to make.

Principally to him the Dover of today is indebted for its most enduring form of business. Though bankruptcy waited on his efforts, he founded an employment in his adopted town which has given support to vast numbers of its inhabitants, and for a for a long time advanced the prosperity of all its citizens. The story of this forecasting promoter is the story of the cotton cloth industry in Dover.

Brief, dry, and not altogether trustworthy accounts of the man are found in old letters, and tales come to hand that were originally told by men he had ruined. The last generation of Dover people knew everything in the old story, and some knew it all too well. Now that four score years have slipped away, possibly some refutations, at least explanations, may be set up. In business, unlike morals, success frequently makes right, and failure wrong. Williams staked all, lost, was fiercely belabored, died of a broken heart—and a thankless community has profited.

The stockholders in his enterprises certainly incurred heavy losses, but it does not appear that he was solely a hard and clever man, disregarding alike truth and probity, bent on deceiving easily imposed upon people, as his co-workers, if allowed to speak, would probably assert. His spectacular failure was an incident, and no general deductions should be drawn from it. All that need be said is that he was a huge mountain of strength, with finely chorded nerves and steely self-control, potentiated by cerebral dynamite. He was not a self-oiled

talking-machine, but he had no difficulty in making others talk whether they wanted to or not. It is remembered that he rarely started conversation, and was chiefly noticeable for the terseness of his replies, always apt, forceful, and curiously touched by fervor. Add to these qualities deep-seated optimism, and we have John Williams, the strongest Dover personality of modern times.

We hear of him first as a trader in Dover. This was about 1807. His store was on the Landing, nearly opposite the Ela building. It was a wooden structure, long and narrow with a tenement above. A part of the old building, dilapidated and weather scarred, remains on the site. For purposes of trade, the Landing then occupied an enviable position. Except at Portsmouth, nowhere in the state could the products of the world be more economically exchanged over counters. The navigable river debouched into a good harbor, and communication was not difficult with the interior by lake, stream, valley and passable road. The full resources of the locality were far from being developed. To make the Landing the trade-divide of sea and interior was Williams' first scheme. He set about the prosecution of his design with a directness that became a matter of astonishment to all observers.

He sold English goods, taking pay chiefly in food-stuff and timber, which he turned to good profit. He also disposed of great quantities of cognac, Holland and Jamaica spirits at wholesale. His rivals were Joseph Smith, who built the brick house on the Turnpike afterward owned by the late Benjamin Collins; Samuel Wiggin, opposite Captain Wentworth's boarding house; and Col. Stephen Evans of Main Street, Revolutionary soldier.

Although Williams was selling an immense amount of raw material beyond sea, and scattering store-goods broadcast far to the north, and though he had the best store for local wants, situated in the busiest part of the town, he was not contented. He was impatient of the slow processes of trade. Because there was no other promising way open to him, he kept on and put by money. Yet even in this calling he was not a plodder along prescribed paths. Country stores in

the pungent fume of tropical spices, as pimento, cloves, nutmeg, mace, ginger, pepper, curry, and the commingled scents of tea, coffee, sugar, dates, figs, lemons, strong waters, fragrant tobacco, of cured fish, of new cloth, tar, cordage and canvas. The wharves, warehouses, gondolas, and sea-going packets were encumbered by his goods. The traffic was enormous, and the strenuous proprietor, always courteous and obliging, furnished the how and the way for it—the some-



John Williams

those days differed but little. Williams' place, however, was more pretentious than those of his contemporaries. It was low-ceiled, filled to orderly confusion, and the nooks and corners never felt the light; but there was something about the welcome, management and atmosphere that brought a genuine feeling of rest, security and contentment to townsmen and strangers.

Tradition says it had the aromatic smell of a typical West Indian shop,

thing which drove through seeming confusion to success. The noise of the river-front came in by the rear door and windows, and the hurly-burly of ox-wains, drays, and ship-chandler carts assailed customers on the street, but through it all came a steady procession of purchasers, enlarging daily the proprietor's field of profit.

At this time the Landing was Dover. It furnished the nerves and arteries of the old town. About Tuttle Square

there were thin groups of buildings, a few farm houses near Garrison Hill, but westward they were diffused and sporadic. In the neighborhood of the river-front, population, cash, and resources of livelihood, increased with startling rapidity. Williams organized what would now be called a board of trade. Unfortunately, the business bubble of this part of the town burst too soon for natural sequence. Meanwhile the young man's influence spread, and some of his visions hardened into facts.

In 1812 his nephew, Moses Paul, came into the store as a fully indentured apprentice. This lad was born March 28, 1797, in Waterboro, Me., near Alfred. Indeed, the house was on the line between the two towns. He was the only son of Edmund Paul and his wife Delia. As this apprentice grew to be an important factor in Dover development, something may be added. In 1807 the Paul family moved to Dover, and naturally found a home near their kinsman. Moses was promptly placed under the care of William Thayer, who kept a highly esteemed private school in the chamber of the Evans store on Main Street. During the next four years he was instructed by Edward Sise.

At length, Williams became thoroughly dissatisfied. The field was too limited. He longed to engage in larger affairs. His constant desire was to get on tiptoe, to range a little higher up. He traveled extensively and was eager and observant. Finally his numberless schemes fused into one. The new thought dwelt with him by day and by night. Why not start a cotton factory? The fascinating idea pursued him. It was put aside many times, but the tangibility gripped hard. He interested local capitalists. Not in times more ancient or in succeeding communities has a strong heed worked with more courage, energy and exultation. Every difficulty yielded to his force of character and natural leadership.

Until 1814 Williams' stock in trade was given a valuation by the select-

men next to the highest individual allotment in town, viz., \$1,500. His dwelling house was valued at \$600. It is impossible to locate it. Very likely the real and personal property were worth more than the inventory indicates, for it goes without saying that current practice and public opinion favored absurdly low public valuations at that time. Beginning about 1811, he turned his attention almost wholly to promoting the new industry, and trading business was left to an agent. In 1816 the store was abandoned. From this time people affixed "Esq." to his name.

The Dover Cotton Factory was incorporated December 15, 1812, with a capital of \$50,000. The first meeting of the proprietors was held at Mrs. Lydia Tebbett's house on Silver Street, Thursday, the 19th of January, 1813, at 5 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of choosing officers to govern the affairs of the corporation. The record is not available, but it is known that John Wheeler, Isaac Wendell, Andrew Peirce, William Hale and other Dover men were interested.

The factory was built along a wooded bank of the Fourth Falls, about two miles from the village. It was styled "Number One." There they set up the imported machinery, spinning frames and looms. The locality was then called Kimball Falls. The lot, consisting of five acres and eight square rods on the east side of the river, was bought from Ezra, Jonathan, and other Kimballs April 25, 1814. The building was constructed of wood in the form of an L; the main part being 80 x 33 feet, the projection 55 x 30 feet.

The situation seemed to unite every advantage. The power was abundant, the land had been procured at a moderate price, and the seclusion of the locality preserved it from the interruptions of town life. In 1815 a cotton factory was launched upon Dover. After a period of doubt and struggle, the company was solidly on its feet. True its dividends were small but the enterprise stood well

in public estimation. Its satisfactory condition was accounted for by John Wheeler, at the meeting when the first increase of capital was called for, in the following words: "It is to the good judgment, diligence and to ability to handle men, shown by our agent, Mr. Williams, during the last seven years, that the company owes its present excellent standing."

Presently the works drew about themselves a picturesque little settlement. The farmers' girls flocked to the mill. Boarding houses were erected and private dwellings followed. A nearby schoolhouse was built. The town and the company reacted upon each other to their mutual advantage, the one furnishing operatives, the other work and wages. So the manufacture of cotton cloth in Dover began under John Williams. He was the founder of Dover's modern prosperity. It was his indefatigable activity which turned capital to the Cochecho falls. He secured the service of John Chase as mechanical superintendent, and Andrew Steele and Samuel Dunster, practical machinists. Every one worked with ardor, and all were soon rewarded by evident success. But Williams watched the river, anxious to harness it to new task. The greater part of the water escaped work, sweeping idly down to the village and seaward. With no knowledge of business economy, he was strong on development. Plans of extension and tremendous profits jostled in his mind. The outcome was the building of another factory, this time in the heart of the town. Skilled female operatives in Number 1 could make about \$2.33 per week. Daniel Hack received for full time \$9 per week, Perkins, Swift and the two Tolmans nearly as much. Work began at sunrise and ended at sunset. A large body of mechanics and laborers were employed. Names cannot be given. The following is a complete list of male and female help in the rooms, 1820 and 1821:

Esther Blake, Olive Butler, Eliza Bedell, Joan Brown, Theodosia Cor-

son, Mary Chase, Betsey Clark, Lydia Curtis, Sally Clay, Polly Clark, Abigail Cromwell, Nabby Cromwell, Sophia Clark, Caroline Curtis, Sally Chase, Mary Chadbourn, Eliza Daniels, Joan Drew, Ann Downs, Louise Doe, Sally Delano, Dorcas Downs, Asenath Downs, Louise Downs, Elvira Daniels, Sophia Drew, Lois Evans, Betsey Emery, Olive Goodwin, Statira Goodwin, Rhoda Gomery, Sarah Ham, Hannah Ham, Mary Henderson, Mary Hutchinson, Susan Hanneford, Olive Hurd, Eliza Hanscom, Elvira Hanscom, Ann Hodgdon, Esther Jones, Hannah Kenney, Mary Kenney, Lucretia Kelley, Eliza Littlefield, Mary Ann Nudd, Clara Nute, Nabby Nutter, Abigail Nutter, Joan Peirce, Vienna Paul, Lavina Patt, Mary Ricker, Lois Ricker, Abigail Ricker, Lydia Remick, Lydia Roberts, Mary Spinney, Betsey Styles, Kate Spinney, Lucy Trickey, Adeline Tebbetts, Jane C. Tebbetts, Kate Varney, Mary Ann Varney, Rosanna Wentworth, Lydia Wentworth, Dolly Wentworth, Polly Warren, Lucretia Willey, Lydia Weeks, Susan Young, Hannah Young, Daniel Maek, John Perkins, Archibald Swift, Stephen P. Tolman, Edward Tolman, Stephen Willey.

January 21, 1821, the capital was increased to \$500,000. In 1822 the same association, with others, began the erection of "Number 2" factory. June 17, 1823, the capital was raised to \$1,000,000, and the corporation name changed to Dover Manufacturing Company. In 1824 Number 2 was finished, and Williams became agent of both establishments, and Paul was appointed superintendent of Number 1, where he remained until 1828. June 20, 1826, the capitalization was made \$1,500,000, and there were three large factories in the village. The stock was controlled in Boston, and strong opposition to Williams developed. About this time some private operations of Williams and Wendell turned out disastrously. The directors waited till his legislative work at Concord was happily com-

pleted. He was invaluable there. Then Williams was superseded by James F. Curtis, work was suspended at Number 1, and Paul moved to the lower falls as superintendent. After this, matters pressed on swiftly. The Cochecho Manufacturing Company, incorporated June 27, 1827, with a capital of \$1,500,000, purchased the rights and works of the old company December 1, 1829, and the business of manufacturing was continued without interruption. Local stockholders stood aghast. Men cursed and women wept.

Williams was not quelled. It is impossible to state the conditions under which he obtained a lease of Number 1, but it is known that he repaired the buildings and machinery in 1831, and employed his cousin, John B. Stevens, who came to the Dover Manufacturing Company in 1825, as superintendent. Business was carried on under the name of "Belknap Company." Whitwill and Bonds of Boston, Mass., were interested the first year, and Wendell remained to the end. In 1833 there were 2,500 spindles and 100 looms in operation. Thirty men and boys and 100 females were employed. They turned out 20,000 yards of cotton shirting per week. There were about 300 inhabitants. The little adjunct to the village began to exert an influence. It called itself "Williamsville." A well supplied store provided for all their wants.

In 1835 Eleazer Chamberlin contracted for the whole output. This was unsatisfactory, but there was sore need of ready cash. During the following year Williams was away, most of the time, engaged in divers unfortunate speculations in New York and Maine. Operations at the factory were active until the spring of 1837. Then came the panic. Thoroughly aroused, resilient and furious, he exerted himself to the utmost. Hot with hope one moment, cold with fear the next, he rushed with restless energy into every chance that presented itself—only to droop as

speedily. Soon the works were maintained by mere expedients. Payments were made with difficulty, and then only by heavily loading the future. He lost credit, and in consequence purchased material under great disadvantages. At length he was unable to pay his help regularly, and one by one the better class deserted him. Finally the factory was closed. He rose every morning to throw aside the duns he dared not read. If he walked through the central part of the town, there were clamorous creditors he could not avoid. He could not break the net which held him, so he broke his heart. He had impoverished every relative and every friend. In 1840, with his life-thread frayed and ready to snap at any moment, he left Dover forever. Death came at Boston July 17, 1843, bringing the only anodyne that can still heartache.

But little more is known about this wonderful man. He was born in Alfred, Me., May 14, 1780. He established the Dover Fire Association; was master of Strafford Lodge in 1817; agent of the Dover Nail Factory; resided in Boston from 1819 till 1822, John Wheeler acting as agent during his absence; procured subscriptions to stock of Dover Aqueduct Company; was chief marshal of local celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of American Independence, and represented Dover in the General Court 1825-6-7-8. Commercially and socially he was a pivotal man. Today he is a distant and romantic figure. One of the new streets was named after him. Wherever he went he commanded attention. He married Miss Sophia M. Mellen of Dover. She was a member of the First Congregational Church—dismissed November 29, 1842 to New Church, Boston. In the heyday of his success he employed James Whitehouse to build a large brick dwelling house on Pleasant Street. It was the stateliest residential building in Dover. So far as is known, only one person remembers the carefully dressed gentleman

who, in the early years of the last century, passed in and out of the great door.

He had fine horses, fine upholstery, plate, troops of servants, gave costly dinners, lawn-fetes, parties to young people who danced on canvas carpeting and acted masques and panto-

mimes—and now and then of a summer evening, he gathered his business friends under trees, whereupon there was much sipping of pungent sherry and mellow muscadell during the intervals of talk. After his downfall, the house became the property of John P. Hale.

SOLDIERS' GRAVES

By Bela Chapin

'Tis well as passing years succeed,
On each returning May,
The blossoms of the grove and mead
Upon their graves to lay.
With gratitude and love we yield
The sweetest flowers of the field;
With garden flowers deck the grave
Where rest the honored and the brave.

THE BONNY GREEN FOR ME

By Frederick Myron Colby

They sing of the rose's crimson, of Heaven's cerulean blue,
The burnished sheen of silver that's innocence's own hue;
For me I love the luster that colors leaf and tree,
The em'rald hue of shamrock, the bonny green for me.

The red of roses fadeth, pale waxeth white and blue;
But o'er the earth the emerald spreads out its fairy hue.
The growing meadow grasses, how bonnily they toss
Their tall heads to the skylark, his hidden nest across!

The verdant summer forest is fairest sight e'er seen;
Its wealth of waving branches a wilderness of green!
Well chose the ancient mother, our fair and blooming earth,
When she would deck her beauty with color due its worth.

A million glorious summers have stirred the growing grass;
A million springtimes' verdure have seen the winter pass.
So flaunt your emerald beauty; of colors you are queen.
The blue and gold of heaven have blent to make the green.

Fade out the blue's deep luster from the eternal sky;
Blot out the radiant sunshine;—the green will never die.
For life and hope and freedom the bonny grasses wave,
It tints the conqueror's laurel,—the color of the brave.

THE NEW FEDERATION PRESIDENT

Nellie F. Woodward of Nashua

The eighteenth annual session of the New Hampshire Federation of Women's Clubs was held in Rochester, on Thursday and Friday, May 25 and 26, with a registered attendance of 184 delegates, representing a majority of the eighty or more affiliated clubs, with a total membership of about five thousand New Hampshire women, the president of the Federation—Mrs. Harriet G. Burlingame of Exeter—in the chair.



Nellie F. Woodward

The session was one of more than ordinary interest, many leaders in the women's club movement from abroad being in attendance, including Mrs. Philip N. Moore of St. Louis, president of the General Federation, who was a prominent figure, and was heard with interest Friday afternoon and evening.

The annual election of officers, on Friday, resulted in the choice of the following: President, Mrs. Nellie F. Woodward, Nashua; vice-presidents,

Miss Jennie M. DeMerritt, Dover, Mrs. Annie B. Shepard, East Derry; recording secretary, Mrs. Alice P. Hosmer, Manchester; treasurer, Mrs. Idella D. Lamprey, Laconia; auditor, Mrs. Emma Weeks Roberts, Lancaster; General Federation state secretary, Mrs. Harriet G. Burlingame, Exeter.

Mrs. Woodward, the newly elected president of this great organization, whose importance as a factor in New Hampshire progress is more generally recognized from year to year, as its influence in the sociological and economic fields increases, will, it is confidently believed, prove a worthy successor in the line of brilliant women who have honored this position. She is a native of Nashua, where she has always resided—a daughter of the late Freeman Eastman and Susan E. (Howe) Tupper, and was educated in the schools of her native city. On the paternal side, she is descended from Thomas Tupper of Sandwich, England, who was an early settler of Sandwich, Mass., and of the Ladds of Haverhill, and, on the maternal side of John Spofford and Elizabeth Scott, first settlers of Georgetown, Mass., and of the Howes of Peterborough.

January 6, 1881, she was united in marriage with Dr. Josiah N. Woodward, a successful and distinguished medical practitioner of Nashua, whose death occurred in November last, and who, though a native of Massachusetts, was an ardent lover of his adopted state, interested in and laboring for its welfare. For the last fifteen years, Dr. and Mrs. Woodward had a summer home at the head of Newfound Lake in Hebron.

Mrs. Woodward has long been interested in club work, as an active member of the Nashaway Woman's Club of Nashua, which she has served two years as treasurer, one year as first vice-president and for the past

two years most efficiently as its president. During her administration, the club membership was largely increased, and much interest developed in questions of public concern, particularly in the introduction of manual training as a feature of the public school system, to which object the club contributed substantially. At the banquet incident to the celebration of the fifteenth anniversary of the club, Mrs. Woodward officiated most happily as toastmistress. For the last two years, she was first vice-president of the State Federation, having previously served two years as second vice-president, her promotion to the presidency this year coming in natural order as well as by virtue of merit. Last year, she was a delegate from the

New Hampshire Federation to the Tenth Biennial Session of the General Federation of Women's Clubs at Cincinnati, Ohio.

Aside from the home life, whose duties she has never neglected, Mrs. Woodward has not given her attention to club work alone, but has been a faithful and devoted member of other organizations. She is a member of Matthew Thornton Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, of Nashua; of New Hampshire's Daughters and of the New Hampshire Woman Suffrage Association. She is also a member of the Pilgrim Congregational Church of Nashua, of the Woman's Auxillary of the Y. M. C. A., and of the King's Daughters Benevolent Association.

WHEN I AM DEAD

By L. J. H. Frost

When I am dead I shall not care
 If dark clouds lower or skies be fair;
 Should people praise or people blame,
 Both unto me will be the same
 When I am dead.

If earth be clad in robes of snow,
 Or sweet flowers bloom, I shall not know;
 If bright birds pass on golden wing,
 I shall not hear the songs they sing
 When I am dead.

And if some friend with loving thought,
 Speaks of some kindly work I wrought,
 I shall not heed the sweet words now,
 Or feel the kiss upon my brow
 When I am dead.

I shall not feel the lack of cheer
 That grieved my heart while living here;
 Or hear the bitter words and cold,
 That hurt me so in days of old,
 When I am dead.

For I shall sleep to wake again,
 Where joy is not akin to pain;
 So loved ones, lay me down to rest,
 With sweet white lilies on my breast,
 When I am dead.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

CAPT. JOHN B. COOPER

Capt. John B. Cooper, postmaster of Newport, and long a prominent citizen of the town, died May 18, 1911, after a long illness.

Captain Cooper was a native of Walpole, born February 14, 1841. His parents died while he was yet a child, and he lived with different families in Alstead for a time, but in youth went to Newport where he learned the blacksmith's trade. At the outbreak of the Civil War, he enlisted in the First New Hampshire Volunteers and after the discharge of that regiment reënlisted in the Ninth in which he was captain of Company K. He was severely wounded at Antietam, and as senior captain was in command of his regiment from the time of the Battle of the Mine before Petersburg until it was finally mustered out.

After the war he pursued his trade for a time at Sunapee, but soon returned to Newport where he resided through life. He was an active republican and prominent in public affairs, serving as moderator for twenty years, as selectman, representative, state senator, member of the constitutional convention of 1876, postmaster under President Hayes, again under Roosevelt, and received a reappointment last year.

He married in August, 1861, Mary O. Moody of Newport, who survives him, with one son, Mark O. Cooper.

ALDO M. RUMERY

Aldo M. Rumery of Ossipee, long a leading citizen of Carroll County, died at his home in Ossipee May 5, 1911.

He was born in Effingham October 10, 1842, a son of John M. and Sarah Rumery, and was married January 3, 1870, to Sarah M., daughter of Samuel J. and Sarah Quarles of Ossipee, who was a sister of Col. Samuel D. Quarles. He was town clerk of Effingham in 1869 and 1870; selectman from 1875 to 1877, when he removed to Ossipee. He served as a member of the school board of Ossipee for some years from 1877, and as town treasurer from 1884.

He was registrar of deeds for Carroll County from 1881 to 1887 when he was appointed clerk of the county Court, which office he held with universal satisfaction and conspicuous ability to the time of his death.

He served one term in the legislature of the state and was a member of Charter Oak Lodge of Free Masons of Effingham.

Five days after the death of Mr. Rumery, his wife, who was seriously ill at the time of his decease, also passed away. They left one son, Howard, a lawyer in Chicago, and a daughter, Laura, at home.

WILBUR C. STEARNS

Wilbur C. Stearns, long familiarly known as "Webb" Stearns, and a prominent figure in North Country life in old stage driving times, died at Plymouth, May 8, in his ninetieth year.

Mr. Stearns was born in Danville, Vt., October 3, 1821, the son of John and Lydia Wheaton Stearns, and was educated in the public schools and Danville and Lyndon academies. He learned the trade of a harness maker in youth but abandoned it for stage driving and soon became a famous "whip." He drove between Montpelier and Bakersfield, Vt., and later between Plymouth and Littleton, N. H., through the Notch. In 1863, he entered the employ of the Boston, Concord & Montreal railroad as a conductor, and became popular in that capacity in which he served a number of years. For many years previous to his death he had served as an adjuster of fire claims for the Boston & Maine railroad, retiring from active work, on a pension, on the first of January last.

In 1845, he married Lucy Reed of Worcester, Vt., who died in 1878, leaving one daughter, now Mrs. W. R. Brackett of Plymouth. In 1881, he married again, Mrs. Louise Eastman, who also died about a year ago.

J. HENRY DEARBORN

J. Henry Dearborn, a prominent citizen of Pembroke and well known throughout central New Hampshire, died in that town, March 24, after a year's illness.

He was a son of Joseph Jewell and Sarah (Jenness) Dearborn, born in Deerfield April 19, 1849. He was educated at Pembroke, Phillips Exeter and Andover academies and Harvard College. He was extensively engaged in agriculture, as well as in real estate and other business operations. He was a Knight Templar, Odd Fellow and Patron of Husbandry and prominent in these fraternities.

November 9, 1880, Mr. Dearborn was united with Miss Sarah Frances Stevens, daughter of the late Hon. Josiah Stevens of Concord, who survives with three children, Jenness Stevens, Joseph Jewell and Sarah Elizabeth Dearborn.

COL. ALBERT W. METCALF

Col. Albert W. Metcalf, late of Keene, a Union veteran, and later prominently connected with the New Hampshire National Guard, died in Springfield, Mass., May 17.

Colonel Metcalf was the son of Zenas and

Martha Temple Metcalf, born in Gilsun, December 28, 1841. He removed in early life to Westminster, Vt., where he was living when the Civil War broke out. He served in both the Second and Twelfth Vermont regiments, and was seriously wounded, one of his wrists being disabled.

After the war, he located in Keene, where he worked for a time as a carpenter and afterward as clerk in Clark's grocery. Here he joined Company G in the Keene Light Guard Battalion, rising soon, from sergeant to captain, and ultimately to the command of the Second Regiment, New Hampshire National Guard, with which organization he was very popular.

October 19, 1871, he married Miss Addie M. Starkey, by whom he had two sons, Albert A. and Robert W., both of whom reside in Springfield, where Colonel Metcalf and wife removed several years since.

CLARA WHITMAN REED, M. D.

Dr. Clara Whitman Reed, born in Alstead, February 2, 1840, died at South Acworth, January 18, 1911.

She was the daughter of Joel and Claracy Porter who removed from Alstead to South Acworth when she was thirteen years of age, and where she attended school until her marriage at the early age of seventeen to William F. Whitman, a worthy and promising young man who enlisted in the Union service in the Civil War, and was instantly killed August 31, 1863. Six years later, May 9, 1869, she married George F. Reed, of Acworth, who died June 20, 1874.

Thrown upon her own resources, with a daughter by her first husband to rear and educate, she determined to take up the study of medicine, for which she had a strong natural inclination, and, pursuing the same, she graduated from the Boston University School of Medicine in 1878, immediately commencing practice at Bellows Falls, Vt., where she continued nine years, when, seeking a larger field, she removed to Newton, Mass., where she continued in active practice till April, 1910, when failing health compelled retirement, and she returned to her old home in South Acworth, where, after long suffering heroically borne, she passed to the higher life. To her nobleness of heart, her love of her work and success in her chosen profession many friends bear loving testimony. She is survived by one daughter, Viola M. Whitman.

HON. ALFRED BEARD KITTREDGE.

Hon. Alfred Beard Kittredge, formerly United States senator from South Dakota, a native of the town of Nelson, born March 28, 1861, died at Hot Springs, Ark., May 4, 1911.

He was a son of Russell H. and Laura F. Kittredge. He spent his youth in Jaffrey, whither the family removed; fitted for college

and graduated at Yale, in 1882 and from the Yale Law School in 1885. He immediately went West, locating for practice at Sioux Falls, S. D., where he continued, soon acquiring a large business and wide reputation for ability. He took an active part in politics as a Republican and was a member of the state senate from 1889 to 1893. He was a member of the Republican State Committee from 1892 to 1900. In July, 1901, he was appointed United States senator to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Senator Kyle, and in 1903 was elected to succeed himself for a full term of six years, till 1909. During his senatorship he was made chairman of the Inter-oceanic Canal Commission, and in that capacity investigated for the United States the title to rights of the Isthmus of Panama purchased from the French government. His report was regarded as an unusually strong document.

The father of the deceased, a brother, Prof. H. W. Kittredge, of Westfield, Mass., two sisters, Mrs. C. B. Hall of Greenwood, Mass., and Mrs. C. P. Pearson, survive.

REV. JOHN W. LANE

Rev. John W. Lane, a native of South Newmarket, now Newfields, pastor of the Congregational Church at North Hadley, Mass., died May 13.

Mr. Lane was the son of Charles and Hannah (French) Lane, born September 7, 1827. He was fitted for college at Franklin Seminary, Pembroke Academy and the Merrimack Normal Institute, and entered Princeton in 1852, but changed the next year to Amherst from which he graduated in 1856, and from Andover Theological Seminary in 1859. In 1860, he was installed pastor of the Congregational Church at Whately, Mass., continuing for eighteen years, serving several years, also, as instructor in elocution at Amherst College. May 1, 1878, he was installed as pastor of the church at North Hadley and continued until his resignation a few days before his sudden death from pneumonia. During this pastorate, he was also for several years an instructor in elocution at the Massachusetts Agricultural College. He also served on the school board and as a trustee of Hopkins Academy.

In 1868 Mr. Lane married Miss Mary Haynes of Townsend, Mass., a graduate and teacher at Mount Holyoke College. Eight children were born to them, of whom five are living, John E., a physician of Seattle, Wash.; Amy S., a teacher in Saginaw, Mich.; Wallace R., a patent lawyer in Chicago; Wilfred G., a lawyer, of Valdosta, Ga., and Susan K., a graduate nurse, of Montclair, N. J.

WILLIAM R. DUNHAM, M. D.

Dr. William Russell Dunham, born in Chesterfield, September 15, 1834, died in Keene, May 8, 1911.

Doctor Dunham was the son of Ira and

Savona (Prentiss) Dunham, who removed in his childhood to Londonderry, Vt. In his youth he worked in a mill in Hinsdale, but later, took up the study of medicine and graduated from Harvard Medical School in 1865. He commenced practice in Westmoreland, where he remained fifteen years, removing then to Keene where he continued through life.

He was a member of the New Hampshire and Connecticut River medical societies, and the American association for the advancement of science and had written quite extensively on scientific subjects and psychic phenomena. Politically he was a Republican and in religion a Unitarian. He is survived by a widow and daughter.

REV. WILLIAM H. DEARBORN, D. D.

Rev. William Hooper Dearborn, D. D., born in Weare, May 8, 1847, died at St. Albans, Vt., May 20, 1911.

Doctor Dearborn was the son of Moses and Betsey (Philbrick) Dearborn, the eleventh of thirteen children; was educated in the public school and Tilton and Fracestown academies; taught school for a time and then entered Tufts College Divinity School, from which he graduated in 1879. He was pastor of the Universalist Church at Hartford,

Conn., for sixteen years, and afterward preached at Augusta, Me., Jamaica Plain, Medford and Peabody, Mass., in New York City and at St. Albans, where he had been located about a year at the time of his death. He was highly esteemed as a preacher and as a man. In 1904, he received the degree of doctor of divinity from Tufts College. His remains were brought to South Weare for interment in the old family burial lot.

REV. FREDERICK C. PRIEST, D. D.

Rev. Frederick Clarence Priest, D. D., born in Winchester, August 26, 1861, died at Elgin, Ill., May 15, 1911.

He studied for the ministry after a time spent in mechanical pursuits, from a deep sense of duty, graduating from Tufts Divinity School in 1890. He preached for a time at Derby Line, Vt.; then at Marblehead and Saugus, Mass., and went to Chicago as pastor of the Church of the Redeemer in 1899, continuing till 1906, when he relinquished the pastorate on account of ill health. He married, first, in 1883, Miss Addie Leith who died in 1902. In 1906, he married Matilda J. Brown of Chicago. He received the degree of doctor of divinity from Lombard University in 1902.

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER'S NOTES

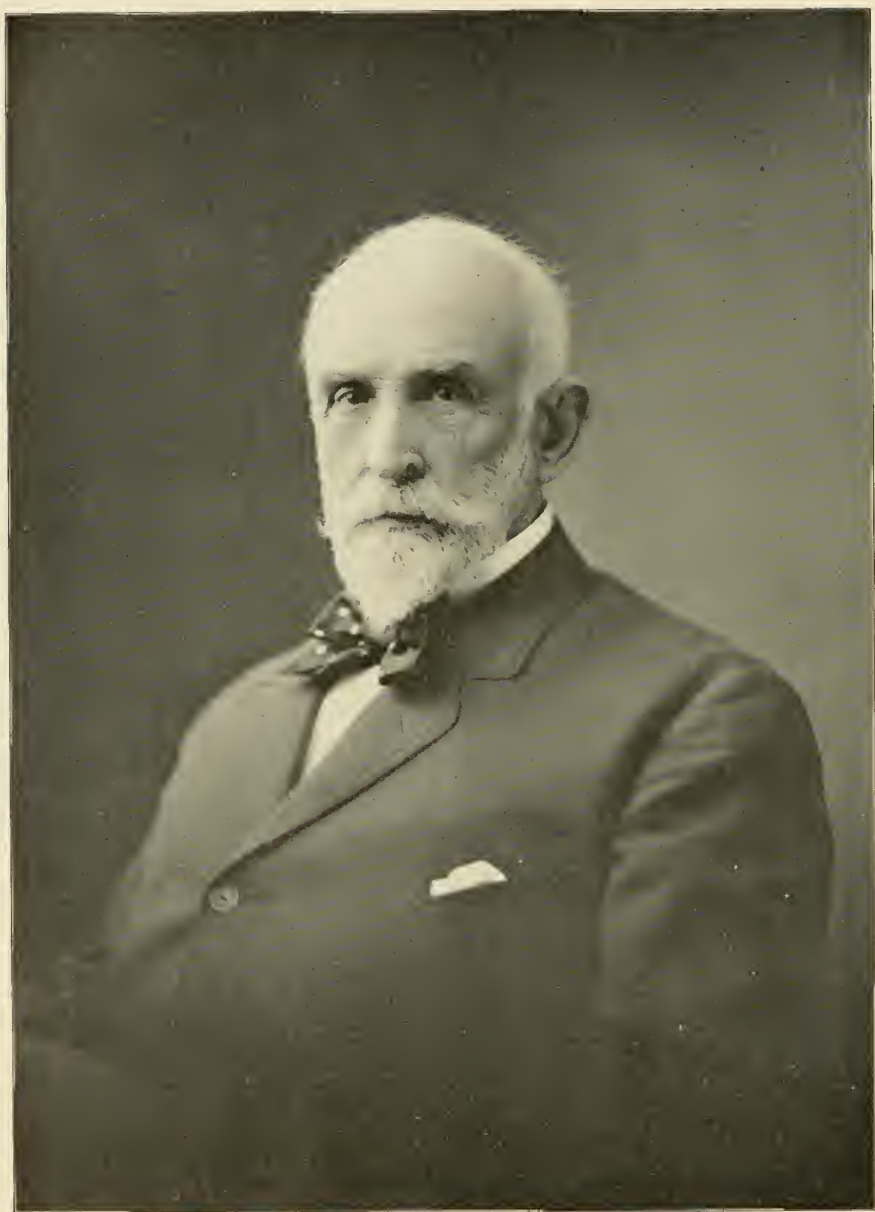
Up to the time of this writing no agreement has been reached by the Governor and Council as to the appointment of the three members of the Public Service Commission provided for at the recent session of the Legislature. It is eminently desirable that this commission be made up and organized for work without delay, since it has important general duties to perform, and is specially charged with the work of establishing reasonable railway fares and freights, upon due investigation—a work as essential, under the circumstances, to the railroads as to the people. The difficulty seems to lie in the failure or refusal of the Council or three members thereof, constituting a majority, to approve any combination of names of men put up to them by the Governor thus far. This is not the first time, however, when there has been a dead-lock between the Governor and Council over the matter of an appointment, the same existing in some instances for several months, as may be the case in this emergency, though an early agreement is greatly to be hoped for.

Martha Dana Shepard was reported as being present and serving as pianist at the

Memorial Day exercises in the town of Ashland this year. To Ashland people of middle age and past, her presence and service in this capacity must have been a pleasant reminder of the days when her residence in their midst was the one fact in which all the townspeople took special pride. Not Ashland alone, but all New Hampshire, rejoices in the continued life and health of this talented daughter of the Granite State.

Another New Hampshire daughter, resident in Massachusetts, who has won success and distinction as a public entertainer, is Maude Gordon Roby of Malden, native of Bristol, whose "Legends and Songs from Many Lands," in costume, have been widely enjoyed and greatly admired. Her many friends in New Hampshire rejoice in her success.

If subscribers for the GRANITE MONTHLY in arrears will bring their subscription up to date and a year in advance, it will be to their own advantage as well as that of the publisher.



HON. BENJAMIN AMES KIMBALL

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. XLIII, No. 6

JUNE, 1911

NEW SERIES, VOL. 6, No. 6

LEADERS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

I

Hon. Benjamin Ames Kimball

By H. C. Pearson

A series of magazine articles upon "The Leaders of New Hampshire" may well open with a brief sketch of Hon. Benjamin Ames Kimball of Concord, railroad president and college trustee, man of affairs and man of letters, student of New Hampshire's past, maker of New Hampshire's present, builder for New Hampshire's future.

Born in that part of the town of Boscawen which is included in the village of Penacook, August 22, 1833, his father, Benjamin Kimball, died in the following year. At the age of sixteen the subject of this sketch, with his widowed mother, Mrs. Ruth Ames Kimball, came to Concord, where he had been preceded by an older brother, John, afterwards mayor of Concord, and today, at the age of ninety, venerated by that city as its "grand old man."

Benjamin A. Kimball prepared in the schools of Concord and at the Hildreth school in Derry for the Chandler Scientific Department of Dartmouth College, from which he graduated with the Class of 1854, earning, with honor, the degree of Bachelor of Science. It is not too much to say that among all the loyal thousands of Dartmouth alumni not one has loved his alma mater more sincerely or rendered her more valuable service than has Mr. Kimball. From 1890 to 1895 a member of the board of visitors to the Chandler

Scientific School and from the latter date to the present time a trustee of the college itself, he has had a prominent and influential part in that magnificent growth and development of the "new Dartmouth," which is the wonder of the educational world. One of the first steps in this development, and one in which Mr. Kimball had a large part, was the merging of the Chandler School into the college proper, while in recent years, as chairman of the finance committee of the board of trustees, his ability and experience have been invaluable in meeting the many difficult problems which have arisen in the rapid, material development of the college, the extension of its plant and the multiplication of its activities.

Immediately upon the completion of his college course, Mr. Kimball made choice of his life work, and that he chose wisely the record of his career is sufficient evidence. For almost sixty years, now, his name has been inseparably connected with the railroads of New Hampshire. He has climbed from the bottom round to the very top of their ladder. His intimate knowledge of details, his broad vision of project and his wise management of execution have made his influence paramount in the development of railroad transportation and its interests in the Granite State.

Mr. Kimball began as a draftsman in the mechanical department of the

Concord railroad, but soon earned promotion to the superintendency of the locomotive department, where he prepared the plans for some of the famous locomotives, so well remembered by the older generation, of that time.

He had become master mechanic of the Concord railroad when, in 1865, he resigned to enter upon an advantageous business connection. But his

railroad with the Boston, Concord & Montreal railroad, which has proved to be such an advantage to the state. He is president and director of several important subsidiary leased lines, which he constructed to strengthen the consolidated road.

In brief, Mr. Kimball is and has been for a quarter of a century New Hampshire's most prominent railroad man. In this capacity his policy has



Birthplace of Hon. Benjamin Ames Kimball, Penacook, N. H.

heart remained with the railroad life and to it he returned, on a higher level, when, in 1873, he was elected a director of the Manchester & North Weare railroad. When Governor Onslow Stearns died his place as a director of the Concord railroad was filled, in January, 1879, by the choice of Mr. Kimball, and that position the latter still holds through being president since 1895, as well as director of the Concord & Montreal, successor to the Concord railroad.

He formulated, after a bitter conflict, the consolidation of the Concord

been consistent, public-spirited and far-sighted. While the properties under his management have been profitable to the investors in them, they have not been conducted with that end solely in view, but with an equal regard for the accommodation of the public and the development and prosperity of the state.

Mr. Kimball was one of the first to see the modern trend towards consolidation of railroads and the advantages accruing thereby in better and more economical service. The homogeneity of New Hampshire's

railroad system today stands largely to his credit. And here and there and almost everywhere in the state may be seen special examples of what his influence in railroad circles has done for the state, from the splendid station and great shops at Concord, to the summer resort development of the lake region and the White Mountains section.

Mr. Kimball's railroad interests, however, are but a part of his business activities. From 1865 he has conducted the extensive Ford & Kimball manufactory of car wheels and brass and iron castings on South Main Street, Concord. He was one of the founders, with Abe L. Cushman, electrician and inventor, of the Cushman Electric Company, another Concord industry of which he is president; and he is identified as investor and director or other official with various enterprises.

As one of Concord's wealthiest citizens it was natural that Mr. Kimball should be connected with the banking system of the city and since 1884 he has been president of the Mechanics National Bank, succeeding in that capacity Hon. Josiah Minot. He has been, also, a trustee and president of the Concord Savings Bank and a trustee of the Merrimack County Savings Bank.

In 1885, when New Hampshire enacted the "valued policy" insurance law and the foreign companies in anger left the state, Mr. Kimball was one of the citizens who united business ability and public spirit in the organization of domestic companies which not only met the local situation satisfactorily, but also proved good business ventures. He was one of the incorporators and a director of the Manufacturers and Merchants Mutual Fire Insurance Company.

Mention has been made of the benefits which have come to Concord through the influence of its first citizen, Mr. Kimball, in railroad circles. But these are only a part of his civic services.

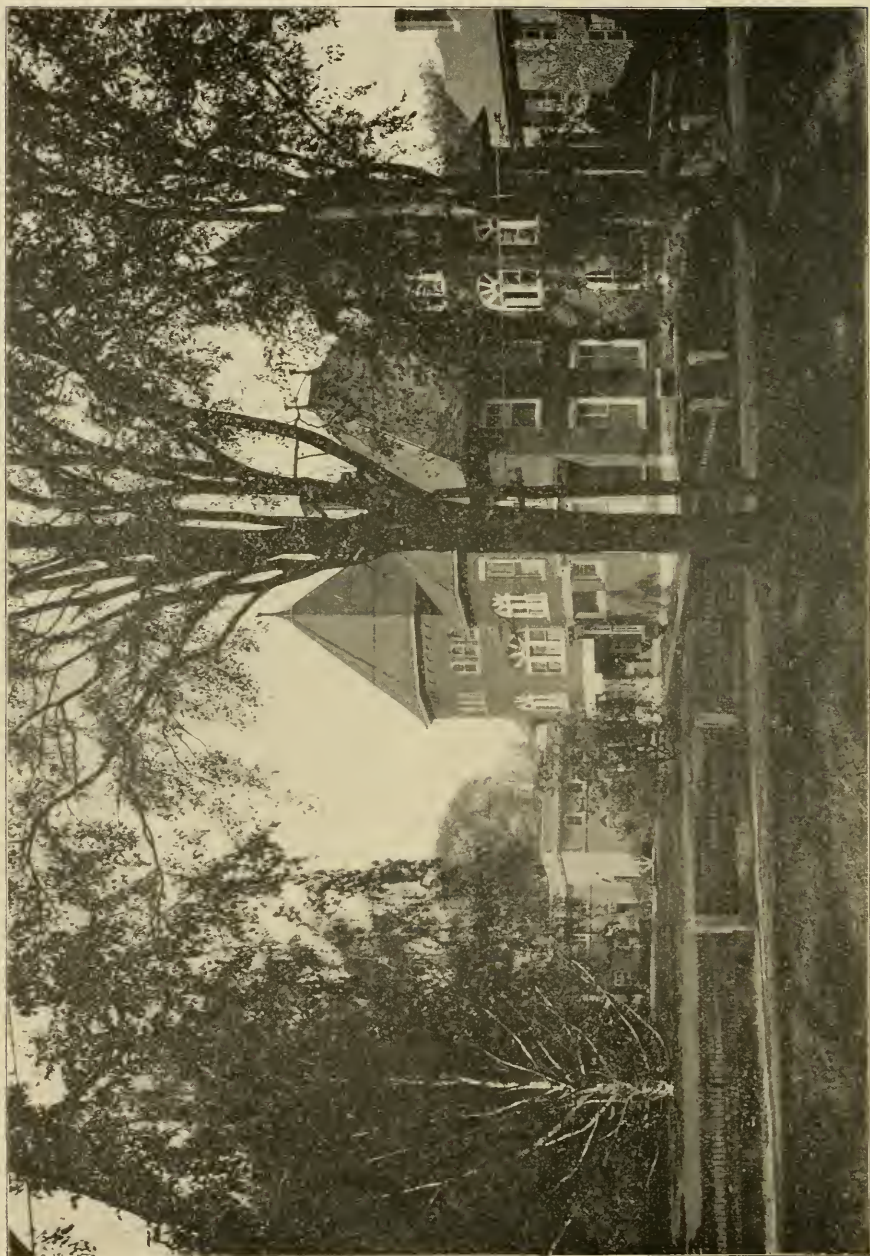
He had a part in bringing to fruition

the plans for a city library building, made possible by the generosity of William P. Fowler and Clara M. Fowler. He was active in the original construction and subsequent improvement of the city water system; and his influence was effective in securing the favorable location and spacious lots for the Federal building and the state library structure; and in bringing about the recent enlargement of the state capitol. The choice and preparation of the site for the statue of Daniel Webster in the state house yard was his duty under the administration of Governor Currier.

Across Park Street from the capitol stands a beautiful and enduring monument to Mr. Kimball's public service in the ideal state library structure, completed in 1894 under the direction, extending over a period of five years, of a commission composed of Mr. Kimball, John W. Sanborn, Charles H. Burns, Irving W. Drew and Charles J. Amidon. Many other states have reason to envy the adequate protection and accommodation which New Hampshire has given in this building to its large and valuable state collection of books and to its supreme court sessions.

With another and even finer building in the group which constitutes Concord's civic center the name of Mr. Kimball will always be linked. Across State Street from the library stands the new home of the New Hampshire Historical Society, one of the finest buildings in the world dedicated to such use.

This building is the gift to the society of Mr. Edward Tuck of Paris and is but one in a series of donations which have made Mr. Tuck esteemed and famous as the greatest philanthropist among New Hampshire's native sons. But, as Mr. Tuck himself is first to say, the execution of his plan, its present magnificent consummation, has been largely the work of Mr. Kimball, who has given unsparingly of his time and efforts, has crossed the ocean several times for consultation with Mr. Tuck in the



Residence of Hon. Benjamin Ames Kimball, South Main St., Concord

matter and in general has testified by his invaluable coöperation to his equal friendship for and interest in Mr. Tuck and the society which is the object of his beneficence.

Of this New Hampshire Historical Society Mr. Kimball has been an active member for many years and in 1895-97 was its president. In 1907 he was made chairman of the building committee which has represented the society in all matters relating to its new home.

For a man of Mr. Kimball's civic prominence and public spirit participation in politics, state and national, is so natural as to be well nigh inevitable. He has been a member of the Republican party from its earliest days; has had great influence in its councils, and has been offered by it many honors, only a few of which he could accept because of the pressing demands upon his time of his business and other activities.

He was a member of the state Legislature of 1870. Of three conventions to propose amendments to the constitution of the state, those held in 1876, 1889 and 1896, he has been a leading member. He was elected a member of the executive council of Governor Moody Currier (1885-1886) and did his full part towards the distinction of that administration.

By appointment of the governor Mr. Kimball was commissioner from New Hampshire to the convention which assembled at Philadelphia December 2, 1886, and which made plans, and arranged and carried out the great programme of September 15, 16, 17, 1887, in commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of the constitution of the United States.

Mr. Kimball was an alternate delegate to the Republican national convention of 1880 that nominated Garfield and a delegate at large to the convention of 1892.

Such is a brief and necessarily imperfect sketch of the career of Hon. Benjamin Ames Kimball as it touches the public at the various points of

contact of business, politics, civil, social and educational service.

The other side of the picture, the private life of our subject, is equally pleasant and honorable to dwell upon.

His early educational advantages Mr. Kimball has supplemented throughout his long life by close study of both books and men, by broad and careful reading, by a wide acquaintance among worth-while men and by extensive travel, both in his own country and abroad.

His private library and art collection, with their treasures of books, pictures and statuary, personally collected by Mr. and Mrs. Kimball, bear testimony to the degree of their owners' culture.

Mr. Kimball is a member and trustee of the Alpha Omega chapter (Dartmouth) of the Beta Theta Pi fraternity; has been a member since 1890 of the American Social Science Association; and belongs to other societies of educational and philanthropic purpose.

The happiness of his beautiful homes, city and country, he shares with his wife, who was Miss Myra Tilton Elliott, daughter of Ira Elliott of Northfield. They were married January 9, 1861, and have one son, Henry Ames Kimball, born in Concord October 19, 1864, who is associated with his father in business and who is recording secretary of the New Hampshire Historical Society.

Mr. and Mrs. Kimball have their spacious town house, one of the finest residences in New Hampshire, in Concord at the junction of South Main street and Concord street upon grounds most artistically arranged. Mr. Kimball's factories are near by and it is but a brief walk at the passenger station, where, in the southwest corner, are his offices, primal source of much of New Hampshire's history, written and unwritten, industrial and political.

Most picturesque and imposing is the Kimball summer home at The Broads, Lake Winnipiseogee. It is



“The Breads,” Summer Home of Hon. Benjamin Ames Kimball, overlooking Lake Winnipiseogee

a castle of the Rhine country, transported to the shores of the "Smile of the Great Spirit" and placed high upon the hills, commanding a magnificent vista of lake and mountain scenery.

Mr. Kimball has been a member of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows lodge and encampment for fifty-five years. He attends regularly the South Congregational Church in Concord and is a liberally sustaining member of its society. Other worthy appeals, both public and private, upon his purse, meet such ready response that the charities account of Mr.

and Mrs. Kimball reaches a most generous figure.

From this formal narrative of Mr. Kimball's life, record and achievements there must needs be missing that element which gives his success its finest savor to those who know him best: the element of his engaging personality; his friendliness and kindness to all who deserve it, high or low, with whom he comes in contact. Affection, thus enkindled, combines with admiration and esteem in the relations with Mr. Kimball of all his associates.

THE SONGS MY MOTHER SANG

By Frederick Myron Colby

Across the silence of the years there comes to me once more
The music of the voices that I loved in days of yore.
The chimes call a thousand scenes from mem'ry's pages flung,
As I hear the silver echoes of the songs my mother sung.

They come to me like the music of God's eternal spheres,
They bring to me all the sweetness of those departed years.
I live again in boyhood, as back the gates are swung,
And in my heart's deep pulses swell the songs my mother sung.

Back rolls the floodtide of the years, with all their strife and care,
And I see the old home pictures against the sunshine fair.
'Tis but a fleeting summer since the time that I was young,
And heard with childhood's innocence the songs my mother sung.

I see the old-time kitchen, where the rippling sunbeams strayed;
The climbing roses by the door where happy children played;
And as she turns her spinning-wheel where the soft white rolls are hung,
I catch upon my listening ear the songs my mother sung.

Then when the sunset's splendor made a glory in the west,
And we, wild, romping children, sought our little beds to rest,
And the evening breezes whispered where the honeysuckles clung,
O, sweeter far than angels' hymns were the songs my mother sung.

I catch through veiling mist of tears before my yearning eyes
The golden radiance that shone athwart those summer skies;
And like a dream of long ago that angelus is rung—
The music of my childhood's Heaven, the songs my mother sung.

DANIEL WEBSTER

By Gerry W. Hazelton

In the contemplation of Daniel Webster, the thing which most attracts attention is the rare combination of remarkable qualities. Other men have equalled him in argumentative power; other men have displayed as pure and lofty sentiment; other men have surpassed him in the domain of oratory; but, in the combination of great powers, he has had no equal among the prominent men of America.

It is given to genius in moments of inspiration to clothe the most delicate and beautiful conceptions of poetic fancy in felicitous forms of expression. Mr. Webster was not a genius and his rank is in the intellectual arena. The charm of his amazing gifts is found in the ability to make the simple and common forms of speech the medium of intellectual achievement, and to breathe into these forms a warmth and wealth of sentiment which gives them place among the world's classics.

Mr. Webster was born in the town of Salisbury in the central part of New Hampshire on the 18th day of January, 1782. He came of good stock. His father was a man of great force of character, recognized as the leading citizen of the community, notwithstanding his lack of education. He was chosen a delegate to the convention which ratified the federal constitution, and the short speech he made in favor of ratification shows that he not only comprehended the question, but was able to state in terse and apt

language the reasons for his judgment. He was elected to both branches of the Legislature and subsequently appointed a judge of the court of common pleas. His mother was a typical New England woman, thoroughly practical, an excellent manager, devoted to her family and withal deeply religious.

One summer day near the end of Washington's administration, probably in 1795, Mr. Webster and Daniel were working in the hayfield when they saw a gentleman approaching who proved to be the Hon. Abiel Foster, the member of Congress from that district, who had called to pay his respects and to have a few words of conversation with Mr. Webster. After he had departed the father and son sat down under a tree, and the father had occasion to refer to the importance of education. "My son," he said, "I could have been nominated and elected to congress instead of Mr. Foster, but for my lack of education. I came near it as it was. He goes to Philadelphia and gets six dollars a day while I toil here. I could not give your elder brothers the advantages of knowledge, but I can do something for you. Improve your opportunities, learn, learn, and when I am gone you will not need to go through the hardships which I have undergone and which have made me an old man before my time."

Years after, when Webster's fame

Editorial Note.—Mr. Hazelton is a native of Chester; was educated at Pinkerton Academy, and under private tutors; admitted to the bar in Saratoga County, N. Y., in 1852; went to Wisconsin in 1856 where he has since resided. In 1860 he was elected to the state senate and chosen president *pro tem* of that body; in 1864 he was elected district attorney for Columbia County; in 1870 was elected to Congress and reelected in 1872. At the close of his second term he was tendered by General Grant, and accepted the position of United States attorney for the Eastern District of Wisconsin, which position he held for ten years. This sketch of Webster was read first at the annual meeting of the Phantom Club of Milwaukee two years ago. Its preparation was a labor of love on the part of Mr. Hazelton, whose father knew Mr. Webster well, and of whom he had often heard him speak, though he, himself, never saw him but once, and that in 1851, in Boston, as he passed along Tremont Street, his presence exciting universal interest, everyone stopping to look as though he were the one man in the United States they wanted to see. The following notice of Mr. Hazelton appeared some time since in the Milwaukee *Evening Wisconsin*:

"In selecting Gerry W. Hazelton for decoration with its degree of LL. D. Carroll College has made no mistake. He is cultivated and accomplished, distinguished in letters and learned in the law. He has held many important positions in the course of his long life, and adorned them all. Today, past the eightieth milestone of his life, he is as active and useful as many a man of fifty. His eye is bright, his walk is brisk, his memory is responsive to his will, and his ripe judgment is firm and sound. Mr. Hazelton was a member of congress from the district including Columbia County, in 1871. He has held various other offices of trust and honor, including that of United States district attorney, and is now a United States court commissioner. His investiture with the degree of Doctor will be approved by all who know him, but cannot increase the respect in which he is held by the community."

was recognized on two continents, he referred to this conversation in a letter to a friend and said, "I cried during that conversation and I cry now at the recollection." At this interview was born the hope of a college education. It was gained, but at the expense of hardships and a mortgage on the farm.

Before proceeding, I pause to mention the fact that through Daniel's influence his brother Ezekiel, two years his senior, was persuaded to prepare for and enter the same college, while Daniel postponed his law studies to earn money as preceptor of Fryeburg Academy to help him through.

Ezekiel became an eminent lawyer but died suddenly at the early age of forty-nine while arguing a case in the supreme court at Concord. But he was able to render Daniel an important service by placing him in a law office in Boston to complete his preparation for the bar. During his senior year at Dartmouth, Ezekiel had an opportunity, through the kindness of a classmate, to take charge of a class of boys in Boston and instruct them in Latin and Greek. Finding that the emoluments of the position were sufficient, he invited Daniel to come to Boston and enjoy the advantages of a large city, where every branch of the law is administered and some of the courts always in session. Responding to this invitation Daniel came to Boston and entered the office of Christopher Gore, a gentleman of culture and distinction, who was afterwards governor of the commonwealth and United States senator. In March, 1805, he was admitted to the bar on motion of Mr. Gore. It was customary at that time to accompany the motion with a few complimentary remarks concerning the student, and it is among the traditions that the preceptor took occasion to refer to the young applicant in terms of admiration and to predict his future eminence at the bar.

Realizing the growing infirmities of his father, and desiring to be near him, Daniel opened an office in Boscawen,

a few miles from the parental home, and it was among the cherished recollections of his after life that his first speech at the bar was heard by his venerable father. But he never heard him again. He died April, 1806, and in one of the late letters written by the son from "The Elms," he says, "My opening an office in Boscawen was that I might be near my father. I closed his eyes in this very house. He died at the age of sixty-seven, after a life of exertion, toil and exposure; a private soldier, an officer, a legislator, a judge,—everything that a man could be to whom learning had never disclosed her ample page."

In 1807 Daniel turned over his business to Ezekiel and moved to Portsmouth, then a city of considerable commercial importance, and deemed an inviting field for a young lawyer of ability. He was twenty-five years of age and strikingly attractive. On a Sunday morning in September of that year, he entered the Rev. Dr. Buckminster's church; and, being a stranger, was conducted to the minister's pew. The eldest daughter of the family on her return from church observed that there had been a remarkable person in the pew with her; that he riveted her attention, and she was sure he had a most marked capacity for good or evil. It may not be amiss to mention in this connection that up to the age of fifty, Mr. Webster's personal attractiveness was frequently commented upon by those who knew him. People stopped on the streets to look at him. It was not alone his intellectual equipment which won for him the soubriquet of the "God-like Daniel." His large, luminous black eyes, his expansive brow, his raven-black hair, his majesty of mien, his perfect poise and self-command, added to captivating social talents and a gentle, tender heart, led his enthusiastic admirers to think of him as almost more than human.

The young lawyer must have had a reasonable measure of confidence in his own ability when he resolved to

open an office in Portsmouth. He knew that Jeremiah Mason, then in the full maturity of his powers, was located there, and that he must expect to encounter him as his leading competitor. Mr. Mason was not only the acknowledged leader of the New Hampshire bar, but one of the very ablest lawyers of his generation. At the age of sixty-four, influenced by his professional engagements, he removed to Boston, where he commanded an immense business for six years, at the end of which period he retired from active practice.

In his autobiography Mr. Webster had this to say of him: "For the nine years I lived in Portsmouth Mr. Mason and myself were on opposite sides, pretty much as a matter of course. * * * If there be in the country a stronger intellect, if there be a mind of more native resources, if there be a vision that sees quicker, or sees deeper into whatever is intricate, or whatever is profound, I must confess I have not known it. I have not written this paragraph without considering what it implies." Then, after alluding to John Marshall as the only individual who was possibly entitled to be considered his superior, he adds, "That the original reach of *his* mind is greater, that its grasp is stronger, that its logic is closer, I do not allow."

That Mr. Webster should have been deemed by discerning clients qualified to cross swords with such an adversary is all that need be said of his professional ability. But what a splendid school in which to develop his own masterly powers! Every contest a war of giants! It is pleasant to note that notwithstanding these professional encounters, the personal relations between the contestants were of the deepest and most abiding friendship. When Mr. Webster's house was burned in 1813, while he was on his way to Washington to take his seat in congress (this was before the day of railroads and telegraphs), the Mason home was thrown open for Mr. Webster's family, and there they were

welcome guests till another dwelling place could be secured and furnished for their use.

The prominence acquired by Mr. Webster as a member of the 13th and 14th Congresses not only gave him standing among the leading statesmen of the country, but opened the door to a large practice in the supreme court of the United States.

The great business interests of New England centered in Boston, and these interests constrained him to remove to that city where he at once entered on a large and lucrative practice in both the state and federal courts. From 1817 to 1823 he devoted himself to the ever-increasing demands of his profession. His great argument in the Dartmouth College case in 1818 raised him to the very highest rank as a constitutional lawyer while his luminous arguments in the constitutional convention, which assembled in Boston in November, 1820, served to demonstrate the marvelous wealth of his intellectual resources.

As the bi-centennial anniversary of the landing of the Mayflower approached, elaborate efforts were made to celebrate the event by adequate ceremonies, and all eyes turned to Mr. Webster as the orator of the day. Great things were expected of him, of course, but his oration discounted all anticipations. It placed him in the front rank of the greatest orators of ancient or modern times. It made him the founder of a new and distinct school of oratory in which, as one of his biographers has well said, no one has become his equal. His oration at the laying of the corner stone of Bunker Hill monument, June 17, 1825, and at its completion, June 17, 1842; his speech at Boston August, 1826, on Adams and Jefferson; his lecture before the Mechanics Institute of Boston in 1828; his speech at a dinner given him by his friends in New York in 1830, indeed all his orations belong in the same class. They are all Websterian. They all bear the marks of the same great

intellectual grasp and power. They are all on the same exalted plane. They may be likened in a way to the great ocean liner which alike in calm and storm, en voyage or riding at anchor, displays the same majesty and poise and power.

In 1823 Mr. Webster was elected to congress from Massachusetts and reelected in 1825, and two years later was transferred to the Senate.

I digress for a space at this point to take up another line of observation.

Enough has been said to indicate that we are dealing with a man who could not escape being talked of for the presidency. As early as 1835 his name was frequently mentioned in that connection, and in December, 1836, he received the vote of the electors of his state for president.

In 1840, however, the popular demand for General Harrison swept away all barriers and the campaign of 1840 was long remembered on account of its harmless and irrepressible enthusiasm, and its crude appeals to the rural voters.

In 1844, the popularity of Mr. Clay resulted in his nomination, but he was defeated on the Texas issue.

In 1848, Mr. Webster was encouraged to hope for the nomination, but the nation was just emerging from the Mexican War and General Taylor was the hero of the hour, and the consideration of availability dominated the situation. That Mr. Webster was disgusted he took no pains to conceal, though he finally concluded to support the party ticket. A circumstance occurred in connection with this nomination which I learned from Austin F. Pike of Franklin, whom I knew as a member of the 43d Congress from New Hampshire. Mr. Webster was stopping at "The Elms" at or about the time of the convention, and one morning, after the nomination of General Taylor, he came into the village for his mail. Seeing Mr. Pike in front of his office and knowing him well both as political and personal friend, he said, with a gracious nod, waving his right hand,

"Good morning, *Colonel Pike*." The greeting was understood, of course, in the sense intended. It was simply a recognition of the opening of a military campaign, in which the claims of statesmen were barred.

Before the campaign of 1852 opened the treaty with Mexico had added a large area of territory to our domain on the west and southwest. It had been charged during the war that its leading object was the extension of slave territory and an embittered controversy at once sprung up between the North and the South as to whether slavery should be excluded from this territory by act of congress. The discussion of the subject in congress and in the press and on "The Stump" served to intensify sectional feeling, and to incite angry threats of secession in the cotton growing states. Mr. Webster and Mr. Clay were in the Senate and necessarily in a position to appreciate and understand the meaning of the controversy. They were devoted to the Union. Their patriotism was distinctly of the national type. They were alarmed at the threats of secession which had every indication of sincerity. They knew that the bonds of union had been weakened in the South through the teachings of Calhoun and his disciples. It was under those circumstances that these great statesmen reached the conclusion that an effort should be made to relieve the stress and strain of sectional feeling, and to arrange a basis on which the national sentiment should be restored and reestablished. It was a part of the plan that Mr. Webster as a leading statesman of the North should endeavor to impress the extremists of both sections with his own broad national convictions, and that Mr. Clay should formulate a basis on which conservative citizens of both sections could agree to stand. Events which neither section could control had settled the status of California as a free state, thus limiting the proposed legislation to New Mexico, by which name all the residue of the acquisition was known. When

the proper time arrived Mr. Webster delivered his notable seventh of March speech. The tone of the speech is distinctly national. Profound love for the Union breathes from every page. In argument it is clear and persuasive; in diction Websterian. Aside from the introductory portion, which is historical, the speech is devoted to two propositions: First, that the physical condition of New Mexico created an absolute barrier to the introduction of slave labor; second, that peaceable secession of any one or more of the states was an obvious impossibility. His attitude on both of these propositions was overwhelmingly vindicated by subsequent events. He took occasion to deprecate and deplore the sectional spirit on both sides of the controversy, and to make it clear that in pleading for moderation and a revival of national sentiment, he abated not one jot of his oft-expressed abhorrence of human slavery.

The bitter and virulent criticism this speech called forth in the North is a matter of history. That this criticism was in the main sincere it would be idle to question; but, in dealing with this subject today in the light of all we now know, it is only fair to give Mr. Webster the benefit of his own view-point. He believed that the Union was in peril and we are now constrained to affirm that he was right. He was profoundly impressed with the great mission of the national government. With him this sentiment was a passion. In public utterances and in private conversation he tried to impress his views upon his countrymen. He realized the drift of events as his constituents could not, and under a sense of duty which he could not ignore, he made his great plea for the restoration of national sentiment. So much we must in justice assume. It is vastly easy to charge that the speech was only a bid for the presidency, but there are equally strong reasons for affirming that he could not fail to know, if we credit him with average discernment,

that the speech would tend to deprive him of the support of his Northern friends and thus put an end to his personal ambitions; for without their support he knew that he could not be nominated or elected to the presidency. That he made a mistake in consenting to be a candidate for President in 1852 may be conceded. Had he declined the use of his name in that connection, his critics would have been deprived of a prominent basis for their attacks. For this mistake his friends are as much at fault as he. But, after all, the real question to be considered touches the integrity of his convictions. If he really believed that national convulsion was impending and that it might be avoided by the exercise of charity and moderation on both sides, such belief becomes a persuasive factor in solving the problem. That this will prove the basis on which the final verdict of history will be recorded there is little room for doubt.

Mr. Webster stands before the world as a unique, distinct and great historical figure; the leading lawyer, the leading statesman, the leading orator of his generation. In majesty of person and in wealth of intellectual resources he had no rival. He must be judged on the basis of his entire career; and it is only just and fair that the absorbing patriotism, which marked and illuminated his public life, his inspiring devotion to our flag and our institutions, his uniform respect for high national ideals, and the influence he exerted for the perpetuity of the republic be taken into the account in measuring his claims to grateful remembrance.

At no time after Mr. Webster's death would the good Quaker poet have written "Ichabod." It was struck off in the white heat of the poet's indignation, and no one can read it now without regretting it was ever published. It is too uncharitable and violent to bear the test of time.

On the ninth day of July, 1850, President Taylor died; and, at the urgent instance of Vice-President Fillmore,

Mr. Webster resigned his seat in the Senate to assume, for the second time, the office of secretary of state; and in this instance, as a decade earlier, displaying the same distinguished ability which marked his service in both branches of congress, and at the bar.

I now come back to speak of Mr. Webster's speech in the Senate on the 26th of January, 1830, in reply to the speech of Senator Hayne of South Carolina concluded the day before. Hayne was a brilliant orator, the idol of his party friends in the South and a champion of the Calhoun doctrine that the constitution was a compact between sovereign states in the nature of a league or confederation and not the basis of a national government with the usual and recognized rights and powers of sovereignty. As an incident of this doctrine, Mr. Hayne contended that an act of congress distinctly hostile to the business interests of a state was in violation of the spirit of the compact, and might be peaceably disregarded or nullified at the option of such state. The argumentative portions of his speech were on these lines, but the argument was enlivened and illuminated by brilliant flights of oratory and marked by sectional and personal asperities quite in keeping with the orator's prejudices. He had his subject well in hand and made as persuasive and powerful an argument as could be made in support of his views. He was supported and inspired by a large and admiring audience, many of whom believed the speech unanswerable. Indeed, some of Mr. Webster's friends were inclined to share in this view. Many gentlemen took occasion to call on Mr. Webster in the evening to ascertain his state of mind. They found him cheerful and happy and apparently as little concerned over the situation as if nothing were expected of him. Judge Story dropped in to proffer suggestions, but Mr. Webster gave him no opportunity. He, himself, knew the weak points in Hayne's argument and was confident

of his ability to expose them. It may be stated in this connection *that the argument in support of the sovereignty of the national government for national purposes had never been formulated up to this time*,—a circumstance which should be kept in mind. Mr. Webster did not underrate the gravity and importance of his task, but he felt that he was equal to it.

The brilliant speech of Hayne, particularly its sectional aspects, had awakened a degree of interest in the discussion which can hardly be overestimated. Long before Mr. Webster appeared, the Senate chamber was packed with an eager audience of both sexes; the House was so deserted that no business could be transacted, while the lobbies and all the approaches to the Senate chamber were crowded with excited people who could not even hear the sound of the orator's voice. Expectation was on tiptoe. When Mr. Webster approached his desk he was the personification of manly dignity and intellectual power, "a combination and a form indeed where every god did seem to set his seal."

With superb poise and composure Mr. Webster opened his speech in these words, "When the mariner has been tossed for many days in thick weather and on an unknown sea he naturally avails himself of the first pause in the storm, the earliest glance of the sun, to take his latitude and ascertain how far the elements have driven him from his true course. Let us imitate his prudence and before we float farther on the waves of this debate refer to the point from which we departed that we may at least be able to conjecture where we now are; I ask for the reading of the resolution."

This unique and wholly unexpected introduction, relieved the tension and prepared the audience for what was to follow. The speech occupied four hours in delivery, and during all this time a large part of his auditors remained standing with no apparent consciousness of fatigue. They were spellbound. When Mr. Webster

came to that well-known passage: "Mr. President, I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts; she needs none; there she is; behold her and judge for yourselves. There is her history; the world knows it by heart. There is Boston and Concord and Lexington and Bunker Hill, and there they will remain forever! The bones of her sons falling in the mighty struggle for independence lie mingled with the soil of every state from New England to Georgia, and there they will lie forever,"—tradition has it that the Massachusetts representatives grouped together were completely overcome by their emotions. The thrill of state pride coupled with admiration for the great orator was more than they could withstand. And I may add without fear of exciting doubt that when Mr. Webster closed his speech with that grand and inspiring peroration so familiar to us all, the New England men, gathered there in the Senate chamber, could have kissed the hem of his garment.

They realized that they had been listening to a speech of unprecedented power. They had been led along by a train of reasoning so luminous, so conclusive that their minds were relieved from all doubt; and mingled with the feeling of admiration for the orator was the higher joy of realizing that the constitution had been vindicated from unworthy assault, and that the government of the fathers had not been builded on the sand but on strong and enduring foundations. They were not mistaken. The argument to which they had listened was accepted by the masses of their countrymen as a finality, and constituted the basis on which secession and nullification were finally buried at Appomattox.

Whether Webster had answered Hayne was never mooted. The impression seemed to be that he had been dealing with a vital misunderstanding of the organic law rather than with Hayne, and that his argument was demonstration. As an evidence of the ephemeral character

of fame resting on brilliant oratory alone, not linked with anything of permanent value or real human interest, it is worthy of note that the principal circumstance which rescues Hayne's name from oblivion is that he made the speech which Webster demolished.

I have no time or inclination to attempt an analysis of this speech, but I venture a few words of comment upon some of its salient features. I first saw it when a boy of twelve or fifteen. It had been sent to my father and I found it in a mass of old papers stored away in the attic and read it. I could not comprehend the argument, of course, but I well remember how delighted I was with the rhetorical passages. I have read it many times since and always with admiration and an enlarged impression of its merits. It is so broad and so intensely national in spirit that we can fancy we hear the patriot fathers speaking through the orator's lips. This is the keynote of the speech. It is a great, a masterly plea for the national government, and we are not surprised at the enduring impression it made upon public sentiment. It was a magnificent tribute to the great and wise men who framed the constitution, and so established in the new world a republic for themselves and their children. The tone of the speech is above criticism. It is elevated, dignified and absolutely free from narrowness and personal asperity. Its diction is superb, felicitous, captivating. Its argument is remarkable for its thoroughness, its comprehensive grasp of the subjects with which it deals and for its marvelous skill in construction and detail. It is like the painting of a great master in which not a touch of the brush is missing. As an example of forensic power and constructive skill, of sustained eloquence and inspiring sentiment, it has never been surpassed and perhaps never equalled. It must ever be regarded as illustrating the highest reach of luminous reasoning,

coupled with a diction as superb and matchless as the argument it embalms.

In his interesting sketch of Webster, Mr. Lodge remarks that "when the constitution was adopted there was not a man in the country, from Washington and Hamilton on the one side to George Clinton and George Mason on the other, who regarded the new system as anything but an experiment entered upon by the states, from which each and every state had the *right peaceably to withdraw*, a right which was very likely to be exercised." It is difficult to understand on what this statement was based. It is utterly inconsistent with the attitude on which ratification was so fiercely antagonized, to wit: that the central government would naturally and necessarily absorb the rights of the states, and thus endanger the liberties of the people; it is inconsistent with the reasons given by a considerable number of delegates for withdrawing from the convention, which were the same as those above stated; it is inconsistent with the character and objects of the constitution as demonstrated by Mr. Webster; it is inconsistent with the gravity of the task undertaken by the great men who framed the constitution and who ought not to bear the odium of trifling with their solemn duties and responsibilities, by setting up a government in which they had no faith; it is inconsistent with the report Washington was ordered and directed, as president of the constitutional convention, to make to congress, in which he says: "In all our deliberations on this subject"—the perpetuity of the government—"we kept constantly in our view that which appears to us the greatest interest of every true American, the consolidation of our Union, in which is involved our prosperity, felicity, safety, perhaps our national existence." Mr. Foster, in his interesting work on the constitution, declares that "nowhere in the federal or state conventions, nor in the pamphlets on either side of the question of ratification do we find

a hint of the right of secession." The articles of confederation embraced the solemn pledge that the league between the states was to be perpetual; and, when the objects to be secured by the constitution were formulated, the first to find expression is stated in these words, "In order to form a more perfect Union." When Hamilton wrote Madison for his opinion as to whether a state in ratifying the constitution could reserve the right to withdraw, Madison promptly responded in the negative.

Senator Bell of New Hampshire (a resident, by the way, of my native town, whose stately figure was impressed on my early recollection) said to Mr. Webster, before he entered the Senate chamber on that memorable day, "It is a critical moment, Mr. Webster, and it is time—high time—that the people of this country should know what this constitution is." "By the blessing of Heaven," answered Mr. Webster, "they shall learn this day, before the sun goes down, what I understand it to be." The world knows in what transcendent fashion that promise was redeemed.

To Daniel Webster and John Marshall our government owes a debt of gratitude it can never repay for rescuing it from portentous peril and inspiring the people with genuine national sentiment and devotion; and to General Jackson for squelching nullification in the very hot-bed of its development.

There are numerous incidents in connection with our theme which plead for recognition. His love for the old homestead in New Hampshire; his affection for his parents and his brother; his distinguished social gifts; his professional experiences; his visit to Jefferson and Madison in 1824; his trip abroad in 1839; the royal welcome extended to him by his neighbors and friends in Boston in July, 1852; one of the most remarkable demonstrations ever witnessed on this continent; his last

days at Marshfield, are among the topics which challenge attention, but I forbear.

It is not difficult to indicate the basis on which the fame of Mr. Webster will live when stately mau-soleums have crumbled into dust. That he was an enlightened and sagacious statesman no one doubts. But not on his statesmanship primarily will be assigned his rank in history. It will rest on his championship of the nationality of the government, on his standing and achievements as a great lawyer, and on the fact that he was the founder and exemplar of a distinct school of oratory which, in its power to excite universal admiration, and appeal to the heart of our common humanity will endure when "mighty states characterless are grated to dusty nothing."

In the mutations of time and the rise and fall of parties posterity may forget that he was in his time a great and honored statesman, but his wonderful speeches and orations can never be forgotten. They are imperishable. They will be cherished and repeated to the last syllable of recorded time.

Mr. Webster died at his home in Marshfield on the morning of October 24th, 1852, in the 71st year of his age. Coming out of a troubled sleep for just a moment of consciousness, he uttered the memorable words which seemed to carry a prophetic sugges-

tion, "I still live," and a little later his great soul took its flight.

Notwithstanding the public had been prepared, by the published bulletins, for the inevitable, the knowledge of his death produced a profound impression. A great orb had sunk behind the national horizon never to appear again. The sad message was flashed to every quarter of the continent and everywhere touched a sympathetic chord. One expression was on all lips, "We shall never look upon his like again." The people realized as if by intuition that men of Mr. Webster's type are never duplicated. And while some grieved that he had failed to reach the goal of his ambition, the prevailing and maturer conviction was that no station, however exalted, could have magnified his fame.

In memoriam, it has been common to refer to Mr. Webster as sleeping by the sea where the music of the waves breaking on a rock-bound coast is forever chanting a requiem to his memory. The conception is appropriate and impressive, but I love rather to think of him as still a living force in our national life, and to fancy that I hear him now as when he moved among men and listening senates hung upon his words pleading for "liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable." The leaves fall and wither and the flowers perish at the north wind's breath, but the stars shine on forever and forever.

COMPARISON

By Georgiana Rogers

Everything goes by comparison

In this work-a-day world of ours,
That is the way they judge us,

By the other man's talents and powers.

Even by your cares and comforts

You are sized up in that same way,
And by some one else's poor salary

They decide that you have good pay.

HANNAH DUSTIN OF HAVERHILL

Her Capture and Famous Exploit Recounted

By E. W. B. Taylor

Haverhill is the child of destiny—an inland village on the Merrimack. Not having the steep water falls of the upper river and the harbor of the lower, it pursued its own way until the settlement of the Puritans became a village, the village a town and the town the Haverhill of today.

Little could good man Ward, rowing up the river that summer day, nearly two hundred and seventy-five years ago, imagine that the log hut he was to build held the germs of today's city, with its factories, its steam and electric railways, its electric lights, its telegraph and telephones, its fire department and water works, the very invention of which was not even dreamed of. Pentucket, so the Indians called the spot, was begun in 1640 by English emigrants who brought to Massachusetts their English Essex and recalled their old homes in the names they gave the new.

In honor of the native town of the first minister and leader, John Ward, the English Haverhill became the new Haverhill. Honorable in their earliest dealings, its people bought the land from the Indians, the original deed being still preserved in the city archives. I am very proud to say, while it is the home of my adoption (how I love it and everybody in it!) on my children's paternal side their forefather's name follows that of John Ward in the signing of the deed, and also in 1645 his name is second as a householder.

Honest dealings with the owners of the soil did not protect them from the attacks of the hostile Indians, and, as Haverhill occupied a position lying on the outermost edge of the settlements, it was more exposed to the vindictiveness of the hostile bands that followed the valley of the Merri-

mack, or across the country. For nearly a half century Haverhill suffered, being almost daily expecting an attack. History says a meeting was called to consider abandoning the settlement. There still remain on its borders several garrison houses, built of brick to guard against fire, of good size to afford safe retreat with convenient loopholes, which leave to us the undeniable suggestion of danger and heroism in the lives of our forefathers. Heroism is a divine attribute—patriotism honors it—to record its achievements is a pleasure as well as a duty. So my story of Hannah Dustin which has made Haverhill memorable far beyond the town's horizon. Forever will its history be remembered, transmitted and cherished as a household treasure. Like an heirloom it imparts inspiration—inspiration that shall tend to elevate the hearts of the sons and daughters, descendants of the old New England home mothers, throughout the uncounted ages yet to come; mothers who lived in a day of trial, whose endurance, faithfulness and valor were tried and made manifest in the midst of savages, but whose historic truthfulness has never been surpassed.

On the fifteenth of March, 1697, the Indians made their descent upon Haverhill and, according to Indian warfare, they divided their tribe into small parties and made an attack all around the town, everywhere at nearly the same moment; so on that day, in and about the little village, they took and carried away thirteen captives, burned nine dwelling houses and killed twenty-seven of its people, men, women and children.

They came to the house of Thomas Dustin, who was living in the out-

skirts. This man was abroad at his usual labor, probably at his brick yard, and upon the first alarm he flew to the house with the hope of hurrying to a place of safety his family, consisting of his wife, who had been confined a week only in child bed, her nurse, Mary Neff, from the neighborhood, and eight children. Seven of the children he ordered to flee with utmost expedition in the course opposite that in which the danger was approaching and went himself to assist his wife. But she, relying on her better understanding of the Indians, having been born on the site of what is now the Boston & Maine depot, and an Indian village not an eighth of a mile away on Washington Square, begged him to leave her and care for himself and the children. He, despairing of rendering her any service, flew to the door, mounted his horse determined to snatch up the child with which he was unable to part when he should overtake the little flock. When he came up to them, about two hundred yards from the house, he could not make a choice or leave any of the number and therefore he determined to take his lot with them and to defend them from their would-be murderers or die by their sides. A body of Indians pursued and came up with him and from near distances fired at him and his little company. He returned the fire and retreated alternately, for more than a mile, keeping so resolute a face to the enemy retiring in the rear of his charge, returning the fire of his enemies so often and with such good success, and sheltering his terrified companions, that he finally lodged them, safe from the pursuing butchers, in a distant garrison house. To me this act of bravery of Thomas Dustin makes him a hero. His strenuous efforts in saving his seven children from the cruel grasp of the savages on that terrible day, with his home reduced to ashes and his wife carried away captive, were indeed most praiseworthy.

This hero came from Dover, N. H.

He seems to have been a man of considerable note and influence in Haverhill. He was a constable, a maker of brick and also of almanacs on rainy days, and was keeper of a garrison at his new brick house at Dustin Square which was partially finished the preceding year.

Another party of the Indians entered the house immediately after Mr. Dustin left it and found Mrs. Dustin and her nurse, who was attempting to fly with the infant in her arms. Mrs. Dustin was ordered to rise instantly, and before she could completely dress herself they obliged her and her companion to leave the house, after they had plundered it and set it on fire. There, at her own threshold, Hannah Dustin heard the terrible war cry of savages seeking blood. There and then she had witnessed the twelve captives, other than herself, driven away from Haverhill to be murdered or to be sold as slaves. There and then she had heard the wail of helpless women and children at the slaughter of twenty-seven of her own dear neighbors; had seen the blood-stained tomahawk; had seen the apple tree, crimsoned over as it had been with the life blood of her own infant; saw in the distance the flames, crackling and bursting from eight homes as well as her own.

This Indian massacre was a terrible blow to Haverhill. Some of its most useful citizens and promising youth were among the slain and captured. That mother was too weak, too cautious and too brave so show the least emotion. These traits of character as they appeared throughout that terrible trial day must be regarded as a climax to true heroism.

Her conductors were unfeeling, insolent and revengeful. Murder was their glory and torture their sport. Her infant was in her nurse's arms, and infants were the customary victims of savage barbarity. The company proceeded but a short distance when an Indian, thinking it an incumbrance, took the child out of the nurse's arms and dashed its head against a

tree. What were then the feelings of that mother? Such of the other captives as began to weary and to lag the Indians tomahawked. Feeble as Mrs. Dustin was, both she and her nurse sustained the fatigue of the journey, Mrs. Dustin's wounded feet leaving blood marks on the snow. Their distress for the death of the child and of their companions, and anxiety for those whom they had left behind, and the increasing terror for themselves kept these unhappy women so intensely excited that, notwithstanding all their exposure to cold and hunger, sleeping on damp ground, under stormy skies, they made the distance of a hundred and fifty miles, continuing their ramblings northward by and near the Merrimack until they reached that Indian fort on the island between the waters of the Contoocook and Merrimack rivers. This island of about two acres is about seventy-five miles from here according to our reckoning, but by the Indians' 150 miles.

Before they reached the island the tribe divided into two parts, one continuing north, while the others, with Mrs. Dustin, Mrs. Neff and Samuel Leonardson, a youth of fourteen years whom the Indians had taken at Worcester, Mass., previous to the Dustin massacre, crossed over in their birch canoes to the island, between the safe surroundings at the junction of these two beautiful rivers.

The wigwam to which they were conducted and which belonged to the savage who claimed them as his property contained twelve persons. On their way the Indians had talked of another fort of theirs in Canada, and it was to that place, they told their captives, they were to be taken and to be forced to run the gauntlet.

The gauntlet was usually performed in this manner. There were two files of Indians, of both sexes, and all ages, containing all who could be mustered in the village and the unhappy victims were obliged to run between them, when they were scoffed at and beaten by each one as they

passed and were made marks of, at which the younger Indians threw their hatchets. Then, too, the tribes added the worse cruelty of making sales of their captives to the French in Canada who used them as slaves, as the French were hostile to the English settlers.

The two women resolved not to endure this indignity and danger, preferring death. Mrs. Dustin planned a means of escape, and her nurse and the lad were to help her.

Young Samuel had been a captive for a year and the Indians believed him to be faithful to them and did not suppose the women would have courage to attempt to escape, so they did not keep watch. On the day before the plan was to be carried out Mrs. Dustin had the lad make inquiries of the Indians how to kill a man instantly and how to take off his scalp. "Strike him here" said the Indian putting his finger on his temple, "and take off his scalp so." Before daylight the next morning when the whole tribe was deep in slumber, Mrs. Dustin with the nurse and lad instantly killed ten of the twelve sleeping Indians, she slaying her captor and Samuel killing the man who had told him how to do it. A squaw and boy fled to the woods but not until the woman had received thirteen wounds—(Cotton Mather's account.) In corroboration of this story it was told by Hannah Bradley of this town, who was a captive and afterwards made a thrilling escape from the tribe who parted with Mrs. Dustin's party and went northward, that the woman found the way to their camp and told her story of the massacre.

The boy, whom they let sleep intending to bring him away with them, suddenly aroused and hurried away from this desolation. The prisoners, after scuttling all the boats but one and filling that with all the food and ammunition they could find, started down the river. They had not gone far before Mrs. Dustin remembered they had not scalped their

victims and that her friends might want proof of her story. They then returned, took the scalps and wrapped them in the linen cloth that the Indians tore from the loom in her own house. In returning to the island the prisoners just escaped falling in with a band of 250 savages who were on their way to Canada. With strong hearts they started down river for home, every moment in peril of savages or the elements. They washed the blood stains from their hands and clothes in the water as they floated down. There was no settlement at Concord nor anywhere on the river above Nashua. But in some way they got around the falls and through the rapids and, with remarkable escapes, they reached home in safety and were received as persons risen from the dead. Mr. Dustin was dropping corn in the field when he heard the news of his wife's arrival and throwing down the dish he ran for joy to meet her. Soon afterwards she went to Boston carrying with her a gun and a tomahawk which she had brought from the wigwam, and her ten trophies.

It must have been at this time that Cotton Mather, the historian of those days, got the story, for this divine had it from the women themselves and he lost no time in setting forth the details. The story of this exploit, as told by Cotton Mather, may be accepted as one of the best accounts. Mather was looked upon as the historian of his time and was considered the best living authority on New England annals. A bounty was at first refused them because it was stated that they killed the Indians in cold blood. "No," said Mrs. Dustin, "my blood never was cool with them after they took my infant baby, only eight days old, and dashed its brains out against an apple tree before my face and eyes."

Under the date of June 16, 1697, in the ancient records of the Massachusetts general court is found the following: "Voted, in concurrence with the representatives, that there

be allowed and ordered out of the Publick treasury unto Thomas Duston, on behalf of Hannah, his wife, the sum of twenty-five pounds, To Mary Neff the sum of twelve pounds and ten shillings, and to Samuel Leonardson the sum of twelve pounds ten shillings."

With the money thus obtained the Dustins bought some two hundred acres of land, with the location of which many are more familiar than I. Private citizens gave her many memorials for her heroic conduct, and in recognition of her heroism she was made the recipient of many honors among the people of her own and adjacent colonies. Governor Nicholson of the Massachusetts colonies read an account in a paper of the day and sent a metal tankard to Mrs. Dustin and Mrs. Neff as a token of his admiration.

During the summer of 1874, one hundred and seventy-seven years after the event, citizens of Massachusetts and New Hampshire erected on the highest point of Dustin (now Concord) island, a granite monument commemorative of the heroic deed. It displays a figure of Mrs. Dustin holding in her right hand, raised in the attitude of striking, a tomahawk, and a bunch of scalps in her other. On it are inscribed the names of Hannah Dustin, Mary Neff and Samuel Leonardson, also March 15-1697-30. The war whoop, tomahawk, faggot and infanticides were at Haverhill; the ashes of wigwam camp fires at night, and of ten of the tribe are here.

The Dustin Monument Association was organized in October, 1855, incorporated in 1856 and reorganized in 1907. It erected a marble shaft on the site of the old homestead, but payment was delayed on account of the excitement connected with the Civil War. The contractor put it up at auction and Doctor Barker, a dentist of this town, acting for Mr. Pickard of Woburn, bought it, and Mr. Edwin Gage took it down. It was afterwards sold to the town of

Barre, Mass., for a soldiers' monument, where it now stands.

On November 25, 1879, the monument on City Hall park, Haverhill, was presented to the city by Mr. E. J. M. Hale, the designer being Mr. C. H. Weeks. Mr. Hale says: "This monument is erected in honor of Hannah Dustin and presented to my native town in order to keep alive and to perpetuate in the minds of all here and of all those who shall come after us, the remembrance of her courage and undaunted valor, and the patient endurance and fortitude of our ancestors, and to animate our hearts with noble ideas and patriotic feelings." The monument stands on the site of the first church, to the back of which was added a school house of two stories which served as a watch house as well. In 1748 the first bell of the town was imported from England and the following year, 1749, the whipping post and stocks were erected just back of the church.

The boulder placed by the Association in 1908 on the site of the first monument weighs 60,000 pounds. Read what Mr. Towne has to say of it. There is a memorial stone of about five feet in height erected by the D. A. R. in 1902 which marks the spot near Nashua, N. H., where Hannah Dustin spent the night on her return to Haverhill.

There is no other woman in the United States, and I doubt if any in the history of the world, who has four and, if we count the displaced one, five monuments and two tablets erected to her memory. Heroic actions and brave deeds always claimed the admiration of mankind.

If we bestow the praise on brave acts performed by the sterner sex, what higher tribute do they merit when performed by gentle woman? But woman, while resting her claims to admiration chiefly on the mild grace and sweet charities of life has shown herself capable of the most patient endurance and the most exalted courage. The earlier records

of New England and of our own Haverhill would have given instances that would be an honor to the bravest men.

The after history of Mrs. Dustin is somewhat vague and uncertain—but from her sprang a people who have done well their part in the making of New England. Not as a prototype of the fabled Amazon should we think of Mrs. Dustin but rather as a stern, unyielding matron of that time whose prime conditions were virtue, character and self-denial. We can think of her as looking well to the ways of her household, who baked and brewed spun and wove, caring for her thirteen children; that she owned covenant and received full communion in her church, and no doubt went with her husband to present their children for baptism.

Occasionally we find that our Colonial mothers appended their signature marks to deeds wherein the husband conveyed property, though it was by no means necessary to the validity of the transfer that a wife should, of her own volition, release her claims to landed estate.

I cannot leave this interesting story without making special mention of Mrs. Neff, who was the daughter of George Corless. Her husband was killed in the Indian warfare, leaving her with one son, so that Mary as well as Mrs. Dustin was a New England mother. At her capture by the Indians she was a widow, and was some eleven years older than Mrs. Dustin. Upon notice that her neighbor and friend, Mrs. Dustin, was sick and in need of care, Mary was at her bedside. From this and other evidences we may well know that the household, its good health and indeed the well-being of that whole neighborhood, belonged to Mary. They must have found her a generous, genial soul, of great strength of mind and force of character, a force in the sight of justice and duty too strong to be alarmed by the war whoops, or disconcerted at sight of the tomahawk and scalping knife. Through

all that dreadful time Mary kept close to her charge, hugging close to her bosom the babe until it was torn from her arms, then giving special care and encouragement to its sick and heart stricken and bereaved mother. God be praised for the record of such women; they make our own hearts beat the faster and spur us on to nobler actions,

Of Samuel's parentage, of his birth, death or burial, there is meager account. The known incidents in his life are his capture at Worcester, his help in the slaughter at Contoocook and his presence at Boston in April and again in June, there to receive from the "Great and General Court" of Massachusetts a reward for the heroic action of his youth.

The boy, Samuel C. Leonardson, with the father, Samuel Leonardson, and family, later went to Preston, Connecticut, where he married and had four children. He died May 11, 1718. Samuel senior came from Bridgewater to Worcester, before 1690, it is believed.*

Capt. Nehemiah Emerson, a descendant of Michael Emerson who settled in Haverhill in 1656, married Hannah Webster and their oldest daughter, Hannah, married Thomas Dustin. Hannah was born in 1657 and married Thomas Dustin in 1677. They had thirteen children, nine of them living to grow up. Martha was the babe slain and Lydia was born after her return from captivity, October 4, 1698. Hannah was propounded March 17, 1727, and admitted to the church on the common in March 31, 1727. She was thirty-nine years and three months old when captured and died in 1735, or thereabouts, aged about 78 years. Her grave is unknown. No doubt her children were buried on the farm and as a matter of sentiment, if such may be allowed in a woman of her temperament, she requested to be laid beside him.

The march of progress has obliterated all trace of them.

Mrs. Dustin made success a duty, though to win it required the shedding of much blood, but all ages will justify her act and applaud the heroism of that victorious hour, which restored to her the right of life.

THE HANNAH DUSTON BOULDER.

The recently erected boulder, moved to the old home site from the vicinity of Bradley's Brook, and heretofore often called the "Bradley's Boulder" is not only a most beautiful stone in itself but most interesting geologically.

It is of the variety of coarse granite known as "porphyritic granite." In general, a rock known as "porphyry" is one of igneous (fire) origin, and has distinct crystals of some mineral that has thus crystallized on cooling. In the case of this boulder, the most prominent are crystals of feldspar, imbedded in a matrix largely of quartz.

This variety is unknown in the solid earth crust of Haverhill, where the native rock is mostly soft and unenduring mica schist, which soon shows iron rusting and rapidly crumbles. This boulder has been a hardy traveller, probably from some mountain side far to the north, in New Hampshire. No such rock is known to the writer as "in place" (*i. e.* in ledge form) nearer than twenty miles from Haverhill. This rock undoubtedly travelled to us on and in and under the great continental glacier once located here, to a depth of some thousand or more feet. It shows most striking signs of its hard passage: the front, as now set up, being almost as smooth as if polished by an emery wheel.

This has resulted in sharply bringing out the beauty of the enclosed crystals. Of such nature as this is the famous "Rollstone" on Rollstone

*A tablet has been placed upon the Davis Tower, in Lake Park, Worcester, to mark the site of the home of Samuel Lenorson whence his son Samuel was stolen by the Indians in 1695.

Hill, in Fitchburg, now a special care of that city.

A similar but much smaller specimen, has just been unearthed in the clay covering of the new high school lot, corner of Summer and Main streets, and has been removed for safe keeping to the rear of the present high school, Newell street.

Other specimens are to be found in almost every stone wall in this vicinity. One of about the size of the Duston Memorial boulder has been seen by the writer embedded

in the Gay Head Clay Cliffs on Martha's Vineyard, the terminus of the glacier.

As the lowest estimate usually assigned since the glacial period, is some 10,000 years, the securing of so ancient a rock, one that has been so durable and likely to prove most enduring among boulders, should be a cause of congratulation to the Dustin-Duston Society.

LINWOOD O. TOWNE.

High School, Haverhill, Mass.

A LOST NOTE

By Moses Gage Shirley.

I used to hear them drumming
In the wildwood long ago,
When the springtime came to greet us
And the shad bush was in blow.

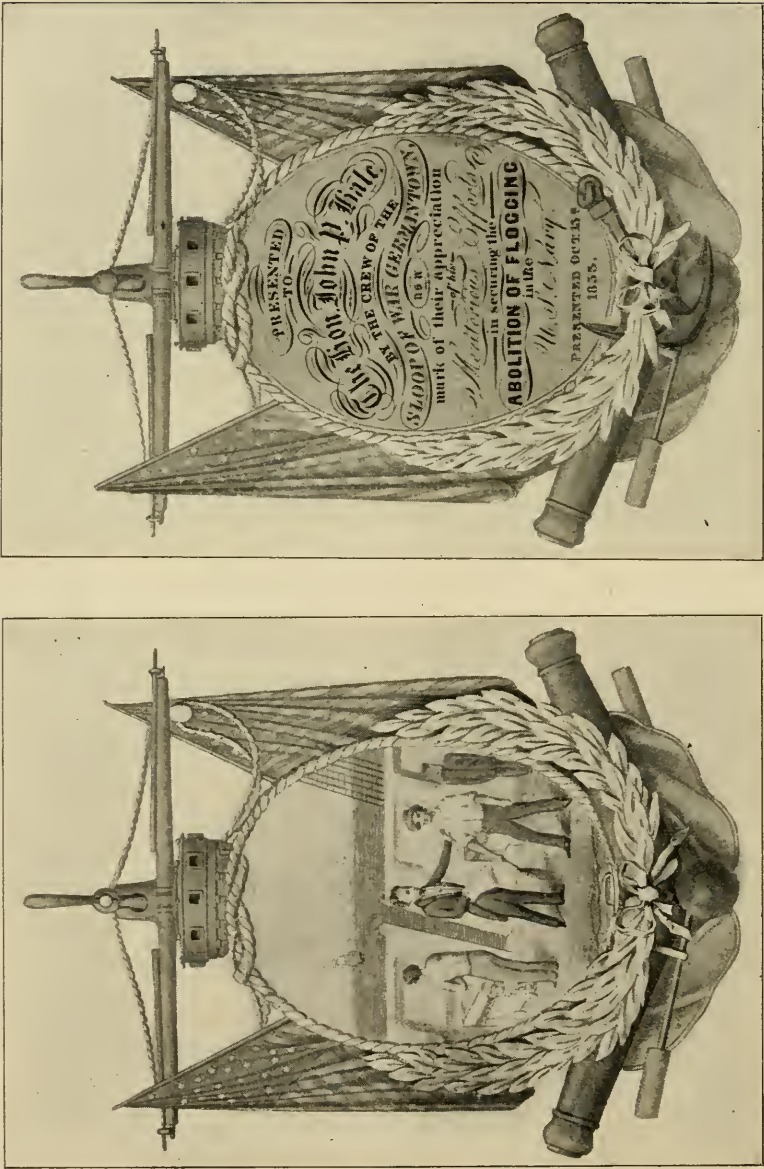
But now where'er I wander
Through the valleys, o'er the hill,
And listen for the music,
But the drumming it is still.

With dogs and automobiles
The sportsmen from the town
Have entered every cover
And shot the wild grouse down.

Today it's hard to find them
Where once they used to beat
Their drumming wings together
In many a safe retreat.

There is a sense of sadness
For the springtime it has come,
And the shad bush is in blossom
But no more the wild grouse drum.

O lost note of the wildwood,
Sweet as the veery's song,
With days that have departed
Doth the memory belong.



Gold Medal Presented to Senator John P. Hale of New Hampshire by Sailors of the United States Navy

A DOUBTFUL CLAIM

To Whom Belongs the Honor of Securing the Abolition of Flogging in the Navy?

It has been generally understood in New Hampshire for the last half century, that the credit for bringing about the abolition of flogging in the United States Navy belongs to the late Hon. John P. Hale of Dover, who occupied a seat in the Senate of the United States for more years than any other incumbent up to the time of the present senior senator, and who also enjoyed the distinction of being the first acknowledged and avowed anti-slavery man to be elected to that body. Recently, however, there appeared in the *Washington Post* an article in which the writer set up the claim that to Commander Uriah P. Levy was due the chief credit for effecting the reform in question.

Attention is called to this matter in this state by the reproduction in the *Concord Monitor* of a letter which we copy below, written to the *Post* by Mrs. Lucy Hale Chandler, wife of Ex-Senator William E. Chandler, and a daughter of Mr. Hale. In this connection it may be remarked that it is the purpose of the GRANITE MONTHLY to make a thorough investigation of the claim set up in favor of Commander Levy and to present the results in some subsequent issue. Mrs. Chandler's letter is as follows:

EDITOR POST: I wish you to correct one statement in the *Post* of this morning. In the article referring to the rejection by the Metropolitan Club of a nephew of Commander Uriah P. Levy, it states that Commander Levy was mainly instrumental in the abolition of flogging in the United States navy. I wish to correct this statement because it was my father's pet mission for years when he was United States senator from New Hampshire. I have now in my possession a gold medal, upon which is the following inscription: "Presented to the Hon. John P. Hale by the crew of the man-of-war

Germantown as a mark of their appreciation of his meritorious efforts for the abolition of flogging in the United States navy. Presented October 15, 1855."

My father was received on the *Germantown* when all the sailors were drawn up on the deck to receive him. He was received by Commander Nicholson and crew on board the man-of-war *Germantown* in Boston harbor, who thanked him for his noble efforts in abolishing flogging in the navy, and presented him with the gold medal, and then manned the yards in his honor. It was not until twelve years after, however, that he secured the abolition of the spirit ration. In September, 1850, he made a final impassioned appeal to the senate to stand no longer in the way of the abolition of flogging in the navy, and on the same day a bill was passed ending the practice.

LUCY L. H. CHANDLER.

NOTE. John Parker Hale was born in Rochester March 31, 1806; educated at Phillips Exeter Academy and Bowdoin College, graduating from the latter in 1826; studied law in Rochester and Dover, was admitted to the bar in 1830 and located in practice in Dover, where he gained high rank as an able lawyer and eloquent advocate. He took an active interest in politics as a Democrat, served in the Legislature from 1834 to 1838; was appointed United States District Attorney by President Jackson in 1832 and served till his removal by President Tyler for political reasons in 1841. He was chosen to the twenty-eighth congress, serving from 1843 to 1845, but was refused renomination by his party because of his opposition to the administration of President Polk in regard to the annexation of Texas. He ran independently, making a vigorous stumping campaign, during which occurred his famous debate with General Pierce in the old North Church in Concord. The result was no election, and the state, then entitled to four, had only three representatives in the twenty-ninth congress, though three attempts to elect were made. In 1846 Mr. Hale was elected to the Legislature, made speaker of the House, and chosen United States senator for six years from March, 1847, by a coalition of Whigs and Free Soilers, which had elected

Anthony Colby governor. In 1853 he was succeeded by Charles G. Atherton, but on the death of the latter two years later he was chosen his successor for the balance of the term—four years—and reelected for a full

term, making sixteen years of senatorial service in all, ending in March, 1865, when he was appointed United States minister to Spain, serving till 1869. He died at Dover, November 19, 1873.

IN THE LECTURE FIELD

A New Hampshire Woman Now Well at the Front.

While New Hampshire men have ever been conspicuous, in every walk of life, at home and in all parts of the country, the women of the state, also, have demonstrated their merit in various fields of effort aside from the all important one of the home-maker.



Flora Kendall Edmond

comer in the field of effort it is safe to say that Flora Kendall Edmond of Manchester already holds first rank in the state, and is the peer, in merit and reputation, of many beyond its borders of longer experience and more extended observation.

Mrs. Edmond was born in the town of Bedford, August 22, 1874, the daughter of Edmund and Frances (McNeil) Kendall, her mother being a descendant of the noted Gen. John McNeil. She was educated in the Manchester public schools, in New York private schools and a business college, and commenced work in life as a bookkeeper, but incidentally, or accidentally, made her way into journalism, engaging first as a reporter for the *Manchester News*, and subsequently entering the service of the *Mirror* as society reporter, doing most satisfactory work in that line. She is now a member of the *Mirror's* general reportorial staff.

For the last six years she has spent her vacations in travel, and has explored many interesting regions off the course of the ordinary tourist, from the ice-bound land of Labrador, to the tropical shores of Yucatan, with its ancient ruins, rivaling in interest those of Egypt or Phœnicia. From these various points she has brought numerous rare views for illustration, and has embodied the results of her keen and discriminating observation in lectures, which she has presented to the public, for several seasons past, with gratifying success.

As teachers, as preachers, physicians, poets and authors, the daughters of New Hampshire have long been famous; but it is only in recent years that any among them have become conspicuous in the lecture field.

Although comparatively a new-

Among the titles of these lectures, which are illustrated with original views in color are: "Off the Beaten Path in Primitive Mexico," "The Labrador as It Is," "The Frozen Land of the Eskimo," "Footprints of the Ancients in Old Mexico," "Yucatan, the Egypt of the Western Hemisphere," and "Customs and Costumes of Latin America." She has been heard with pleasure by large audiences in many New England cities and towns, notably before the "Field and Forest Club" of Boston in the lecture room of the public library; also in the free public lecture course of the Department of Education in New York City, where her work was enthusiastically received and highly commended by the press. Delightfully unaffected in manner, ready in utterance, and direct in statement, she commands the attention and interest of her hearers from the start, and a first hearing seldom fails to command another. Few, if

any, New England entertainers have a more promising future before them than has this active and persevering daughter of old Bedford.

Mrs. Edmond spends the present summer vacation on the other side of the Atlantic, and may naturally be expected to bring back from European lands, many choice glimpses of out-of-the-way places and scenes not noted by the average traveler which she will weave into future lectures for the delectation and delight of the public.

That her interest, though largely centered in her newspaper and lecture work, extends to other fields is evidenced by her membership in the Manchester Institute of Arts and Sciences, Mary J. Buncher Tent, Daughters of Veterans, the New England Woman's Press Association, the Field and Forest Club of Boston, and the N. H. Animal Rescue League, in which she is a director.

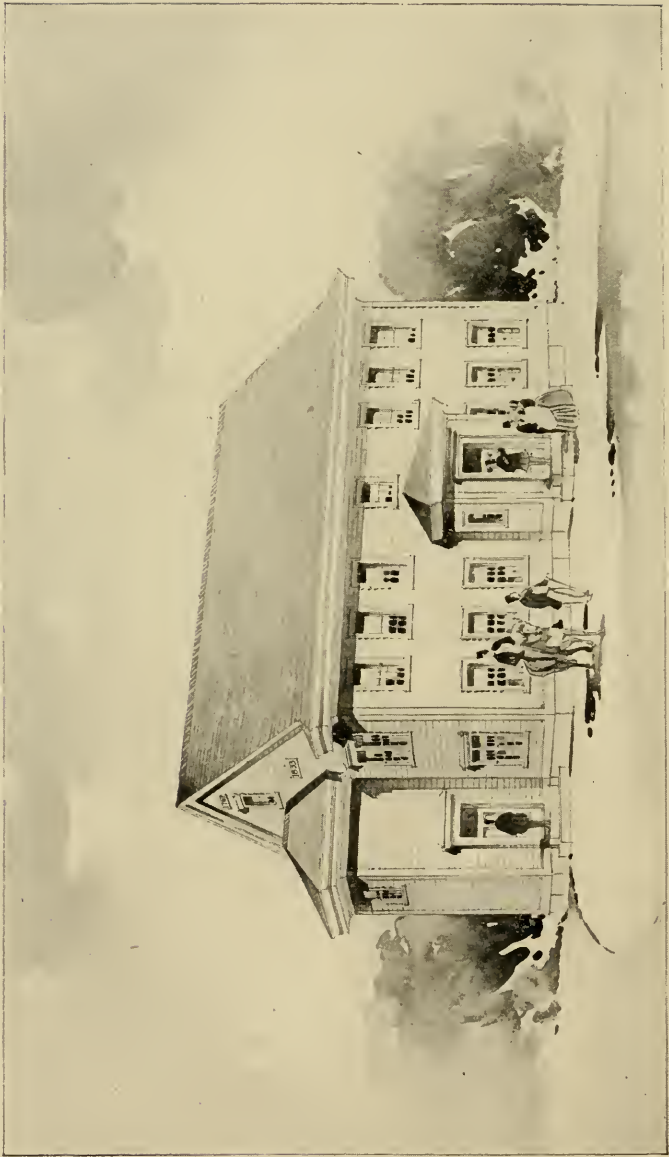
LIFE

By Maude Gordon Roby

Her eyes were of a violet hue
That seemed to look him through and through,
He vowed to Heaven he loved her true—
For he was just a man, like you.
Ah, well-a-day!

But when he spied her cousin Sue,
Whose eyes are of a brownish hue,
He straight forgot those eyes of blue—
For he was just a man, like you.
Ah, well-a-day!

O eyes of black, of brown or blue,
Of *purple*, yes, and *crimson*, too.
What matters! Eve is looking through—
And Adam, dear, is Y-O-U.
Ah, well-a-day!



The Old Bow Meetinghouse

THE OLD BOW MEETINGHOUSE

And the Baptist Church in the Town of Bow*

By Giles Wheeler

The town of Bow originally included territory on the east side of the Merimack, which in its course through the town made several turns or bends—hence the name of the town. The earliest settlements were all on the east side of the river, and were made by families of the Presbyterian faith; while those from Pembroke, who settled on the west bank, were generally Congregationalists and very religious people. For some time there was no parish organization in the town, but on the 11th day of March, 1767, a meeting for organization was held at the house of William Robertson, the same having been warned by Jeremiah Page of Dunbarton, a justice of the peace. This place has since been known as the Gen. William R. Parker place, and is now owned and occupied as a summer residence by George Saltmarsh, a lawyer of Boston but a native of Bow.

At an early date, of which there is no record, a log meetinghouse was built on the hill, to which occasional reference is made in the records. After a time it got out of repair and became unfit for use, after which the meetings were held at different private houses, and then at the "High House," so called, from about 1786 to 1801, when what has generally been known as the "old meetinghouse" was erected and so far completed that the under floor was laid and the town meeting held there. Soon after the interior was finished and religious meetings held therein, until, in the passage of time, it was abandoned, and is now the barn of Perley Clough.

It was at the old log meetinghouse—in 1770—that it was voted to pay Mr. Wooster, who was the first

settled minister of the town, thirty dollars for preaching. He served two years. The congregation was a mixed one, made up of Congregationalists, Presbyterians and Baptists. The writer remembers hearing an old lady—Mrs. Betsey Hall Leavitt—who lived on Pembroke Hill, say she had attended this old church, crossing the river on a bridge just below Garvin's Falls.

The agitation for the new meetinghouse had begun before the Revolution, for there is record of a vote in 1774 "that the meetinghouse be on the hill, where it now stands, and not at the center." It was also voted at this time "to give Mr. Fessenden an invitation to settle with us in the ministry, giving him one thousand pounds old tenor in the Lands for his settlement, besides a yearly salary of forty pounds, and to advance his salary as the town grows able." He settled and was the pastor for four years, going then to the Presbyterians in Pembroke.

During the period of the Revolution there was little preaching in town and little money raised for school purposes even; but, in 1779, there is record of a vote to build the meetinghouse at the center, and to raise a committee to locate the center. Nothing was accomplished, however, and in 1785, the old log meetinghouse having become entirely untenable, it was voted "to raise five hundred dollars in labor and lumber to build a meetinghouse on the hill where the old one stands," and a committee consisting of Solomon Heath, David Brown, Benjamin Noyes, John Bryant and Jacob Green, was appointed to provide material for the building. At the same time it was voted to

*Condensed from a paper read at the "Old Home Day" meeting in Bow in August 1909, presenting facts drawn from town and church records.

raise fifty dollars for preaching, to be at the house of John Bryant, near Joseph Rogers'. This Joseph Rogers lived near where Alfred Burroughs now lives, and claimed to be a descendant of John Rogers, the martyr. The house of John Bryant was built by him in 1770, jointly with the townspeople. It was the first two-story house in Bow, and known as the "high house." The first story was used as a tenement and the second was finished in one room, for a hall, which was used for public purposes, social and religious, and for town meetings. The house and the land on which it stood was sold by John Bryant to Timothy Dix, grandfather of Gen. John A. Dix, in 1776, who in turn sold it to Jacob Wheeler in 1794. Wheeler gave it to his son-in-law, Richard Worthen, who moved it to the Iron Works road in Concord, and in 1846 it was again removed to the east side of South Street, where Humphrey Street now is, and was later destroyed by fire.

Nothing having yet been done about building the meetinghouse, the town voted in May, 1789, that a committee of disinterested persons from other towns locate the house, consisting of Col. Kelley of Goffstown, Captain Farrington of Hopkinton and Esquire Foster of Canterbury, and that all votes relative to building prior to this date be disannulled. One hundred pounds in materials and labor were voted, and Solomon Heath, Lieutenant Enoch Noyes and David Brown were appointed a building committee. Nothing came of this action, as heretofore, and in 1792 the matter came up again, all previous proceedings were reconsidered, and Lieut. William Page of Goffstown, Col. Henry Gerrish of Boscawen and Benjamin Wiggin were chosen "to fix a place to set the house," and Judge Jacob Green, Ensign Benjamin Noyes and Col. John Carter were named as a committee to wait on them and to draw papers obliging the inhabitants to put up a frame, board and shingle the same and lay the under floor.

On the 12th of November of that year the report of the committee locating the house on the hill, near where the old log house stood, was accepted, and the following year the building was proceeded with, Judge Green having been chosen to "set up by vendue" the building of the house to the lowest bidder, who was Eliphalet Rowell, his bid being sixty pounds and twelve shillings. Enoch Noyes, Willaby Colby, and Lieut. Timothy Dix were chosen a committee to accept the house, and it was voted to raise two hundred and two dollars to defray the charges of building.

Great dissatisfaction arose on the part of some of the people on account of the location of the meetinghouse, and successive efforts were made to have parts of the town set off for union with other towns "for the benefit of the gospel," but without avail.

There was no formal church organization of any name in the town until a Baptist church was organized in 1795. During the ministry of Rev. Thomas Waterman, which extended from 1804 to 1807, a new church was formed consisting of Baptists and Congregationalists, but was subsequently dissolved. The Baptists had no regular pastor from 1807 to 1815, and so far as known to the writer the Congregationalists never had an organized church in Bow.

In 1816 the Baptist church was reorganized, a meeting to that end having been called at the house of Walter Bryant June 17 of that year, when John K. Gile was chosen moderator and Nathaniel Cavis, Jr., scribe, and it was voted to send invitations to a council to be held July 3, "for the purpose of advising with us in regard to the formation of a new Baptist church, and, if thought proper when met, to give us fellowship as such."

The council was held, with representatives from the churches in Salisbury and Weare. Rev. Otis Robinson of Salisbury was moderator and Rev. Ezra Wilmarth of Weare scribe. The articles of faith and covenant

were read to and accepted by the following named persons, and they were duly declared organized into the "Baptist Church of Christ in Bow":

Walter Bryant, Mary Bryant, Samuel Whipple, Elizabeth Buntin, John K. Gile, Esther Gile, Nathaniel Cavis, Jr., Dolly Corliss, Caleb Page, Mary Cavis, Nathaniel Goodhue, Jr., Abigail Noyes, Asa Goodhue, Achsa Whipple, John Paige, 2d, Anna Hemphill, Bela Carter, Sally Rowell, Hezekiah Gile, Hannah Fulton, Samuel Leach, Betsey Paige, Eunice Goodhue.

After the organization Nathaniel Cavis, Jr., was chosen clerk. Walter Bryant was the first deacon, chosen September 7 of the same year. Rev. Henry Veazey, who came to Bow from Brentwood, and aided in the organization of the church, was the pastor from 1816 till 1824, and was the standing moderator. In September, 1817, the church was admitted into the Boston Baptist Association, but withdrew in the following autumn to join a new association organized at Salisbury. On October 15, 1818, representatives from this church were present at a council in Concord when the First Baptist church was organized there.

Walter Bryant was the only deacon of the church up to April 7, 1828, when at his instance a second one was chosen in the person of James Morgan. January 4, 1830, Asa Goodhue was chosen a third deacon.

On September 4, 1830, it appears that the request of the Universalists asking the use of the meetinghouse to hold a meeting was granted, this being the first appearance of that denominational name in any public record in town.

In 1832, a new church edifice (the present Baptist church in Bow), was built, and the then old meetinghouse

abandoned, the last church meeting therein being held October 6, and adjourned to meet in the new meetinghouse November 3. During the time from the organization of the new church, July 3, 1816, down to October 6, 1832, when the old meetinghouse was abandoned, Deacon Walter Bryant, and Nathaniel Cavis, Jr., clerk, were in constant attendance, 132 church meetings, aside from the religious services being held, and the proceedings faithfully and comprehensively recorded by the latter. Deacon Bryant was dismissed to the church in Pittsfield December 9, 1836, and removed to that town where he died. Mr. Cavis was given a letter to the First Baptist church in Lowell, Mass., and removed there in 1833.

The records show the names of thirty-five different Baptist ministers officiating in Bow from the earliest days to the present time, most of them for very brief periods. The longest pastorate was that of Rev. Franklin Damon, who served from 1853 to 1865. Next in length of service was Rev. Samuel Woodbury, from 1893 to 1903. For the last four years Rev. J. B. Wilson of the Pleasant Street Baptist church of Concord has supplied, holding afternoon services.

It seems to an outsider that the time when the "Old Bow Meeting House" was in use as a temple of worship of the living God, and every person in the community contributed directly or indirectly, to the support of the gospel, was the real "golden age" of the town. Those old-time sturdy, honest, religious men and women who built and worshipped here, and long since passed on to the silent land, have left behind them much fruit of their labor, and a gracious example, worthy of everlasting remembrance and imitation by their descendants.



NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

MAJ. HENRY MCFARLAND

Henry McFarland, a well-known and universally respected citizen of Concord, died at his home on North Main Street, May 15, 1911, in his eightieth year.

Major McFarland was the son of Dea. Asa and Clarissa J. (Chase) McFarland, and grandson of the Rev. Dr. Asa McFarland, the third minister of the Old North or First Congregational Church of Concord, born July 10, 1831, in the old family homestead erected in 1799. He was educated by private tutors, in the Concord schools, and the Concord and Pembroke Academies, attending the latter during the fall terms of 1844, 1845 and 1846. In 1849 he entered the *Statesman* printing office, of which his father was one of the proprietors, remaining for some time, and was, afterwards, for a time a clerk in the old Franklin bookstore. Subsequently he was a clerk in the employ of the Concord Railroad, in the Concord post office, and again in the superintendent's office at the railroad. In 1854 he made a vacation trip to Labrador, remaining three months. In 1857 he was engaged as clerk of steamship accounts for the Chicago & Milwaukee R. R., in Chicago. Returning to Concord the following year, he purchased a third interest in the *Statesman*, becoming a partner with his father and the late George E. Jenks, attending to the office work and contributing to the columns of the paper.

In 1862 he was commissioned as paymaster

in the United States Army, with the rank of major, serving through and beyond the war, being mustered out January 16, 1866. During his service he handled vast amounts of money without the loss of a dollar, paying out over \$1,500,000 in the four months ending August, 1865. Later he became cashier in the office of the sergeant-at-arms of the national House of Representatives, Col. N. G. Ordway, and during his term of service there paid out over \$4,700,000.

In 1871 he was made cashier of the Union Pacific Railroad, holding the position till 1877, when upon the election of Edward H. Rollins to the United States Senate, he succeeded him as secretary and treasurer of that corporation, continuing till 1888, when he retired, and returned to Concord where he resided till death.

Major McFarland was a public-spirited citizen, a prominent supporter of the South Congregational Church and an earnest Republican though taking no active part in politics. He had fine literary tastes, and had published an interesting volume of personal recollections embodying much matter of historical interest. He was prominent in financial affairs, serving as vice-president and a member of the investment committee of the New Hampshire Savings Bank and director of the First National Bank. He was a member of the commission which drafted the new city charter of Concord.

He leaves a wife, one brother, William H. McFarland, and a sister, Annie.

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER'S NOTES

Another great class graduated from Dartmouth this year, attesting the growing power and influence of this great and venerable educational institution of which the state of New Hampshire may well be proud. But it may not be amiss to suggest that while we all cherish pride in Dartmouth, which draws its patronage from all quarters of the Union and all over the world, and diffuses the influence of "the Dartmouth spirit" no less widely, we ought to feel that while the state is generous to Dartmouth it should at least be just to its own special institution at Durham, upon which it must naturally depend for the higher education of the sons and daughters of its common people to whom we must mainly look for the material, intellectual and moral progress of the state in the years to come. The fact that more New Hampshire farms for summer homes have been sold to outsiders during the past year, than in any former year, may be cause for congratulation in one sense; but it would be far greater cause to know that more sons of New Hampshire farmers, broadly educated, had located on as many old homesteads in the state, ready

and determined to take up the work of development along the lines of improved agriculture and enlightened citizenship

The governor finally succeeded in naming a public service commission which the council confirmed, the members consisting of Edward C. Niles of Concord, John E. Benton of Keene, and Prof. T. W. D. Worthen of Hanover, the first named for six years, the second for four, and the last for two, the Democratic member getting the "short end" as in the case of the tax commission named by the Supreme Court. The commission has organized with Mr. Niles as chairman and Mr. Benton clerk, the Republicans again, as in case of the tax commission, taking the more prominent, and at the same time the best paid positions, though Professor Worthen may be expected to get in a full share of the real work, of which there will be an abundance. Much is expected at the hands of the commission in whose appointment there was such delay, and it is to be hoped that the people will not be disappointed in this regard.



HON. JOHN BUTLER SMITH

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. XLIII, No. 7

JULY, 1911

NEW SERIES, VOL. 6, No. 7

LEADERS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

II

Hon. John Butler Smith

By H. C. Pearson.

During the past half century the chief trend of New Hampshire's progress has been on the line of manufacturing. Agriculture, while it has continued to be a great and necessary industry of the state, has scarcely held its own during that period, while manufacturing has advanced by leaps and bounds. In other words, the farm remains and must remain the foundation of the commonwealth; but to the factory is chiefly due the state's growth in wealth and strength, in resources and population.

It is evident, then, that in writing of New Hampshire leaders in these and recent days, we must scan for material her industrial, as well as her political and professional history; confident that among her most successful manufacturers we shall find the men who, more than any others, have kept the Granite State from falling behind her sisters in the wonderful development that has characterized the closing years of the nineteenth century and the opening of the twentieth.

One name we see at once upon several of our lists; in the remarkable and distinguished roll of New Hampshire's living ex-governors; among her religious, philanthropic and social leaders, and in the van of her long line of "captains of industry."

This name is that of John Butler Smith, governor of the State of New

Hampshire in 1893 and 1894, and before and since those years one of her best and most useful citizens.

Like most of the men who have made New Hampshire what she is, Governor Smith came of good stock, but was not born to wealth. His ancestors gave him brains and stamina, a clear head and a clean heart, and with this equipment he was very well able to win for himself his own way in the world.

Mr. Smith was born in Saxton's River, Vermont, April 12, 1838, the third child and second son of Ammi and Lydia (Butler) Smith. His original progenitor in America was Lieutenant Thomas Smith, a native of the north of Ireland, who came to this country with the famous Londonderry colony of 1719 and was one of the grantees of the neighboring town of Chester.

His great-grandson, Ammi, father of John B. Smith, was a native of Acworth and early in life operated a saw mill at Hillsborough. At Saxton's River he was a successful manufacturer of woolen goods, but in 1847, returned to Hillsborough and retired from business, dying there in 1887 at the advanced age of eighty-seven years.

John Butler Smith, going to Hillsborough with his father when he was nine years of age, attended the public schools there and the academy at

Francestown. In the latter institution he took the college preparatory course, but left before graduation to enter business life, to which he felt strongly attracted.

This life he followed in various capacities and in different connections at New Boston, in Boston, at Saxton's River, and in Manchester, spending a year or so in each place, gaining a valuable experience in business methods and in human nature, and in general preparing himself for the real work of his life when this should disclose itself.

It was in 1864, at the age of twenty-five years, that Mr. Smith solved his problem, and found the place in life where he fitted, by beginning the manufacture of knit goods in a mill at Washington, this state. A year passed and he took a step ahead by moving to the Sawyer mills in Weare.

After another year he changed location again, this time to Hillsborough and there, in a mill built by himself for his own purposes, he started upon the straight road to success.

From that small but worthy beginning of more than forty years ago has grown the present splendid corporation, the Contoocook Mills, one of the best known and most firmly established industries of its kind in America.

To the Contoocook Mills through almost a half century Mr. Smith has given the best that was in him and he has every reason to be proud of and satisfied with the record of that business connection. Entering naturally upon woolen manufacture as his life work, through inheritance and inclination, Mr. Smith and his mills have progressed with every modern improvement and invention, but at the same time, and this is one large reason for their great success, they have allowed no change from the "old-fashioned," but fundamental policy of absolute honesty in product.

The extent and value of this reputation for square dealing and good goods was well shown in the present year when an issue of stock in the

Contoocook Mills corporation was offered to the public through Boston bankers. The response of investors, large and small, was immediate and hearty, with the result that these mills have now become a semi-public institution of secure future from which the personal element can be withdrawn. And Mr. Smith has entirely severed his connection with the business to enjoy this respite from business toils and cares which certainly he has earned.

Nor is it only in quality of product and degree of financial returns that Mr. Smith's success as a manufacturer has been marked. His record as employer of labor shines bright, unmarked as it is with strike, lock-out or cut down, and brightened with many instances of appreciation of labor's interests.

One reason for Mr. Smith's business success has been his ability to discern and to foster merit in others and to attach to himself able and efficient helpers. During a large part of his connection with the Contoocook Mills, for example, Mr. Smith was greatly aided by his nephew, George Edward Gould, in the capacity of treasurer. And Mr. Gould's sudden death early in 1909 was felt as a great loss to the mills and to Mr. Smith personally. Mr. Gould was his favorite nephew and very dear to him. He was associated with Mr. Smith in the mills as boy and man for forty years, in the later years acting as treasurer of the corporation (for the Contoocook Mills became a corporation in 1882). Much of whatever success attended the mills was in no small part due to his efficient coöperation and skilful management.

Mr. Smith's fame as a successful manufacturer has been wider than his state and his section, as is illustrated by the fact that for many years he has been a vice-president of the Home Market Club, the national organization which has done so much for American industry through its vigorous and capable championship of the protective tariff principle.

Choice real estate as a sound and public-spirited investment is a favorite with Mr. Smith and he has gradually added to his holdings sites and buildings here and there until today he is a large owner of such properties in Boston and in several New Hampshire cities besides those in his home town.

He has been for some years president of the Hillsborough Guaranty Savings Bank and has other important business connections and investments.

The characteristics of his business

him in the public weal, be it that of town, state or nation.

Always a staunch and steadfast member of the Republican party he has held in high honor its policies and its record in state and in nation and has been in turn honored by it. Omitting mention of minor offices and political distinctions, Mr. Smith was chosen in 1884 an alternate delegate to the Republican national convention at Chicago and in the fall of the same year was elected as



Residence of Hon. John B. Smith

career may be summed up as including breadth of mind, keenness of vision, fixity of purpose and integrity of action. If those who follow where he has led keep to the same lines there is nothing to fear for the future of New Hampshire industry.

It was natural that a man of Mr. Smith's prominence and achievements in the business world should be looked to by his fellow citizens to assume leadership in public affairs; and this was especially true in his case because of the high degree of intelligent interest always manifested by

one of the presidential electors from New Hampshire.

In 1887 Mr. Smith was chosen a member of Governor Charles H. Sawyer's executive council and gave two years of valuable service in that capacity. In 1888 his friends gave him vigorous support for the Republican nomination for governor, but after an exciting contest in the convention David H. Goodell of Antrim was nominated and elected. Again in 1890 Mr. Smith's friends were very desirous that he should enter the race, but because of his great friendship

for another candidate, the late Hon. Hiram A. Tuttle of Pittsfield, Mr. Smith declined to allow the use of his name in the convention. The result was that Mr. Tuttle was nominated and after one of the hardest fought campaigns in the history of New Hampshire politics was elected, there being no choice by the people and the legislature filling the office. In that campaign Mr. Smith did yeoman service for his party in the capacity of chairman of the Republican state central committee.

ago, still remembers the unusual grasp of the affairs of the state which it revealed; its keen and business-like analysis of the state's financial condition, the course its government should pursue and the duties of its various departments.

The subjects of forest preservation and of highway improvement, now held of such importance, were even then in the mind of this far-seeing executive and formed the subject of paragraphs in his address; and very important recommendations were



Contoocook Mills, Hillsborough Bridge, N. H.

By this time Mr. Smith's claims upon the party nomination for the highest state office had become universally recognized and in the Republican state convention of 1892 he was nominated by acclamation. This tribute to his fitness and worth was followed by his election by the people at the polls in November, the first popular election in several years.

He was inaugurated governor in January, 1893, and the writer, who listened to his inaugural address on that occasion, almost twenty years

made by him as to the relations of labor and capital and what was the duty of the state in the matter.

In his administration of the affairs of the state Governor Smith displayed the same qualities which we have noted already in his business career, great ability and scrupulous honesty, and to them he added an entire devotion of self to the public duty, which was bound to result, as it did, to the very great benefit of New Hampshire.

When Governor Smith was about to lay down his office, the leading Republican newspaper at the state

capital, the *Concord Evening Monitor*, in the course of an editorial review of his administration, said: "The successes of Governor Smith's term have been most brilliant and the governor's frequent appearance at public functions as the representative of the state has been characterized by a dignity of presence befitting his high place and by a moderation and strength of utterance fully in keeping with the traditions of the common-

political preferment; although there has not been an election of United States senator since the years of his governorship at which mention has not been made of his eminent fitness for representing his state in the upper branch of the national congress. But, as has been said, his political activity in these years has been limited to service in his party ranks as a member of the state committee.

Having thus briefly reviewed the



Mrs. John B. Smith

wealth. Governor Smith receives the congratulations of the people upon the unqualified success of his administrative labors and retires from office to become one of the foremost citizens of the state."

And that position, "one of the foremost citizens of the state," Governor Smith ever since has held, with dignity and with honor.

He has not sought, nor allowed his friends to seek for him, any further

successful and creditable business career and public service of Governor Smith it is with pleasure that we turn to another side of his character, that exemplified in his private life, his family relations, his friendships and his affiliations.

Here we find his own attributes supplemented by those of his wife, a lady of great personal charm and genuine culture. It was on November 1, 1883, that Mr. Smith married Miss

Emma Lavender of Boston, and to them three children were born. Butler Lavender Smith, born in Hillsborough March 4, 1886, died in St. Augustine, Florida, April 6, 1888. Archibald Lavender Smith, born in Hillsborough February 1, 1889, graduated from Harvard University in the class of 1911, receiving the degree of Bachelor of Arts; and Norman Smith, born in Hillsborough May 8, 1892, is preparing for entrance to the same famous college.

The home and family life of Mr. and Mrs. Smith and their sons is ideal. Mrs. Smith, descended from the ancient Lavender family of Kent county, England, is fitted by nature, training and position to be a leader of refined society and as such she is recognized in Hillsborough and in the cities of Manchester and Boston and elsewhere.

The Smith residence in Hillsborough is one of the finest in the state, representing in its design and furnishings the union of good taste and ample means.

Another happy characteristic of both Mr. and Mrs. Smith is the wise and unostentatious liberality with which they devote much of their wealth to the benefit of worthy causes, religious, social and philanthropic,

and to the direct relief of the unfortunate, needy and suffering.

The Congregational church in Hillsborough is one of the main objects of Mr. Smith's support and that not alone financially but by personal effort, for Mr. Smith ranks among the foremost laymen of this denomination in this country.

Mr. Smith is a Mason of the thirty-second degree and is a member of the principal clubs in the cities where his chief interests lie. He is and always has been a man whose companionship is much sought and whose friendship is greatly cherished. His kindly, unassuming manner puts even a stranger at once at his ease, while as his acquaintance continues he displays a breadth of knowledge of men and books, of people and places, which, combined with the charity and the clarity of his comments, makes his conversation as interesting as it is informing.

In short, when New Hampshire is called upon to choose from among her manufacturers one worthy to represent her in any place or upon any occasion with credit and honor she may well make as her selection former Governor John Butler Smith of Hillsborough.

MEMORIES

By William Wilson

Some songs have around them thrown
 An atmosphere not all their own;
 But, as the favorite scented flower
 Recalls anew the bygone hour;
 Awakening memories, O God!
 The lonely paths that I have trod.

AN INTERESTING HISTORICAL EVENT

By H. H. Metcalf

There are few towns in New Hampshire with a more interesting history than the good old town of Hillsborough, and yet no history of that town, beyond a mere outline sketch, presented at first as a public address nearly three quarters of a century ago, and afterwards somewhat elaborated for publication by the late Hon. Charles J. Smith, has ever been issued. There is no better field for a competent town historian

in the history of Hillsborough, of which there is no record, in print, so far as we are aware, occurred on Christmas day, December 25, 1823, at the residence of Gen. Benjamin Pierce, then the most notable citizen of the town, which mansion still remains, and should be preserved as an historic landmark for all time to come—the home of a Revolutionary hero, and a distinguished governor of the state, wherein was also born



Old Pierce Mansion, Hillsborough. Birthplace of Franklin Pierce

than is here presented—none with a greater wealth of material at hand—and it is sincerely to be hoped that the day is not far distant when it will be properly utilized; as it is no less earnestly to be hoped that not many more years will pass before the State of New Hampshire will be relieved of the disgrace of possessing no suitable monument to the memory of Hillsborough's most illustrious son—Franklin Pierce, the fourteenth president of the United States.

One of the most interesting events

and reared New Hampshire's only president. This event was a reunion of all the citizens of Hillsborough who had served as soldiers of their country in the War of Independence, who met at the home of General Pierce, upon his invitation, it being also the 66th anniversary of his own birth. Some account of this notable gathering is preserved in the handwriting of General Pierce, from which it appears that there were twenty-two of these veterans present, viz.:

Ammi Andrews, born in Ipswich, Mass., aged 89 years.

John McColley, born in Hillsborough, aged 83 years.

William Johnson, born in Billerica, Mass., aged 77 years.

James Taggart, born in Londonderry, aged 81 years.

James Carr, born in Litchfield, aged 73 years.

William Taggart, born in Merri-mack, aged 73 years.

William Parker, born in Chelmsford, Mass., aged 72 years.

Thaddeus Goodwin, born in Leominster, Mass., aged 70 years.

William Jamel, born in Boston, Mass., aged 74 years.

Nathaniel Parmeter, born in Spencer, Mass., aged 70 years.

William Dickey, born in Londonderry, aged 70 years.

Thaddeus Munroe, born in Billerica, Mass., aged 71 years.

Daniel Russell, born in Andover, Mass., aged 70 years.

Isaac Andrews, born in Ipswich, Mass., aged 69 years.

Daniel Killam, born in Wilming-ton, Mass., aged 69 years.

John Shedd, born in Dunstable, N. H., aged 70 years.

Robert Carr, born in Litchfield, Mass., aged 68 years.

Zachariah Robbins, born in Westford, Mass., aged 68 years.

Benjamin Pierce, born in Chelmsford, Mass., aged 66 years.

David Livermore, born in Sud-bury, Mass., aged 62 years.

Sam Morrill, born in Manchester, aged 59 years.

Nathaniel Johnson, born in An-dover, Mass., aged 59 years.

"Upon the arrival of the aged guests," the account goes on to say, "they were conducted to an apart-ment prepared for their reception where they were received by the General and other of their compan-ions in arms who had arrived earlier, with expressions of heartfelt joy and satisfaction." At about eleven o'clock all had arrived and after the

usual salutations attending the meet-ing of friends had been completed, in this case attended with unus-ual manifestations of feeling, General Pierce made a brief address to his assembled friends and compatriots, expressive of his satisfaction at having met under his own roof so many of those with whom he had served in the Revolution. He remarked that the day marked the completion of sixty-six years of his life, and that it was indeed a pleasing as well as surpris-ing circumstance that he should meet so many of his companions in arms, all citizens of Hillsborough, and only three of them younger than himself. He concluded by requesting them to put themselves at perfect ease; to rehearse with freedom the scenes of the Revolution, and recount the perils and dangers through which they had passed.

It was then moved and voted that the venerable Lieutenant Ammi Andrews be president of the day, and that Lieutenant John McColley (the first white child born in Hillsborough) be vice-president. Nathaniel John-son was elected secretary.

After an appropriate season of social enjoyment, the company re-paired to the dining room where a repast fitting for the occasion and in keeping with the generous hospital-ity of the patriotic host was served and enjoyed.

Following the dinner a number of toasts were drank—whether with cold water or some stronger liquids in keeping with the custom of the times the record showeth not, but most probably the latter.

Some of these toasts were responded to; others were drank in silence. Among them were the following:

"The Battle of New Orleans.—The history of wars affords no par-allel." Lieutenant Andrews.

"Our Navy.—The floating bul-wark of our national liberty." Lieut-enant McColley.

"The Last War.—Just and glo-rious. What, then, shall we say of

those characters who rejoiced at our defeats and shouted when the choicest blood of our country freely flowed in its defence?" Captain Dickey.

"The State in Which We Live—We have seen her firm in the support of Republican government. May the rising generation not be misled, but ever remember the precepts of their fathers."—Nathaniel Parmeter.

"Virginia—As prominent for her talents as she is firm in her adherence to republican principles. She has never been cursed with an amalgamation of parties."—William Johnson.

"The Greeks—May they become thoroughly acquainted with the true principles of liberty, and be stimulated by that generous impulse it is calculated to impart."—Lieutenant Taggart.

"General LaFayette—An independent and virtuous country has declared his unparalleled merit."

"The Battle of Chippewa—A glorious prelude to its more renowned and equally glorious afterpiece at Bridgewater."

"The Revolutionary Soldiers—First in dignity; first among heroes in political rights—may they continue to form examples of patriotic virtue, and our children maintain the glorious principles of the independence which they so nobly achieved."

"The Army at Valley Forge in the Winter of 1778—Without clothes, without money, and almost without provisions; a proof to the world that men can be patriotic."

"General Rochambeau, Count De Grasse, and the French Army—Our brave and generous auxiliaries."

"Gen. Andrew Jackson—His patriotic courage, when his country is in imminent danger, leads duty to supersede every other consideration. His countrymen are now rewarding such sterling merit. May nothing impede their progress."

"Our Country—May its statesmen and rulers be able, patriotic and honest and they will ride through all

storms without danger of dashing on shoals or rocks."

"National Alliances—Whether holy or unholy, may they never be used as engines to destroy the liberty and happiness of man."

"The Nineteenth of April, 1775—The first flash of American true fire which never ceased to blaze till the land was acknowledged free and independent."

"The Memory of General Warren, Colonel Parker, Colonel Prescott and the Host of Worthies who Nobly Staked their Lives on the Altar of Patriotism Erected on Bunker Hill—May their exalted virtues be engraven on the hearts and affections of our countrymen."

"The Memory of our Virtuous Brave and Patriotic Commander, General Washington."

"President Hancock and his Companions on the Fourth of July, 1776,—Such patriotic courage as they displayed on that day does honor to human nature."

"The Seventeenth of June—Bunker Hill, deeply impressed on our minds. Twelve of us now present who participated in the heat of that ever memorable action."

"The Seventh of September and Seventeenth of October, 1777—We well remember the days on which we convinced General Burgoyne and his army that they were not invincible."

When all the toasts had been drank and the festivities of the day were over, as the band of patriots were about to separate and go to their several homes, never all to meet again on earth, General Pierce feelingly addressed his associates in the following words, preserved in his own handwriting:

"Gentlemen: If you have been made happy I am fully rewarded; my wishes are completed, you may rest assured.

"My feelings on this occasion have been of no ordinary cast. To meet after the lapse of more than forty years so many men with whom I had been acquainted in youth must have been a very pleasing

occurrence. But the situation in which we were early placed is calculated very much to enhance the pleasure of this meeting. Engaged in a cause so extensive in its influence and so glorious in its termination, no occurrence of that day is without interest. You, gentlemen, have called up to my mind many interesting circumstances which, through the mist of time, appeared to me very dim, and some which I had entirely lost sight of. We should be grateful to the Divine Being that our lives have been preserved to this advanced age. To see our beloved country so rapidly increase in population; to see the progress of the arts and sciences, of agriculture, of commerce and manufactures, and, in fact, of everything calculated to advance the happiness and prosperity of our countrymen, must be highly gratifying to us all.

"It is not probable that we shall ever, so many of us, meet together again. The season of the year in which we meet may well remind us of the season of our lives. Our eyes are dimmed, our locks are silvered, our cheeks are furrowed and our minds and bodies enfeebled. My friends if we have been active and faithful in our public duties, let us not be neglectful of those of a private and devotional nature, which we owe to the Father of all Good, so that we, like good and faithful soldiers of Him may be ready at the first tap of the shrouded drum to move and join our beloved Washington and the rest of our comrades in arms who fought and bled by our sides. I thank you all, gentlemen, for your kindness in calling on me this day, and wish you in this life all that age and infirmity can enjoy, and hereafter perpetual felicity."

It may be noted that General Pierce who, on this happy occasion, at the age of 66, spoke of himself, along with his associates, as enfeebled by age, was elected governor of New Hampshire more than three years later, in March, 1827, and again in 1829, and during both terms ably discharged the duties of the position, having previously served eleven years in all as a member of the state legislature, as many years in the executive council and thirteen years as sheriff of Hillsborough County. It was while

serving in the latter capacity that he liberated from jail at Amherst, three Revolutionary soldiers, imprisoned for debt, by personally discharging their obligations and sending them to their homes, free men.

General Pierce was born in Chelmsford, Mass., December 25, 1757. He was living with an uncle and engaged at plowing in the field when the news of the battle of Lexington arrived. He left the plow in the furrow and immediately joined the patriot forces, being engaged at Bunker Hill. He was made a sergeant in 1776, and raised to the rank of ensign for saving his company's flag at Saratoga, October 7, 1777. In July, 1882, he was made a lieutenant and a captain January 1, 1783. In November of that year he commanded a detachment first entering the City of New York upon its evacuation by the British.

After the war he was employed by Colonel Stoddard to inspect a tract of land then owned by the latter—now the town of that name—and on the return from such service, in the fall of 1785, purchased some land for himself in Hillsborough, to which he repaired the following spring and established his home. He was appointed a brigade major by Governor Sullivan in 1786, and was active in the militia for many years, attaining the rank of brigadier general. He married, first, in 1787, Elizabeth Andrews of Hillsborough, who died the following year leaving a daughter who ultimately became the wife of Gen. John McNeil. In 1789 he married Anna Kendrick of Amherst, by whom he had eight children: Benjamin Kendrick, who became a colonel in the regular army; Nancy M., wife of Gen. Solomon McNeil; John Sullivan, who died in Michigan in early manhood; Harriet B., wife of Hugh Jameson; Charles Grandison, who died at 25; Franklin, fourteenth president of the United States; Charlotte, who died in infancy, and Henry D., who was a well-known cit-

izen of Hillsborough, father of Frank H., and Kirk D. Pierce.

General Pierce was a presidential elector in 1832, voting for Andrew

Jackson. He died April 1, 1839, in his 82d year, having lived to see his son a representative in Congress and a senator of the United States.

THE DESERTED HOUSE

By Ray Lurance

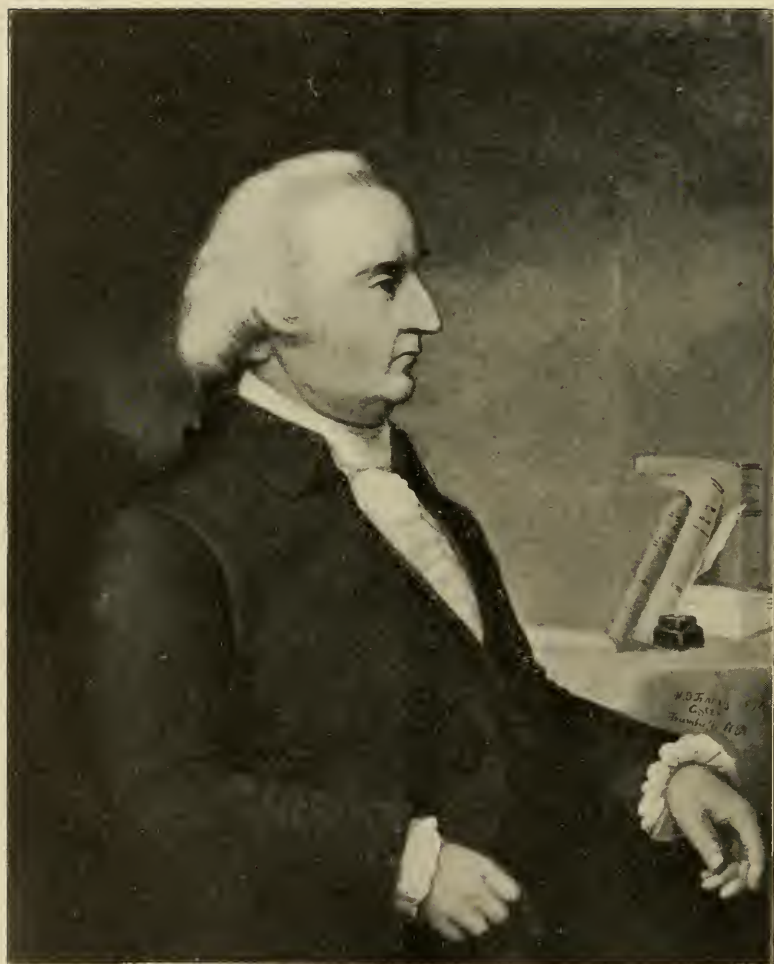
Crouched near a lonely roadside,
 'Neath forest-covered hill,
There is a house deserted,
 And mossy is the sill
Of the door, for long years open,
 For wand'ring winds to roam
At will through ruined building,
 That once was called a home.

No windows in the farm house,
 And many a summer night,
The whippowil is calling,
 From where once shone the light
Of candle, or the fireplace,
 In the homely kitchen small,
Where dark-winged desolation.
 Is now brooding over all!

Tall poplar trees are waiting,
 Around the farmhouse gray,
And mournfully they whisper,
 As they see the rose vines gay,
That loiter in the door yard,
 Or straggle o'er the wall,
"One by one we've seen them carried
 To sleep in graveyard small!"

Sweet clover tall and slender,
 Is stretching out her hand,
Filled with blossoms white and fragrant,
 Still faithful to the land
And dear memories, sad and tender,
 Of the past, when she was blessed
With loving admiration,
 From those long since at rest.

On yonder wooded hill top
 Where headstones catch the light
They sleep, long generations
 From the home once fair and bright;
The aged poplars watching
 Time conquer farmhouse gray,
Are whispering in the moonlight,
 "Man's life is but a day!"



GEN. WILLIAM WHIPPLE

WILLIAM WHIPPLE

Signer of the Declaration of Independence

*By Joseph Foster, Pay Director (Rear Admiral) U. S. N. (Retired) of
Portsmouth, N. H.*

[Delivered before the New Hampshire Society, Sons of the American Revolution at the Annual Meeting,
Concord, N. H., July 9, 1907]

Compatriots and Friends:

One hundred and thirty-one years ago, William Whipple, a citizen of Portsmouth, and one of the two delegates from New Hampshire then present in the Continental Congress at Philadelphia, committed high treason against King George III, by voting in favor of American Independence, and by placing his name on the list of those, who, if our Revolution had been only an unsuccessful rebellion, would have ended their lives in the tower of London, or have died on the gallows as traitors! But the Revolution was a success, and a nation, now counting almost ninety millions of people, was born to honor the Signers of the Declaration of Independence as the authors of its liberty and freedom.

To many the Declaration of Independence must seem a story of long ago—almost as far distant in time as the Magna Charta—the first realization of liberty and the rights of the people, in the historic home of New England beyond the sea. And so, today, we, Sons of the American Revolution, have come together to study the life of one of the Signers, and to recall the immortal words of the Declaration of American Independence—seeking a renewed inspiration of our patriotism at the fountain head.

Listen to its graphic story!

"When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires

that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

"We hold these truths to be self-evident; that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and, accordingly, all experience has shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed.

"But, when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government and to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these colonies, and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former systems of government. The history of the present king of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having, in direct object, the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these states.

* * * * *

"We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in general congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by the authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare that these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection between them and the state of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that as free and independent states, they have full power to

levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which independent states may of right do. And, for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor."

To these eloquent words of Thomas Jefferson, the Magna Charta of American freedom, and the seed, which, planted in the hearts of lovers of liberty throughout the world, has brought so many blessings to all mankind, was signed the name of William Whipple of Portsmouth, who, carrying out his own patriotic instincts and the earnest desire of our ancestors, with Josiah Bartlett of Kingston, and Matthew Thornton of Londonderry, his fellow-delegates from New Hampshire, united with fifty-three delegates from the other colonies in this the grandest act of all history, and thus forever immortalized his name on the roll of those supporters and protectors of human rights and universal liberty whom we proudly hail as the greatest benefactors of mankind.

It is my privilege today to tell the story of the Declaration of Independence, and of the life of William Whipple; and if I sometimes use the phrases of another who made a study of the lives of the Signers,* you will gain in exactness of statement and in eloquence of words what you may lose in originality, and will therefore, I am sure, be willing to pardon my choice in this matter.

"Sanderson's Biography of the Signers" relates that "with the commencement of the year 1776, the affairs of the colonies, and certainly the views of their political leaders, began to assume a new aspect, one of more energy, and with motives and objects more decided and apparent. Eighteen months had passed away since the colonists had learned by the intrenchments at Boston, that a resort to arms was an event, not beyond the contemplation of the British ministry.

"Nearly a year had elapsed since

the fields of Concord and Lexington had been stained with hostile blood; during this interval, armies had been raised, vessels of war had been equipped, fortifications had been erected, gallant exploits had been performed, and eventful battles had been lost and won; yet still were the provinces bound to their British brethren, by the ties of a similar allegiance; still did they look upon themselves as members of the same empire, subjects of the same sovereign, and partners in the same constitution and laws.

"Every expedient, however, short of unconditional separation, had now been tried by congress,—but in vain. It appeared worse than useless, longer to pursue measures of open hostility, and yet to hold out the promises of reconciliation. The time had arrived when a more decided stand must be taken,—the circumstances of the nation demanded it, the success of the struggle depended on it. The best and wisest men had become convinced that no accommodation could take place, and that a course which was not marked by decision, would create dissatisfaction among the resolute, while it would render more uncertain the feeble and the wavering.

"During the spring of 1776, therefore, the question of independence became one of very general interest and reflection among all classes of the nation. It was taken into consideration by some of the colonial legislatures, and in Virginia a resolution was adopted in favor of its immediate declaration.

"Under these circumstances, the subject was brought directly before congress, on Friday, the seventh of June, 1776," when Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, "moved 'that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown; and that all political connection between them and the state of Great

* "Sanderson's Biography of the Signers to the Declaration of Independence, revised and edited by Robert T. Conrad," Philadelphia, 1846.

Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved.'” “It was discussed very fully on the following Saturday and Monday,” and “on [Monday] the tenth of June it was resolved, ‘that the consideration of the resolution respecting independence be postponed till the first Monday in July next; and in the meanwhile, that no time be lost, in case the congress agree thereto, that a committee be appointed to prepare a declaration to the effect of the said resolution.’”

This committee consisted of Thomas Jefferson of Virginia, John Adams of Massachusetts, Benjamin Franklin of Pennsylvania, Roger Sherman of Connecticut, and Robert R. Livingston of New York; Mr. Lee, the original mover of the resolution, being called home by “the dangerous illness of some members of his family;” “and to Mr. Jefferson, the chairman of the committee, was ultimately assigned the important duty of preparing the draught of the document, for the formation of which they had been appointed.

“The task thus devolved upon Mr. Jefferson, was of no ordinary magnitude; and required the exercise of no common judgment and foresight. To frame such a document, was the effort of no common mind. That of Mr. Jefferson proved fully equal to the task. His labors received the immediate approbation and sanction of the committee: and their opinion has been confirmed by the testimony of succeeding years, and of every nation where it has been known.

“On the twenty-eighth day of June, the Declaration of Independence was presented to congress, and read. On the first, second and third of July, it was taken into full consideration; and on the fourth, it was agreed to after several alterations, and considerable omissions had been made in the draught, as it was first framed by the committee.”

“When the question of independence was put, in a committee of the whole, on the first of July, . . . and the president resumed the chair,

the chairman of the committee of the whole made his report, which was not acted upon until Thursday, July 4. Every state, excepting Pennsylvania and Delaware, had voted in favor of the measure, but it was a matter of great importance to procure an unanimous voice.” The return of one of the Delaware members, who was in favor of the Declaration, secured the voice of that state on the fourth of July, and “two of the members of the Pennsylvania delegation, adverse to the measure, being absent, that state was also united in the vote, by a majority of one. By these means, the Declaration of Independence became the unanimous act of the thirteen states.”

“Speaking of the Declaration of Independence,” Thomas Jefferson said, “that ‘John Adams was the pillar of its support on the floor of congress; its ablest advocate and defender against the multifarious assaults it encountered.’”

“The transport of his [Mr. Adams’] feelings, the exuberance of his joy, on . . . [the adoption of the Declaration,] may be seen most vividly portrayed in the letter which he wrote Mrs. Adams on the succeeding day—a letter that is memorable, and now embalmed in American history, simply because it is so true and inartificial an effusion of ardent, enlightened, and disinterested patriotism.

“‘Yesterday,’ he says, ‘the greatest question was decided, that was ever debated in America; and greater, perhaps, never was or will be decided among men. A resolution was passed, without one dissenting colony, ‘that these United States are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states.’ The day is passed. The fourth of July, 1776, will be a memorable epoch in the history of America. I am apt to believe it will be celebrated by succeeding generations, as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated as a day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to Almighty God. It ought to be solemnized with pomps, shows,

games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations, from one end of the continent to the other, from this time forward for ever. You will think me transported with enthusiasm, but I am not. I am well aware of the toil, and blood, and treasure, that it will cost to maintain this declaration, and support and defend these states; yet through all the gloom, I can see the rays of light and glory. I can see that the end is worth more than all the means; and that posterity will triumph, although you and I may rue, which I hope we shall not."

On the 15th day of June, 1776, the New Hampshire Legislature had instructed the delegates in Congress from New Hampshire, to join with the other colonies in declaring the thirteen United Colonies a free and independent state.

And "on that memorable day, [when] the decisive vote was taken, which resulted in the unanimous declaration of all the states in favor of independence, [New Hampshire spoke first, for] in taking the question the northernmost colony was first called on, and Dr. [Josiah] Bartlett, [of New Hampshire, born 1729, died 1795] had the accidental, but interesting duty of first giving his voice in favor of the resolution."

And William Whipple of Portsmouth, the only other delegate from New Hampshire, then serving in congress, was the second to give his vote in favor of Independence.

For, "on the twenty-third of January, 1776, a second election for delegates [from New Hampshire] to the continental congress [had] occurred." and Josiah Bartlett of Kingston, and "his most attached personal friends, William Whipple and John Langdon," of Portsmouth, were chosen. The two former "long served" with each other "in Congress, and their signatures are found together on the charter of Independence. Mr. Langdon, owing to an appointment to another office lost the opportunity

of recording his patriotic sentiments in the same conspicuous manner."

"On the twelfth of September, 1776," Matthew Thornton, of Londonderry, born 1714, died 1803 "was appointed, by the house of representatives, a delegate to represent the state of New Hampshire in Congress, during the term of one year. He did not take his seat in that illustrious body until the fourth of November following, being four months after the passage of the Declaration of Independence; but he immediately acceded to it, and was permitted to place his signature on the engrossed copy of the instrument, among those of the fifty-six worthies, who have immortalized their names by that memorable and magnanimous act."

"The Declaration of Independence . . . was accompanied in its first publication by the signature of Mr. Hancock alone," and "the manuscript public journal has no names annexed to the Declaration of Independence, nor has the secret journal; but it appears by the latter, that on the nineteenth day of July, 1776, the Congress directed that it should be engrossed on parchment, and signed by every member, and that it was so produced on the second of August, and signed. This is interlined in the secret journal, in the hand of Charles Thomson, the secretary."

"The printed journals of Congress, indeed, make it appear, that the Declaration of Independence was adopted and signed on the fourth of July, by the gentlemen whose names are subscribed to it under the head of that date. But this impression is incorrect; because, in fact not one signature was affixed to the Declaration until the second of August. The idea of signing does not appear to have occurred immediately; for not until the nineteenth of July . . . did the resolution pass, directing the Declaration to be engrossed on parchment. This was accordingly done; and on the second of August following, when the engrossed copy was pre-

pared, and not before, the Declaration was signed by the members, who on that day were present in congress. . . . Those members who were absent on the second of August, subscribed the Declaration as soon after as opportunity offered."

It is stated, indeed, in Michael's "Story of the Declaration of Independence," with the biographies and portraits of the signers and of the secretary of the Congress, issued by the State Department in 1904, that "on the 2d of August the engrossed copy was signed by fifty members," and that "Wythe signed about August 27, Richard Henry Lee, Gerry [and] Wolcott in September, Thornton in November following, and McKean later, probably in 1781."

"Sanderson" relates that "The engrossed copy of the Declaration of Independence was placed on the desk of the secretary of congress, on the second of August, to receive the signatures of the members, and Mr. Hancock, president of congress, during a conversation with Mr. [Charles] Carroll [of Maryland, who had only taken his seat on the eighteenth of the previous month], asked him if he would sign it. 'Most willingly,' was the reply, and taking a pen, he at once put his name to the instrument. 'There goes a few millions,' said one of those who stood by; and all present at the time agreed, that in point of fortune, few risked more than Charles Carroll of Carrollton."

The case of Mr. Carroll was not singular, for besides Doctor Thornton of New Hampshire, already mentioned, five of the Pennsylvania delegates who signed the Declaration were not present in congress on the fourth of July, 1776, "not having been chosen delegates by the legislature of Pennsylvania until the twentieth day of that month," "to succeed those members of the Pennsylvania delegation who had refused their assent to the Declaration of Independence, and abandoned their seats in congress.

William Ellery, one of the Signers from Rhode Island, in after years,

"often spoke of the signing of the Declaration; and he spoke of it as an event which many regarded with awe, perhaps with uncertainty, but none with fear. 'I was determined,' he used to say, 'to see how they all looked, as they signed what might be their death warrant. I placed myself beside the secretary, Charles Thomson, and eyed each closely as he affixed his name to the document. Undaunted resolution was displayed in every countenance.' "

"When the fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence approached, two only of the committee that prepared that document, and of the Congress that voted its adoption and promulgation, and one more besides of those who inscribed their names upon it, yet survived."

"Like the books of the Sybil, the living signers of the Declaration of Independence increased in value as they diminished in number.' On the third of July, 1826, three only remained,—John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, and Charles Carroll of Carrollton. On the fourth of July, 1826, the fiftieth anniversary of the day on which they pledged their all to their country, when the ten millions who were indebted to them for liberty, were celebrating the year of jubilee; when the names of the three signers were on every lip, John Adams and Thomas Jefferson died, leaving Charles Carroll of Carrollton" the last link between the past and that "generation."

"That such an anniversary should be the day appointed for the departure of the two co-laborers" was a startling coincidence, and "the universal burst of feeling in all parts of this country, showed that the nation recognized something in the dispensation beyond the ordinary laws of human existence.

"They departed cheered by the benedictions of their country, to whom they left the inheritance of their fame, and the memory of their bright example.

"On the fourteenth of November,

1832, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the last of the signers, full of years and full of honors, closed his earthly career [aged 95 years]. A nation's tears were shed upon his grave; a nation's gratitude hallows his memory.

"They pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor; and not one was false to the pledge—not one! They suffered much; some died from hardships encountered, some were imprisoned, many were impoverished, and all were tempted by promises, and menaced by the wrath of what seemed, for a time, an earthly omnipotence: but all stood firm. There was doubt previous to the declaration—none after. Every name shone brighter as the darkness thickened. Each patriot was a sun that stood fast . . . until the battle of independence had been fought and won.

"They are no more, they are dead. But how little is there of the great and good which can die! To their country they yet live and live for ever. They live in all that perpetuates the remembrance of men on earth: in the recorded proofs of their own great actions, in the offspring of their intellect, in the deep engraved lines of public gratitude, and in the respect and homage of mankind. They live in their example; and they live, emphatically, and will live, in the influence which their lives and efforts their principles and opinions, now exercise and will continue to exercise, on the affairs of men, not only in their own country, but throughout the civilized world."

The Declaration of Independence was publicly proclaimed in Portsmouth, on the 18th of July, 1776, from the steps facing on King street, of the Old State House, built in 1758 upon a ledge of rocks occupying the centre of Market square, which stood there until removed in 1837; and when the reading was finished, Thomas Manning, a devoted patriot of Portsmouth, threw his hat in the air, shouting "Huzza for Con-

gress street," which then and there became its name; a name, which in memory of the Congress of 1776, it will, I trust, forever bear.

That Portsmouth is full of Revolutionary memories is doubtless well known to all who hear my voice; but while all may know that the first overt act of the Revolution was the capture on the night of the 13th of December, 1774, at Fort William and Mary, now Fort Constitution, by the patriots of Portsmouth and vicinity, of the powder, which a little later was so bravely expended at Bunker Hill, yet few realize the fact that this William Whipple,—illustrious both in state and field—besides signing the Declaration of Independence, took a prominent part in the capture of Burgoyne, a victory which delivered the American cause from the greatest peril and brought joy without measure to the people, and that in behalf of General Gates he signed the articles of capitulation of the British troops; and afterwards was one of the officers under whose charge they were conducted to their place of encampment on Winter hill, near Boston.

Let me tell his story as briefly as I may.

William Whipple was the son of Capt. William Whipple, senior, of Kittery, Me., who died the seventh of August, 1751, aged fifty six years. Captain Whipple was a native of Ipswich, Mass., whither his great grandfather, Elder John Whipple, came from Essex, England, in or before 1639. William Whipple, the son, was born the 14th of January, 1730, in the "Whipple garrison house" on Whipple's cove, Kittery, his father's house, and previously the home of his maternal grandfather and great grandfather, Robert Cutt, first and second, where Harrison J. Philbrick now resides.

He was educated in the public schools of Kittery, and early went to sea, as did so many Kittery and Portsmouth boys from that time up to the breaking out of the Civil War,

for a "Life on the Ocean Wave" was for many years the most promising one there open to an energetic and ambitious boy. He obtained the command of a vessel before he was twenty-one years of age, and engaged in the European, West India and African trade, in one voyage, at least, bringing slaves, it is said, to this country from Africa, for at that time, one hundred and fifty years ago, and for thirty or forty years afterwards, slaves were held in New Hampshire; and, indeed, the constitution of the United States authorized their importation from Africa into this country until the year 1808, fifty years later.

In 1759, at the age of twenty-nine, he abandoned the sea entirely, and entered into business in Portsmouth with his brother, under the firm name of William and Joseph Whipple, which connection lasted till about two years previous to the Revolution.

"At an early period of the contest, he took a decided part in favor of the colonies, in their opposition to the claims of Great Britain; and his townsmen, placing the highest confidence in his patriotism and integrity, frequently elected him to offices which required great firmness and moderation. In January, 1775, he was chosen one of the representatives of the town of Portsmouth to the provincial congress held at Exeter for the purpose of choosing delegates to the general congress, which was to meet in Philadelphia on the tenth of May following.

"When the disputes between the two countries were approaching to a crisis, the provincial committee of safety of New Hampshire recommended that a provincial congress should be formed, for the purpose of directing and managing the public affairs of the state during the term of six months. The delegates from the town of Portsmouth were five in number, among whom was Captain Whipple. He accordingly attended the meeting of the congress, which convened at Exeter in the beginning of May, 1775, and was elected by

that body one of the provincial committee of safety, who were to regulate the affairs of government during the war. In the early part of the same year, he was also chosen one of the committee of safety for the town of Portsmouth.

"At the close of the year 1775, the people of New Hampshire assumed a form of government, consisting of a house of representatives and a council of twelve, the president of which was the chief executive officer. Mr. Whipple was chosen one of the council, on the sixth of January, 1776, and on the twenty-third of the same month, a delegate to the general congress: he took his seat on the twenty-ninth of February following. He continued to be re-elected to that distinguished situation in the years 1777, 1778, and 1779, and applied himself with diligence and ability to the discharge of its duties, when the military services which he rendered during that period permitted him to be an acting member of the New Hampshire delegation. In the middle of September, 1779, he finally retired from congress, after having attended, without the least intermission, at his post of duty from the fifth of the preceding month of November.

"Whilst in congress he was considered a very useful and active member, and discharged the duties of his office in a manner alike honorable to himself and satisfactory to his constituents. In the current and committed business of the house he displayed equal perseverance, ability and application. His early pursuits rendered him particularly useful as a member of the committees of marine and of commerce; and, as one of the superintendents of the commissary's and quartermaster's departments, he labored, with much assiduity, to correct the abuses which had prevailed and to place those establishments upon such a footing as might best conduce to the public service. When the depreciation of the continental currency became excessive, he strongly opposed new emissions of paper, as

tending to the utter destruction of public confidence.

"Soon after Mr. Whipple's return to New Hampshire [in 1777] he was called on to exercise his patriotism in scenes and modes yet untried. He had buffeted the waves as a seaman; he had pursued the peaceful occupations of a merchant; and he had distinguished himself as a legislator and a statesman; but he was now called on to undergo the severer personal duties, and to gather the more conspicuous laurels of a soldier. The overwhelming force of Burgoyne having compelled the American troops to evacuate their strong post at Ticonderoga, universal alarm prevailed in the north. The committee of the 'New Hampshire Grants,' which had now formed themselves into a separate state, wrote in the most pressing terms to the committee of safety at Exeter, for assistance. The assembly of New Hampshire was immediately convened, and adopted the most effectual and decisive measures for the defence of the country. They formed the whole militia of the state into two brigades, giving the command of the first to William Whipple, and of the second to General Stark. General Stark was immediately ordered to march, 'to stop the progress of the enemy on our western frontiers,' with one fourth of his brigade, and one fourth of three regiments belonging to the brigade of General Whipple.

"Burgoyne, presuming that no more effectual opposition would be made, flattered himself that he might advance without much annoyance. To the accomplishments and experience of his officers, was added a formidable train of artillery, with all the apparatus, stores and equipments, which the nature of the service required. His army was principally composed of veteran corps of the best troops of Britain and Germany, and American loyalists furnished it with spies, scouts, and rangers: a numerous body of savages, in their own dress and with their own weapons, and

characteristic ferocity, increased the terrors of its approach.

"Flushed by a confidence in his superior force, and deceived in his opinion of the number of friendly loyalists, the British general dispatched Lieutenant-Colonel Baum from Fort Edward, with about fifteen hundred of his German troops, and a body of Indians, to overrun the 'Grants' as far as the Connecticut river, for the purpose of collecting horses to mount the dragoons, and cattle, both for labor and provisions. He was encountered at Bennington by the intrepid Stark, who carried the works which he had constructed, by assault, and killed or captured the greater part of his detachment; a few only escaped into the woods, and saved themselves by flight.

"This victory gave a severe check to the hopes of the enemy, and revived the spirits of the people after a long depression. The courage of the militia increased with their reputation, and they found that neither British nor German regulars were invincible. Burgoyne was weakened and disheartened by the event, and beginning to perceive the danger of his situation, he now considered the men of New Hampshire and the Green Mountains, whom he had viewed with contempt, as dangerous enemies."

"The northern army was now reinforced by the militia of all the neighboring states. Brigadier General Whipple marched with a great part of his brigade; and volunteers from all parts of New Hampshire hastened in great numbers to join the standard of General Gates. In the desperate battles of Stillwater and of Saratoga, the troops of New Hampshire gained a large share of the honor due to the American army. The consequence of these engagements was the surrender of General Burgoyne. When the British army capitulated, he was appointed, with Colonel Wilkinson, as the representative of General Gates, to meet two officers from General Burgoyne, for the purpose of propounding, discussing, and settling

several subordinate articles and regulations springing from the preliminary proposals of the British general, and which required explanation and precision before the definitive treaty could be properly executed. By concert with Major Kingston, a tent was pitched between the advanced guards of the two armies, where they met Lieutenant-Colonel Sutherland, and Captain Craig of the forty-seventh regiment, on the afternoon of the sixteenth of October, 1777. Having produced and exchanged credentials, they proceeded to discuss the objects of their appointment, and in the evening signed the articles of capitulation. After the attainment of this grand object, General Whipple was selected as one of the officers, under whose command the British troops were conducted to their destined encampment on Winter hill, near Boston."

It is related in the "Rambles about Portsmouth" that General Whipple had two slaves—"Prince and Cuffee Whipple," who "were brought to that town with a number of others of their color, in a ship from the coast of Africa prior to 1766, then about ten years old. It was said that that they were brothers, the sons of an African prince, sent over for an education, but retained in slavery."

Prince attended General Whipple on the expedition to Saratoga, but one morning on the way to the army, "Prince appeared sulky and in ill humor. His master upbraided him for his misconduct. 'Master,' said Prince, 'You are going to fight for your liberty, but I have none to fight for.' 'Prince,' replied his master, 'behave like a man and do your duty, and from this hour you shall be free.' Prince wanted no other incentive; he performed his duty like a man throughout the campaign, which ended in the surrender of Burgoyne, and from that day he was a free man."

Prince Whipple, a prince in Africa, a slave in America, "was a large, well-proportioned and fine looking man, and of gentlemanly manners and deportment. He was the Caleb Quo-

tem of the old-fashioned semi-monthly assemblies, and at all large weddings and dinners, balls and evening parties [in Portsmouth]. Nothing could go on right without Prince, and his death was much regretted by both the white and colored inhabitants of the town; by the latter of whom he was always regarded as a leader." (Rambles about Portsmouth, I, 152-153.)

Prince Whipple's name appears on "General Whipple's Staff Roll," both for the Saratoga campaign in 1777 and the Rhode Island campaign in 1778; and he rests in the North Cemetery, Portsmouth, not far from his master. "Mr. Prince Whipple, a sober, honest, black man," as the *New Hampshire Gazette* of November 19, 1796, said in announcing his death. A government headstone—"Prince Whipple, Cont'l Troops, Rev. War," marks his grave.

"Nor was the expedition against Burgoyne the only military affair that Mr. Whipple was engaged in during his absence from congress.

"It may be recollected that in the latter part of the summer [of 1778], when Count d'Estaing had abandoned his project of attacking the British fleet at New York, a plan was formed for his co-operation with General Sullivan in retaking Rhode Island from the British. To aid in this measure the militia of the adjoining states was called out, and the detachment of New Hampshire was placed under the command of General Whipple. The scheme, owing to some accident, or the neglect of a proper understanding, proved unsuccessful, and General Sullivan was only able to save his army by a judicious retreat.

"During this brief campaign, it is recorded, that one morning [the 29th of August, 1778], whilst a number of officers were at breakfast at the general's quarters, at the position on the north end of the island [on which Newport is situated], the British advanced to an eminence about three quarters of a mile distant; perceiving horses and a guard before the

door, they discharged a field piece which killed one of the horses, and the ball, penetrating the side of the house, passed under the table where the officers were sitting, and shattered the leg of the brigade major of General Whipple's [brigade] in such a manner that amputation was necessary." This officer was Major John Samuel Sherburne, of Portsmouth, nephew of General Whipple's wife, and brother of Governor Langdon's, who was subsequently a member of congress (1793-1796), and judge of the United States Court for the district of New Hampshire. He was irreverently called "Cork-leg Sherburne" by the boys of long ago, and afterwards resided in the house on Court street next west of the old court house.

"The design for which the militia were called out having thus proved abortive, many of them were discharged, and General Whipple with those under his command returned to New Hampshire. According to the pay-roll for the general and staff of his division of volunteers, it appears that he took command on the 26th of July, and returned on the 5th of September, 1778."

While in congress Mr. Whipple was a member of the marine or naval committee, and it will be remembered that, on June 14, 1777, the same day upon which Congress established the Stars and Stripes as our national flag, it also passed the following resolutions:

"Resolved. That Captain John Paul Jones be appointed to command the *Ranger*, ship of war.

"Resolved. That William Whipple, Esq., member of Congress, and of the Marine Committee, John Langdon, Esq., continental agent, and the said John Paul Jones be authorized to appoint lieutenants and other commissioned officers and warrant officers necessary for said ship; and that blank commissions and warrants be sent them to be filled up with the names of the persons they appoint, returns whereof to be made to the naval board in the Eastern department."

The following inscription on a bronze tablet at the ferry landing of the Atlantic Shore Line Electric Rail-

way, Badgers Island, Kittery, Maine, opposite the city of Portsmouth, N. H., tells succinctly the story of the *Ranger*:

"In memory of
the Continental sloop of war
Ranger
launched from this island
May 10, 1777.
Sailed for France November 1, 1777,
John Paul Jones, Captain,
with dispatches of
Burgoyne's surrender.
Received February 14, 1778,
the first salute
to the Stars and Stripes
from the French fleet.
Captured the
British sloop of war Drake,
April 24, 1778.
Erected by the Paul Jones Club
of Portsmouth,
Sons of the American Revolution.
1905."

"The high consideration in which his services were held by congress did not cease to accompany Mr. Whipple in his retirement. In the beginning of the year 1780 he was appointed a commissioner of the board of admiralty, which office he declined accepting, owing to the situation of his private affairs.

"In the [same] year, 1780, immediately after his retirement from Congress, he was elected a member of the legislature, to which office he was repeatedly chosen [1780 to 1784] and continued to enjoy the confidence and approbation of his fellow-citizens.

"In May, 1782, the superintendent of finance, confiding in 'his inclination and abilities to promote the interests of the United States,' appointed Mr. Whipple receiver for the state of New Hampshire, a commission at once arduous and unpopular. It was invariably the rule of Mr. [Robert] Morris to grant this appointment only to men of tried integrity and invincible patriotism. The duty of the office was not only to receive and transmit the sums collected in the state, but to expedite that collection by all proper means, and incessantly to urge the local authorities to comply with the requisitions of congress."

This position he retained, at Mr. Morris' solicitation, and much against his own wishes, until August, 1784.

In 1782 he was president of a court, organized by congress, which met at Trenton, New Jersey, to determine the dispute, "between the states of Pennsylvania and Connecticut, relative to certain lands at Wyoming," which resulted in the unanimous decision of the court that Connecticut had "no right to the lands in controversy."

General Whipple resigned his military appointment June 20th, 1782, and his failing health prevented him, after this time, "from engaging in the more active scenes of life."

"On the [same day, the] twentieth of June, 1782, he was appointed a judge of the superior court of judicature" of New Hampshire, and "on the twenty-fifth of December, 1784, . . . a justice of the peace and quorum throughout the state."

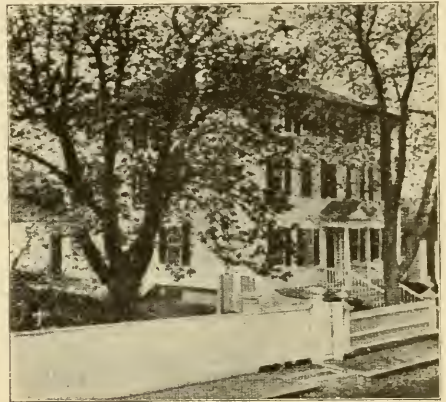
General Whipple died in Portsmouth, "on the twenty-eighth day of November, 1785, in the fifty-fifth year of his age," and "his body was deposited in the North burying ground in Portsmouth."

The *New Hampshire Gazette* of December 9, 1785, thus announced his death:

"On Monday, the 28th ultimo (November 28, 1785), died, universally lamented, the Hon. General William Whipple, a judge of the superior court of this state. In him concentrated every principle that exalts the dignity of man. His disinterested patriotism and public services are now known to all; and when newspaper eulogiums are lost in oblivion, the pen of the historian shall preserve the remembrance of his virtues in the breast of succeeding generations. During a long course of unequalled sufferings, he endured his lot with a firmness correspondent to the greatness of his mind. He viewed his approaching dissolution with a heroic fortitude, in full confidence that He who made him best knew how to dispose of him. In his extremest agonies, his mind was still

revolving schemes for the happiness of mankind, and those sentiments of benevolence which distinguished him while living, were the last that died in him. He was generous and humane and the elements so mixed in him, that nature might rise up and say, 'This was a man.'"

General Whipple was born in Kittery, Maine, but removed to Portsmouth and lived and died in the Moffatt house on the west side of Market street, midway between Hanover and Deer streets, where, south of the house, still stands a beautiful



Home of Gen. Whipple

horse-chestnut tree planted by his hand. His gravestone in the centre of the North cemetery, Portsmouth, bears the following inscription:

"Here are deposited the remains
of the Honourable William Whipple
who departed this Life
on the 28th day of November, 1785,
in the 55th year of his Age.

He was often elected
and thrice attended
the Continental Congress
as Delegate
for the State of New Hampshire,
particularly in that memorable year
in which
America declared itself independent
of Great Britain.

He was also at the time of his decease
a Judge
of the supreme Court of Judicature.

In Him
a firm & ardent Patriotism
was united with
universal benevolence
and every social Virtue."

Do we realize, Compatriots and Friends, that there were only fifty-six signers of the Declaration of Independence?

Just think for a moment: thirty-two of the forty-five states of the American Union—almost three fourths—have no such jewel in their caskets, and not one in a thousand of the cities and towns which dot our broad land have such a treasure! Nor can they ever hope to have, for while the list of other illustrious men and women increases with the passing years, there has been but one Declaration of American Independence—source of our liberty and freedom!

Portsmouth, recognizing her happy preeminence over her sisters in this and other states, at the request of Storer Post, Grand Army of the Republic, of that city, gave, in 1890, the name of William Whipple to the new State street school; and in the following year, the Post presented his oil portrait to the city to be placed in the Whipple school, where it may now be seen.

General Whipple married his cousin, Catharine Moffatt, of Portsmouth, but left no descendants, their only child, a son, dying in infancy. His stone—"William Whipple, died April 29, 1773, aged 1 year"—stands near his father's in the North cemetery, Portsmouth.

Mrs. Whipple survived her husband many years, removing in 1811 to her farm near the Plains, where she lived in the Waldron house, the large gambrel-roofed dwelling on the road leading south from the Plains—and there she died. Her body rests in the Governor Langdon tomb on the southern side of the North cemetery, but the inscription—"Mrs. Catharine Whipple, Born 1723, Died 1823"—is not correct, as shown by the following notice of her death taken from the *Portsmouth Journal* of November 24, 1821.

"Died—On Thursday noon (November 22, 1821), at the advanced age of 90 years, Madam Katherine Whipple, relict of the late Gen. Wil-

liam Whipple, and daughter of the late John Moffatt, Esq.—The funeral will take place tomorrow afternoon [Sunday, November 25, 1821], after divine service, from the house of the late Governor Langdon."

Elizabeth Sherburne, daughter of Hon. John and Elizabeth (Moffatt) Sherburne, and wife of Governor John Langdon was Mrs. Whipple's niece, her sister's child.

How can I, in the time allotted me, speak of the many things in which the men and women of Whipple's blood have taken part from the first settlement of the colonies until now!

It is impossible to do the subject justice; and for information concerning his ancestors and family, I must refer to two pamphlets, "The Presentation of Flags to the Schools of Portsmouth, N. H., October 9th, 1890, by Storer Post," and "The Presentation of the Portraits of General Whipple and Admiral Farragut to the City of Portsmouth, N. H., November 20, 1891, by Storer Post"—where several letters written by General Whipple during the Revolution, and many details of his life will also be found.

But now, I must at least, pay my tribute of admiration to that eminent poet, essayist, and statesman, James Russell Lowell; great grandson of General Whipple's sister, Mary (Whipple) Traill; whose death August 12, 1891, in Cambridge, Mass., the whole English speaking world lamented; for he with all his father's family always had a strong interest in Portsmouth, and in the Portsmouth stock from which they sprung.

In the study of Mr. Lowell's character and works, it is worthy of remembrance that Professor Charles Eliot Norton of Cambridge, Mass., James Russell Lowell's literary executor, says, that "many of the most striking traits of Mr. Lowell's character and genius came to him from his mother's side."

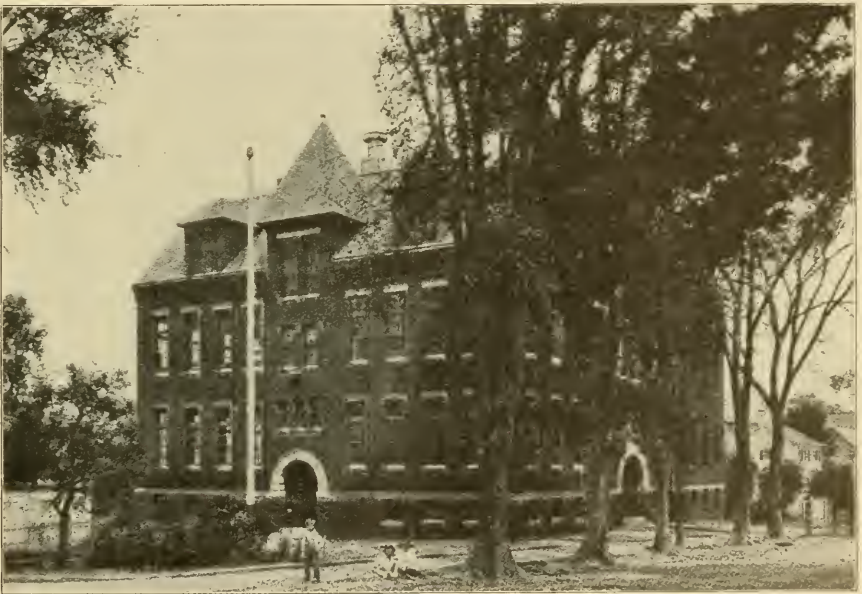
James Russell Lowell, born 22 February, 1819, in Cambridge, Mass., son of Rev. Charles and Harriet

(Spence) Lowell, was grandson of Keith and Mary (Traill) Spence of Portsmouth, and great grandson of Robert and Mary (Whipple) Traill, also of Portsmouth.

Robert Traill, born in the Orkney Islands, was a distinguished merchant of Portsmouth, comptroller of the port until the Revolution, and afterward collector of the Island of Bermuda. He resided in the house then and now standing at the south west corner of State and Fleet streets (No. 82 State street). Mrs. Traill

suddenly at New Orleans and was buried there.

Mr. Lowell's great grandmother, Mary (Whipple) Traill, was a daughter of Captain William Whipple, senior, and Mary (Cutt) Whipple. The latter died 24 February, 1783, aged 84, and the ashes of Mrs. Whipple, Mrs. Traill, and Mrs. Spence, three direct ancestors of Mr. Lowell, rest in the North cemetery, Portsmouth, where their stones may be seen on the rising ground near the centre of the cemetery close to the



Whipple School, Portsmouth

survived her husband, and died 3 October, 1791, aged 61 years. Their only daughter, Mary, married Keith Spence, a merchant from Scotland, who settled in Portsmouth, Purser, U. S. N., 1800–1805, whom she survived, and died 10 January, 1824, aged 69. Keith Spence was "a gentleman justly held in high estimation for his probity, intelligence, and nice sense of honor." He was purser of the frigate *Philadelphia* when that vessel was captured by the Tripolitans, 31 October, 1803. He died

stone of their distinguished son, brother and uncle, General William Whipple, signer of the Declaration of Independence.

Captain William Whipple, senior, resided in the "Whipple garrison house" in Kittery, Me., previously the home of Robert Cutt (2d), where Harrison J. Philbrick now lives, and died August 7, 1751, aged 56. Captain Whipple's stone and those of Robert Cutt (2d), who died September 24, 1735, aged 69, and of Dorcas (Hammond) Cutt, who died November 17, 1757, aged 83, his wife's

father and mother, are yet standing in the cemetery near the Champenowne Hotel in Kittery, so that a pilgrimage to the graves of these four generations of Mr. Lowell's ancestors may, and doubtless will, be often made in the coming years by many who enjoy the writings and rejoice in the fame of this distinguished son of Portsmouth.

It is related in the "Rambles about Portsmouth" that Hon. Jotham Odiorne, of Portsmouth, a member of His Majesty's council, who died in 1761, married, about the year 1720, Mehitable, one of the four daughters of Robert Cutt (2d) of Kittery. The other three sisters were married: Mary to William Whipple, senior, "malster," seaman, and afterwards farmer; Catharine to John Moffat, merchant, and Elizabeth to Rev. Joseph Whipple of Hampton Falls.

Hon. Jotham Odiorne resided on Market Square where now stand the First National and Portsmouth Savings bank buildings.

"Among the daughters of Jotham Odiorne was Miss Mehitable, who bore her mother's name, and was the pride of the family. Among the suitors, in cocked hats, small clothes and ruffles, William Whipple (her cousin) received her especial favor. In due time the wedding was arranged, and one joyous evening there was a special illumination of these premises. The Rev. Samuel Langdon, in his flowing wig, might have been seen entering the house, and two shiny-faced negro boys, Prince and Cuffee, busy in attendance. The parlor fireplace was dressed with fresh spruce, bouquets ornamented the mantle, and the white scoured floor was freely sanded. The father, mother and children were gathered, the bride with her maids, and the groom with his attendants were all arranged, when the chief personage of the occasion suddenly leaves the circle for another room.

"After waiting nearly half an hour, a message is received by the anxious bridegroom. He goes to another

room and there finds his lady divested of her wedding suit, and in her common dress. She told him she had come to the conclusion not to be married that evening! He pleads, but in vain; he remonstrates, but with no effect,—the wedding, she said, must be delayed to some other occasion.

"‘We must be married now or never,’ was his decisive reply. It was unavailing—so, with a determination no less heartfelt than that of some years after [when] placing his name to the immortal Declaration, he here declared his personal independence, retired from the scene, and never after made a call upon his cousin Mehitable.

"She was afterwards married to William E. Treadwell, who was the father of Robert O. Treadwell." (Rambles about Portsmouth, I, 149–151.) Strange irony of fate that today Dr. Robert O. Treadwell of Portsmouth, namesake and descendant of her son, looks from the front windows of his house directly upon the Whipple School, so named in honor of the rejected lover of his great-grandmother!

"Mr. Whipple was possessed of a strong mind, and quick discernment: he was easy in his manners, courteous in his deportment, correct in his habits, and constant in his friendships. He enjoyed through life a great share of the public confidence, and although his early education was limited, his natural good sense, and accurate observations, enabled him to discharge the duties of the several offices with which he was intrusted, with credit to himself and benefit to the public. In the various scenes of life in which he engaged, he constantly manifested an honest and persevering spirit of emulation, which conducted him with rapid strides to distinction. As a sailor he speedily attained the highest rank in the profession; as a merchant, he was circumspect and industrious; as a congressman, he was firm and fearless; as a legislator, he was honest and able; as a commander,

he was cool and courageous; as a judge, he was dignified and impartial; and as a member of many subordinate public offices, he was alert and persevering. Few men rose more rapidly and worthily in the scale of society, or bore their new honors with more modesty and propriety."

One hundred and thirty-one years have passed since William Whipple, Josiah Bartlett and Matthew Thornton pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor, in behalf of our national liberty and freedom;

but while love of country and the flag shall be cherished among us, let us trust that we shall keep their memory green, and on each recurring Fourth of July that the New Hampshire Society, Sons of the American Revolution, will by its duly authorized representatives garland their graves with flowers in perpetual memory of the fact that by their hands the people of New Hampshire signed, and through them claim a share in the glory of the Declaration of Independence!

A SUMMER SHOWER.

By Hannah B. Merriam

For days the sun with burning heat
Has held both air and sky,
The grass is parched beneath our feet,
The roads are white and dry;

The dusty trees with drooping leaf
Seem bowed as if in prayer;
The fields are heavy with a grief
Greater than they can bear.

But now, along the western sky
Are signs of coming rain,
The cattle in the pool near by
Are waiting not in vain.

The thirsty earth shall drink at will,
Each tree hold up its head,
The fields of joy shall have their fill,
The lilies in their bed.

On wings of light the clouds seem sped,
They blind us with their flash;
The thunder's roll and boom o'erhead
Is deafening in its crash.

From hidden bows, arrows of fire
Dart swift adown the sky,
When lo! The fruit of our desire
Comes pouring from on high.

ANGEL HANDS

By Cyrus A. Stone

Hands across the silent sea
Beckoning from the other shore,
Hands whose faithful ministry
We had known in years before;
Pure white hands so good and true,
Swift for every kindly deed,
Doing all that love could do
In the time of greatest need.

Hands at length all weary grown,
Sinking to their needed rest,
Hands whose thrill of life had flown
Folded on a pulseless breast.
Tenderly we now recall,
Though the years their tale have told,
How the bitter tears did fall
When those hands grew pale and cold.

Hands from every burden free
That so lovingly they bore,
Fading o'er the silent sea,
Beckoning from the farther shore.
Guiding, clasping, clinging hands,
When the dream of life is past,
Over on the shining sands
They will greet my soul at last.

LITTLE MAID OF SUNAPEE

(To Miss Geraldine Bowman)

By Moses Gage Shirley

Little maid of Sunapee
With your young heart fancy free,
And the sunshine in your eyes
Smiling like the summer skies,

Lovely as a poet's dream
Is your life fair Geraldine,
Full of many happy hours
Singing birds and blooming flowers.

As your feet Life's pathway press
May you go with thankfulness,
And the pathway make more sweet
Where must journey other feet.

Little maid of Sunapee
May your skies unclouded be,
And wherever you may go
May Love's fairest roses blow.

THE INEBRIATE'S PRAYER

L. H. J. Frost

A poor man knelt at close of day
An earnest, heart-felt prayer to say;
With head bowed low by weight of sin,
Thus did his humble prayer begin:
"O Father! May I call Thee so?
Thou knowest all my weight of woe;
My wicked soul by thee is seen,
I can but cry 'unclean, unclean!'

"A vile, unworthy slave of sin,
For many a weary year I've been;
I've scorned Thy word, Thy name blasphemed,
Thine holy day I've not esteemed.
I hardly dare to Thee to pray,
Lest Thou shouldst cast my prayer away,
And when I meet Thee face to face,
Refuse my soul in heaven a place.

"Christ Jesus died, I've heard men tell,
To save poor sinful souls from hell;
Do Thou for His sake pity me,
And from defilement set me free.
Thou knowest I am left alone
Within this desolated home;
My patient wife and children three
Have gone to heaven to live with Thee.

"I'm wretched, starving, sick and old,
Covered with rags, dying of cold;
Pity, O God! my aching brain,
Stung by remorse and filled with pain;
On earth I would no longer stay;
I pray Thee let me die today.
I dare not hope to enter heaven,
I only beg to be forgiven."

* * * *

A pitying angel passing by
Saw the lone man lay down to die;
And gathering up the sinner's prayer,
He bore it up the golden stair
And laid it at the Saviour's feet,
When, lo! it changed to incense sweet.
The dear Lord said,—“He is forgiven.”
And thus the inebriate's soul was shriven.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

MARY A. DANFORTH

Among the ablest and most noted of New Hampshire women, Mary A. Danforth, born in Colebrook in March, 1867, who died at her home in that town, Sunday, May 28, has held prominent rank for some years past.

Miss Danforth was educated at Colebrook Academy and the New Hampshire Conference Seminary at Tilton, graduating from the latter in 1884, at the age of seventeen. She was gifted with rare talent as a writer and speaker, and was frequently heard in Methodist pulpits, with which denomination she was actively connected, before she was twenty-one, having devoted the four years following graduation to earnest study at home, meanwhile preaching and lecturing to considerable extent. In the fall of 1888 she went as a missionary to Japan, spending five years among the people of the "Island Empire," then just fairly awakened to the spirit of progress and open to the influence of Christian civilization. She did great work among the Japanese, establishing the ladies' seminary at Nagoya, and teaching with eminent success. Since her return home she had traveled and lectured extensively in this country, serving efficiently as field secretary of the Methodist Foreign Missionary Society. She was a woman of fine address and most engaging manner, admired wherever she went and greatly beloved by a wide circle of friends.

HON. GEORGE RUNELS

Hon. George Runels, formerly mayor of Lowell, Mass., died at his home in that city June 5, 1911.

Mr. Runels was a native of the town of Warner in this state, born February 3, 1823. He was educated in the common schools and at New London Academy. In 1823 he went to Lowell and engaged in stone cutting. Later he shipped on a whaling vessel from Salem, for a long voyage, and eighteen months after was shipwrecked in the Fiji Islands, but was ultimately picked up by a vessel and carried to New Zealand. Here he remained three months, assisting in the construction of a wharf and then shipped on another whaler on which he remained a year leaving at Manila, returning home by Canton, Singapore, Calcutta and Boston.

In 1845 he returned to Lowell and engaged in stone cutting, becoming a large contractor. He furnished stone for the custom house and many other large buildings in Boston. He was active in public life in the city as a Republican, serving in both branches of the city government, and as mayor in 1882, declining a reelection to the latter office. He was a member of the commission that erected the Lowell city hall and memorial

building. He is survived by a widow and two sons—Charles and Henry—both prominent business men of Lowell.

HON. HENRY B. LOVERING

Hon. Henry Bacon Lovering, once prominent in Democratic political circles in Massachusetts and the country, died at the residence of his son in Wakefield, Mass., April 5, 1911, after an illness of several weeks.

Mr. Lovering was a native of Portsmouth, N. H., born April 8, 1841. He learned the shoe manufacturing business, and was long engaged in the same in the city of Lynn, where he also took an active part in politics. He was a member of the Massachusetts legislature in 1872, a member of the Lynn board of assessors in 1879 and 1880, and mayor of the city in 1881-82. In 1882 he was elected to Congress from his district and reelected in 1884. In 1888 he was made United States Marshal for Massachusetts by President Cleveland, which position he surrendered when the Republicans returned to power, and was later, for some years, warden of the Massachusetts state prison.

He was a gallant soldier and officer in the Union army in the Civil War serving until after the battle of Winchester, September 19, 1864, in which engagement he lost a leg. He was a former president of the Third Massachusetts Cavalry Association and was prominent in Lynn Pythian circles. He is survived by two sons. His wife was Abby J. Clifford, daughter of Harrison Clifford of Lynn.

COL. ORMOND F. NIMS

Col. Ormond F. Nims, who commanded the famous "Nims' flying battery" in the Civil War, died at his home, 42 Blossom street, Boston, May 23, 1911, at the age of 91 years.

Colonel Nims was a native of the town of Sullivan in Cheshire County, removing to Boston when twenty-three years of age. He was a descendant on the maternal side of Col. Solomon White of Uxbridge, Mass., who served seven years in the Revolution and also commanded the regiment that suppressed "Shay's rebellion" at Worcester.

On going to Boston young Nims joined the National Lancers. Several years later he enlisted in a new battery formed under command of Capt. Moses C. Cobb and was made first sergeant on the night of his enlistment. In 1859 he rose to the command of this battery and resigned in 1860.

Upon the advent of the Civil War Nims aided Captain Cobb in raising a battery. Cobb left his command very abruptly and Governor Andrew gave Nims charge. The command left Boston for the South August 8, 1861, "in as good condition and as well drilled as Sherman's," then the crack battery of the

nation, according to the official report of an inspector made to General McClellan. The battery went to Fort Monroe, and later was assigned to the department of the gulf and the Mississippi, where it did such gallant work everywhere as to call for the highest encomiums from several commanding generals, it being almost invariably referred to as "Nims' battery."

After the return of peace, the attention of the government was called to Captain Nims' service, and the senate, by special enactment, raised him to the rank of colonel.

Colonel Nims never held political office. He was a past commander of Post 7, G. A. R. of Boston, and a member of the Loyal Legion.

His business for more than half a century was that of a retail druggist, his store being at 34 Cambridge street. He retired only a year ago.

Colonel Nims is survived by two daughters, Mrs. Carrie W. Knowles and Mrs. James Mathews.

PROF. MARK BAILEY

Mark Bailey, many years professor of elocution at Yale College, died at his home in New Haven, June 3, 1911.

Professor Bailey was a native of Dunbarton, son of Capt. Oliver Bailey, born May 20, 1827. He fitted for college at the academies in Pembroke, N. H., and Danville, Vt., and graduated from Dartmouth in the class of 1849. He studied elocution with Prof. William Russell, taught the same for some time at the South, and in 1855 was made instructor in elocution at Yale where he continued till 1905, subsequently having been made professor. He was regarded as a thorough master of the oratorical art, and had the distinction of coaching Abraham Lincoln in that line, traveling with him during the Lincoln-Douglas debate. He also for a time held the position of professor of elocution at Dartmouth.

Professor Bailey married Lucy B. Ward of North Brookfield, Mass., September 29, 1853. He leaves a son and daughter.

MORRIS CHRISTIE, M.D.

Dr. Morris Christie of Antrim, one of the best known physicians of Southern New Hampshire, died at the State Hospital in Concord, June 4, 1911.

He was born in Antrim August 29, 1822, son of Josiah and Mary B. Christie. He graduated from the medical department of the University of New York, in 1859. He was on the faculty of Charity Hospital in that city for one year, and in 1860 commenced practice in Antrim where he continued through life, establishing a large and lucrative practice.

Doctor Christie married, July 22, 1863, Susan Hill of Johnson, Vt., who survives him. Several years ago his health began to fail and he was obliged to retire from active

practice. For many years he was trustee of the New Hampshire state hospital and served for some time on the Antrim board of education. He was an attendant at the First Presbyterian church at Antrim, and for many years one of the trustees of the society.

HON. CHARLES P. BERRY

Hon. Charles P. Berry, former mayor of Portsmouth, died at his summer home in Wolfeboro, June 30, 1911.

He was a native of Lynn, Mass., a son of John W. Berry, born October 16, 1840, the late Judge John W. Berry of Lynn being his brother. Early in life he went in a shoe factory and learned the business, soon becoming superintendent of a large manufactory in Lynn. Later he was for some time vice-president and general manager of the Davis Shoe Company.

In 1885 he was associated with the Hon. Frank Jones in the organization of the Portsmouth Shoe Company, which did an immense business for many years under his management.

He was a member of the board of aldermen in Lynn two years, and also in Portsmouth for a similar term; was a representative in the New Hampshire legislature in 1891 and mayor of Portsmouth in 1893-94. He was a Mason and Odd Fellow.

He had been twice married, his first wife being Miss Sarah M. Bradley of Lynn. Twelve years after her death he married Miss Annie L. Church of Portsmouth, June 1, 1892. She survives together with one son, Frank Jones Berry.

WILLIAM L. WHITEMORE

William L. Whittemore, long a prominent educator in southern New Hampshire, died at his home in the town of Milford, July 2, 1911, at the age of eighty-seven years.

He was a native of the town of Francestown, born August 21, 1824, the fourth son of Aaron and Betsey (Weston) Whittemore, late of Lyndeboro. His great-grandfather Daniel Whittemore of Salem, Mass., was the first settler in that part of Lyndeboro which lies north of the mountains. His grandfather, Aaron Whittemore, at the age of twenty years fought at the battle of Bennington in Capt. Peter Stark's brigade. Mr. Whittemore began his education in the public schools of Lyndeboro. When he thought he had outgrown the common district school he entered Francestown academy, where he remained for several years. Intending to make teaching his permanent work he next visited several colleges and all the normal schools in Massachusetts in order to determine where he could best qualify himself for a teacher. After considering the matter carefully, he concluded that Prof. William Russell's normal institute was the best place to continue his studies. He soon entered

WILBUR F. SMITH

upon a course designed to prepare teachers for high schools. This course was completed in about three years. He next took a special course in several branches at Amherst college. Still later he entered the scientific department of Harvard university and completed the two years course in 1845.

He began to teach in 1844, in the "little red schoolhouse" where he first attended, and continued teaching for five years in Lyndeboro, Greenfield and New Boston. Later he taught in various high and normal schools in New Hampshire and Massachusetts, and also conducted a preparatory school in Boston for some time, ultimately going to Milford, where he taught for many years. His pupils are numbered in the thousands and they include today some of the leading lawyers, business men and statesmen in New England. Professor Whittemore never married and left few relatives. Ex-Attorney General A. E. Pillsbury of Boston was one of his pupils, and delivered a touching eulogy at his funeral in the Unitarian church in Milford July 5, which was attended by Benevolent Lodge of Masons.

Wilbur F. Smith, a prominent citizen of Lebanon, died at his home in that town June 4.

He was a native of Enfield, son of Daniel L. and Sophronia (Eastman) Smith, born September 27, 1844. He was educated in the public schools and at Newbury, Vt., seminary, and engaged in farming on the family homestead in Enfield till 1890, when he removed to Lebanon. He had served as supervisor, selectman and member of the school board in Enfield. After his removal to Lebanon he was county commissioner for several years, and later register of deeds for Grafton County, and was serving his fifth term as town clerk of Lebanon at the time of his death.

He was a Democrat in politics, an active member of the Methodist church, a thirty-second degree Mason and Knight Templar. He married in 1866, Miss Marie Antoinette Sargent of Claremont, who died in 1902, leaving three sons. In 1907 he married Miss Katherine Rossiter of Windsor, Vt., who survives, as do the three sons.

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER'S NOTES

The very general complaint about the unsatisfactory condition of the highways in which the newspapers and the traveling public have indulged for some time past—special reference being had to the ocean boulevard, the trunk lines so-called, and the mountain roads controlled by the state—and the blame that has been put upon the Governor and Council therefor, have resulted in the employment of a federal government expert, in the person of Charles N. Hoyt, superintendent of road construction, U. S. Department of Agriculture, who is spending a week with the Governor and Council in as careful an examination of the state highway system as can be made in the time allowed, with a view to the recommendation and adoption of some more practical plan of construction and management than has heretofore been in operation. That some good may come of this expert examination and the recommendations that may follow, is not to be doubted, but the one thing for which New Hampshire and every other state in the Union has a right

to look to the Federal Government is material aid in the work of highway improvement. Fifty million dollars, at least, of the amount annually squandered in army and navy maintenance should go, instead, into the work of permanent road construction throughout the country. "Fewer battleships and more good roads," should be a national rallying cry.

The most elaborate and extensive "Old Home Day" observance in the state this year will be that in the town of Newport, in connection with the celebration of the 150th anniversary of the chartering of the town, which is to come off on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, August 14, 15 and 16. There is no town in all New England that has contributed more in proportion to its population to the material, intellectual and moral development and progress of the nation than the town of Newport in the County of Sullivan, and its people may well take pride in the record of its achievement.





HON. DAVID CROSS

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. XLIII, No. 8

AUG.-SEPT., 1911 NEW SERIES, VOL. 6, No. 8

LEADERS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

III

Judge David Cross

By H. C. Pearson

The class which graduated in June, 1911, from Dartmouth College was the largest in the history of that institution; but another unique distinction of which it was even more proud, was that of including in its membership the oldest living graduate of the college.

Judge David Cross of Manchester, of the class of 1841, was elected unanimously and enthusiastically an honorary member of the class of 1911. A similar distinction he had received at the hands of the class of 1880; and in recent years from the class of 1904 and most of its successors; on each occasion entering into the various exercises of Commencement Week with a zest as genuine as that of the youngest graduate.

And Judge Cross was born July 5, 1817!

So say the official records of the town of Weare, New Hampshire, and so we must believe; but it was very difficult for those in attendance upon the Dartmouth Commencement exercises to give credence to the statement that one so active and alert, both physically and mentally, one who showed himself in public so strong and clear in thought and speech, would in a few days celebrate the 94th anniversary of his birth.

A visitor to Hanover from the West on this occasion, to whom the

writer spoke briefly of Judge Cross's life and works, said with conviction: "I have thought the phrase, 'grand old man,' had been considerably overworked since the days of William E. Gladstone, but here is a case in which it perfectly and properly applies."

In this opinion all connected with Dartmouth College, its officers and faculty, its alumni and undergraduates, heartily concur, and it has become with them a pleasant custom to pay due honor on all occasions to their oldest graduate. No alumni dinner or "Dartmouth Night" is considered complete without his presence and participation, and it does one's heart good to hear the college cheer ring out as he rises to speak.

And Judge Cross, on his part, thoroughly enjoys these occasions.

One in which he took part with peculiar pleasure and particular pride was on September 24 and 25, 1901, in the exercises at Hanover, commemorating the one hundredth anniversary of the graduation of Daniel Webster from Dartmouth College.

On this occasion Judge Cross spoke twice, once on Wednesday afternoon during the reminiscent exercises held in the "Old Chapel" and again at the formal banquet in the evening at College Hall, his fellow speakers on the latter occasion being Chief

Justice Melville W. Fuller of the United States Supreme Court, United States Senator George Frisbie Hoar of Massachusetts, Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale, Hon. William Everett, Professor Francis Brown, Edwin Webster Sanborn, Esq., and the Governor of New Hampshire, Hon. Chester B. Jordan.

Other addresses during the celebration were made by Congressman Samuel W. McCall of Massachusetts, former Governor Frank Black of New York, and Professors Charles F. Richardson and John K. Lord.

Judge Cross's formal speech at the banquet referred to was a most interesting consideration of Webster at the New Hampshire bar, his training there for the great deeds that were to follow. At his more informal remarks of the afternoon Judge Cross spoke briefly of the various occasions on which he himself had heard Webster speak—at a Whig political gathering in Orford in 1840, while Judge Cross was still a student in college; later in court in Boston and in Manchester; in the senate of the United States; and on the completion of the Bunker Hill Monument.

Another distinguished son of Dartmouth's early days, with whom Judge Cross was acquainted and whose eloquence he considered even more marvellous than that of Webster was Rufus Choate.

And in this connection it may be said that the list of great men whom Judge Cross has known and concerning whom he has a rich store of anecdote and reminiscence is almost beyond belief.

David Cross, the subject of this sketch, was the son of another David Cross who was a cloth-dresser, wool-carder and farmer in the good old town of Weare, Hillsborough County, and who married Olive, daughter of Thomas Kimball of Pembroke, New Hampshire.

On his father's side Judge Cross traces back his ancestry to Robert Cross, of Ipswich, Massachusetts, in 1637; and on his mother's side to

Richard Kimball, of the same colonial community at about the same time. From long lines of New England forbears, therefore, comes the physical and intellectual stamina which Judge Cross so remarkably displays.

The younger David from the town schools went for college preparatory work to the academy at Hopkinton, New Hampshire, and to Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass.

As has been said, he graduated from Dartmouth in the class of 1841 and fifty years later, on the occasion of the semi-centennial of his class in 1891, his alma mater bestowed upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws.

The class of 1841 was a large one for that period in Dartmouth's history, graduating seventy-eight men; and was a notable one, including, besides Judge Cross, such men as Gardner Green Hubbard, Dr. J. P. Bancroft, Professors Henry E. Parker and Thomas R. Crosby of Dartmouth and John Wyman Jones, Esq., lawyer and capitalist of New York City, who gave the college, as a memorial to the class of 1841, the magnificent bronze doors of Webster Hall.

Chief Justice Aiken of the superior court of Massachusetts well phrased the regard which all Dartmouth men have for Judge Cross when, in sending him a copy of a privately printed monograph upon that picturesque character in Dartmouth's early history, John Ledyard, he inscribed it to "David Cross, LL.D., of the class of 1841; still drinking at youth's fountain; illumined by the glories of the Old and New Dartmouth; welcome member of every living class."

One of the most active alumni of the college, Hon. Melvin O. Adams, '71, of Boston, writes: "The oldest living graduate of Dartmouth is at the same time the youngest of the young in college spirit. That David Cross was born July 5, 1817, and that he is now in his 95th year, are beyond dispute. When his mother was rocking her baby in his cradle at Weare,

Daniel Webster had just won the cause of the college.

"It seems amazing that when all of us take him by the hand, we may think with truth that he also has grasped the hand of the oldest graduate of the first class who lived until his freshman year.

"But the marvel about David Cross is his persistent youth and the magnetic quality of his voice and presence which year after year capture incoming classes and make him not merely the hero of an evening such as Dartmouth Night, but he becomes the honorary member of their class organizations, and like the rest, a recipient at graduation, of class memorials.

"If he sounds the note of honor and purity and mutual helpfulness in his talks to the fellows, it is always with the smile of love and comradeship—such a comradeship as still shouts over a football victory or is depressed into silence by a baleful bulletin.

"Thus do we brew the Dartmouth spirit! What wonder that we love to quaff long and deep!"

Following his graduation from Dartmouth Judge Cross applied himself at once to further and special study for his chosen profession, that of the law. These studies he prosecuted in the offices of Willard & Raymond in Troy, N. Y., Sidney Bartlett in Boston, Daniel Clark in Manchester, all famous lawyers of their day, and at the Harvard law school.

To the published history of this school Judge Cross has contributed an intensely interesting chapter descriptive of the days when he studied there in 1842-43, the methods of instruction, etc., and including an account of the attendance by the students upon the exercises at the dedication of Bunker Hill Monument. He is first vice-president of the Harvard Law School Alumni Association, whose board of officers includes some of the most distinguished names in the legal profession in America.

He was admitted to the New Hamp-

shire bar in 1844 and since that date has actively and continuously practiced his profession in this state, a record without parallel in the history of the bar of state and nation.

There were great lawyers in the circle to which Judge Cross was admitted in his youth, President Franklin Pierce, Charles G. Atherton, George W. Morrison, George and Aaron Sawyer, Mark Farley and Ira Perley heading the brilliant company. They passed on and another generation came to take their places, Aaron F. Stevens, Bainbridge Wadleigh, Samuel N. Bell, John H. George, Gilman Marston, John S. H. Frink and many others. They, too, are gone.

Only one or two of the present leaders of the New Hampshire bar had been born on the day when David Cross passed his examination; and now there is coming on the stage and fast achieving prominence the fourth generation of lawyers with whom he has been associated and by whom he has been esteemed and revered. Particularly to the youthful student and practitioner of the law has he been a friend and helper, so that affection is widely mingled with the veneration with which he is regarded by bench and bar.

Closely connected with him as partners or students have been such men as the late Ira Eastman, judge of the supreme court, United States Senator Henry E. Burnham, Hon. E. M. Topliff, Hon. D. Arthur Taggart, Hon. Edwin F. Jones, and Hon. Sherman L. Whipple, of Boston.

Of late Judge Cross has confined his practice to office work, but for more than three-score years he was active and constant in his appearance in all our courts, trying and arguing a wide variety of cases with a success which is a matter of official record as well as of general knowledge. And this success came to him equally as an advocate before a jury or as an expounder of the law before the supreme bench.

Sound and thorough in his knowl-

edge of the fundamentals of our legal practice, from whose source, indeed, his own beginnings in the law were not so very far distant, he has followed the amplification of our laws, the establishing of precedents, the development of jurisprudence with a keen and intelligent interest which has always kept him in the very van of his profession.

His clients have ranged as widely as his interests, but many of them have been corporations, and perhaps the most notable feature of his legal career has been his connection for almost forty years with the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company of Manchester, New Hampshire's greatest corporation, as its general counsel.

His honorable position as the nestor of the New Hampshire bar has been recognized by his associates in making him the first president of the Southern New Hampshire Bar Association and in keeping him for more than a quarter of a century at the head of the Hillsborough County Bar Association.

His address as president of the Southern New Hampshire Bar Association in 1892, which has been preserved by publication, was a valuable presentation of changes in the law from the beginning of his practice down to the time of the address, and a like review of the standards of the profession.

In 1900 by invitation of the state bar association Judge Cross prepared and delivered before it an address on Franklin Pierce as a lawyer; a subject with which he was peculiarly fitted to deal because in the trial of his first case he was assisted by the future General and President Pierce.

Previously, in 1899, Judge Cross had addressed the same state association on the system of selecting jurors in this and other states, a subject in which he had had wide experience and to which he had given much study, thought and investigation. So much impressed was the association with his views and their presentation that a vote was passed requesting

him to repeat his address before the appropriate legislative committee, which he did.

Another important address by Judge Cross before a legislative committee, reported in full in the *Manchester Mirror* of July 18, 1878, dealt with the question of the taxation of corporations, which he had fully investigated as counsel for the Manchester Mills.

In fact an important feature of Judge Cross's practice has been his appearance before the legislature and its committees upon matters of large concern to the state and to his various clients. Long years ago, before the Boston & Maine railroad had begun its career of consolidation, Judge Cross was its legislative counsel and attended several sessions in its interests. Later he was for a long time counsel for the Concord railroad, appearing for it at the state house and attending and taking a prominent part in its annual meetings.

In the famous "railroad session" of the legislature of 1887 Judge Cross was a prominent figure and to him fell the distinction of making the closing argument before the railroad committee in behalf of the Atherton bill, for the consolidation of the Concord and Boston & Maine Railroads.

Another important railroad matter of which he had the charge before the legislature was the securing of a charter for a road from Laconia to Dover. He was a grantee and director of the New Hampshire Central Railroad in 1849 and was active in beginning its building.

Another chief branch of Judge Cross's law practice has had to do with the mill corporations of the city of Manchester, largely in connection with questions of taxation. In their interest he carried on and won important suits for tax abatements, thus saving large sums of money for his clients. It is safe to say that he has had as much to do with legal questions as to taxation, tax titles, tax abatements, etc., as any other lawyer in New Hampshire.

From the beginning of his legal career Judge Cross has very often been the counsel of various towns in his section of the state, Weare, Goffstown, Deering and others, in matters of highway damage, lay-outs, flowage, etc.

Another very large part of his law practice has had to do with the construction of wills and the settlement and distribution of estates, both in office consultation and in probate court practice.

In fact there is but one branch of his profession in which he has not had a large and successful experience. That one branch is criminal practice. Judge Cross never has defended but one criminal and while he secured an acquittal in that case he never has felt any desire to engage largely in this class of practice.

To his profession as a whole, however, Judge Cross has always been sincerely devoted. While public affairs have made great demands upon him and his private interests have been considerable, the law has stood first in his mind and heart and to it he has given the best that was in him.

The participation of Judge Cross, however, in the public affairs of his city, county and state has been very extensive, and marked, as in the case of his professional career, by absolute integrity and genuine public spirit.

When Manchester became a city in 1846 he was chosen a member of the first common council, the only member who now survives, and the interest in municipal affairs which then he manifested has continued ever since.

He served Manchester well, also, in the state house of representatives of which he was a member in 1848, 1849, 1856, 1876 and 1877, serving on important committees and taking a prominent part in the debates and general work of the various sessions.

Judge Cross began his political life as a Whig, casting his first vote for William Henry Harrison. The man-

agers of the party saw in him a man of future prominence and soon called him into service. In the campaign of 1852 the national committee sent him into New Jersey and Pennsylvania as a stump speaker.

Becoming one of the founders of the Republican party Judge Cross took an ardent part in the Fremont campaign and his eye still lights at the thought of the enthusiasm of those days. Subsequent campaigns, particularly those resulting in the elections of Lincoln and Grant to the presidency, found him active in the discussion of the great questions of the day.

His legislative services have not been Judge Cross's only appearances under the dome of the state capitol. In 1889 and again in 1902 he was a prominent and influential member of conventions to propose to the people amendments to the constitution of the state. At the latter convention he was made chairman of the committee on legislative department before which came the very important questions relating to representation.

At the close of this convention Judge Cross gave an address, eloquent, inspiring and affecting, which will never fade from the memories of those who heard it, and which he, doubtless, considered his valedictory in public life. But such was not to be the case. When, in the fall of 1910, the additions were completed to the state house which made of it a virtually new capitol and plans were making for the dedication ceremonies, it was one of the first thoughts of Governor Henry B. Quimby that one of the chief addresses of the occasion should be made by Judge Cross if he were able to take part.

The invitation to that effect was promptly accepted and in the same hall where he had made his maiden speech as a legislator more than three-score years before, Judge Cross achieved on this historic occasion a veritable triumph of oratory.

Judge Cross's legislative honors, however, form but a small part of the

laurels that he has gained from public life. Early in his legal career, in 1852 and 1853, he was solicitor of the city of Manchester. From 1856 to 1874 he was judge of probate of the county of Hillsborough, thus acquiring the title by which he is generally known. And from 1865 to 1872 he was United States pension agent.

He was a delegate to that Republican National Convention at Baltimore, Maryland, in 1864, which nominated Abraham Lincoln a second time for the presidency.

The high reputation for integrity and wisdom of Judge Cross have made his name a desirable asset for banking and other corporations. He was one of the directors of the Merrimack River State Bank from 1855 to 1865; and was vice-president and director of its successor, the First National Bank of Manchester, until 1898, when he became president. Also he has been one of the trustees, vice-president and counsel of the Merrimack River Savings Bank from its organization to the present time.

Since 1899 he has been president of the New Hampshire Bible Society, that institution of which our state is justly proud, of which John Langdon was the first president and which has had but eight presidents in its more than a century of great usefulness.

Judge Cross married, October 7, 1858, Anna Quackenbush Eastman, daughter of Hon. and Mrs. Ira Allen Eastman. Judge Eastman, who graduated at Dartmouth and for twenty-one years was a trustee of the college and received from it the degree of Doctor of Laws, was a member of Congress from this state for two terms, and a judge of our highest court for many years.

Judge Cross says that in his oral and written speech he has been greatly assisted by the kindly criticisms and suggestions of his wife, and that in all his business and professional life she has been especially helpful and inspiring.

While devoting her life to her home she has at the same time been an

organizer and officer of the various woman's missionary and charitable institutions of the city and state. She has also been a charter member and is now an officer in each of our women's patriotic and colonial societies.

Both Judge and Mrs. Cross have long been among the leading members and workers of the Franklin Street Congregational church in Manchester.

To them was born, January 22, 1860, a son, Clarence, whose death in 1881, while a member of the junior class at Dartmouth College, was widely mourned. Their third son, Edward Winslow Cross, born July 21, 1875, and a graduate of Amherst College, in the class of 1897, died on April 23, 1899, while prosecuting his studies in the Harvard Law School.

The second and only surviving son of Judge and Mrs. Cross is the Rev. Allen Eastman Cross, D.D. He graduated at Amherst college in the class of 1886 and studied for the ministry at the Andover, Mass., theological seminary. From 1891 to 1901 he was the minister of Congregational churches in Cliftondale, Mass., and Springfield, Mass., and from 1900 until the present year associate minister with Rev. George A. Gordon, D. D., at the Old South church in Boston. In 1906 Dartmouth college conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity. A few months since he resigned his Boston pastorate and at this writing is engaged in extensive travel and study in the Far East. He was married to Miss Ethelyn Marshall in 1896 and they have two daughters, Louise and Anita.

This brief outline in plain black and white of Judge Cross's career gives an idea of its high honor and great usefulness, but fails to impart an adequate impression of its marvellous length and breadth.

Born in the second decade of the nineteenth century, his activities are extending today into the second decade of the twentieth century. Born soon after the inauguration of President James Monroe had begun

the "era of good feeling" he has lived under the administration of twenty-one other presidents and had prominent personal part in endorsing the policies of the greatest of them all, Abraham Lincoln.

When he received his diploma from President Nathan Lord of Dartmouth College in 1841 that institution had less than 300 undergraduates. Five times that many cheered him at Hanover in June of 1911 and in other respects the growth of the college in these seventy years has been even greater. When Judge Cross first went to Hanover there was not a mile of railroad in New Hampshire and his trip was made by stage coach. Now he comes into the college town in his own motor car.

His home city of Manchester has

one hundred times the population today which it had the first time he saw it and its wealth has increased in even greater proportion. His client, the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company, has more people on its payroll today than there were in the city when Judge Cross served it as solicitor and in his earlier terms as representative.

The marvellous panorama of almost a hundred years which unrolls in Judge Cross's mind as he sits in retrospection is, as has been said, without present parallel in state or nation. And in his review of the principal events of the century in New Hampshire Judge Cross can use with truth the classic phrase, "*Quorum magna pars fui.*"

OUR GRANITE STATE

By George Warren Parker

You may sing of Scotia's beauty,
Of her moors and lochs so clear;
Of the Swiss who died for duty
And their mounts without a peer;
You may praise the firds of Norway
And her scenery wild and grand
But when all is said and finished
Let me have my native land.

You may glide on Venice waters
Or gaze at proud Rome's estate;
You may roam by Moorish castle
And Spain's grandeur o'er relate;
You may tell of Egypt's wonders,
Of all things surviving fate,
But there's nothing that for beauty
Can surpass our Granite State.

Here are Switzerland's high mountains:
What of Sunapee's rich grace?
Can we find in Egypt's wonders
Aught more grand than the Stone Face?
All the world's far-famed beauty,
Go we to the East or West,
Is for us, if we but see it,
In New Hampshite we love best.



The Common, Newport, Looking South



AN IMPORTANT HISTORICAL EVENT

Newport's One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary and "Old Home Week" Celebration

Newport, the prosperous and enterprising shire town of Sullivan County, celebrated the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its charter, granted through Gov. Benning Wentworth in 1761, in connection with the fitting observance of "Old Home Week," on August 14, 15 and 16, 1911.

The movement resulting in the celebration originated last autumn with the Newport Board of Trade, an organization which has done much in the last few years to promote the welfare of the town. The matter was discussed in the board meetings, and by the local press, and public sentiment so thoroughly aroused that at the annual town meeting in March a resolution appropriating \$800 in furtherance of the celebration was adopted without opposition, and a committee of twenty-five appointed with full power to make all arrangements and carry out the affair. This committee was constituted as follows:

Olin H. Chase, F. O. Chellis, Sam. D. Lewis, Jesse M. Barton, Ernest A. Robinson, Perley A. Johnson, Elmer E. Cowen, George H. Parker, Elmer E. Dodge, Rufus S. Dudley, Harry W. Kendall, William F. Richards, Francis P. Murphy, Vincent J. Brennan, Sr., George A. Dorr, Henry Sawyer, Daniel K. Barry, Elisha M. Kempton, John B. Cooper, Robert T. Martin, Frank A. Rawson, John W. Johnson, Samuel H. Edes, Arthur B. Chase, Franklin P. Rowell.

Subsequently the committee met, organized, developed its plans and appointed the various sub-committees for carrying out the same. Olin H. Chase was made chairman; William F. Richards, vice-chairman; Harry W. Kendall, secretary, and Sam. D. Lewis, treasurer. The several sub-committees, to whose persistent and effective labor the brilliant success achieved was mainly due, were as follows:

Finance.—Frank I. Chandler, Daniel K. Barry, Arthur C. Bradley, Frank O. Chellis, George A. Dorr.

Reception and Entertainment.—William F. Richards, Charles E. Mooney, Robert T. Martin, Fred T. Pollard, Laurence G. Ross.

Advertising.—Sam. D. Lewis, John R. Kelly, Cyrus E. Varney.

Literary Program.—John McCrillis, Jesse M. Barton, Dana J. Mooney.

Decorations and Illuminations.—John W. Johnson, Ty. L. Barker, Guy

Carnival.—Clarence D. Mooney, Joseph T. Bonaccorsi, Dr. Samuel S. Baker, Harry W. Kendall, Arthur S. Nelson, Silas C. Newell.

Dance and Entertainment.—Edward J. Maley, Herbert F. Barry, Hervey D. Angell, George E. Lewis, Paul F. Rinaldo, Arthur G. Winter.

Automobile Parade.—Frederick Gamash, Vincent J. Brennan, Sr., Dr. Fred P. Claggett, George A. Fairbanks, Cleon L. Johnson, George H. Woodbury.

Transportation.—Perley A. Johnson, Charles W. Rounsevel.

Music.—Daniel K. Barry, Henry L. Barker, Dr. Howard A. Hanaford.

Old Home Day Reunion and Basket Lunch.—Rufus S. Dudley, Leroy C. Angell, Edwin R. Heath, George H. Parker, George S. Robb.

Invitations.—Olin H. Chase, Arthur B. Chase, Dr. David M. Currier, Capt. John B. Cooper, Elisha M. Kempton, Franklin A. Rawson.

There was a general feeling, not only on the part of the membership of the various committees but of the public at large, that the enterprise, if undertaken at all, should be carried out on broad lines, and no narrow spirit was tolerated in any quarter. It was determined that what was done should be done well, and that the means provided should be commensurate with such purpose, and in furtherance of this idea the finance committee secured popular subscriptions totaling more than \$1300 with which to supplement the \$800 appropriated by vote of the town toward the expenses of the occasion.

Three times before, at least, the town has indulged in celebrations of historical importance, admirably carried out. In 1846, on July 4, the eightieth anniversary of the settlement of the town was observed. At this time a procession marched from the Common to the South Church, where appropriate exercises were held, several short addresses being made by representative citizens, and an eloquent oration delivered by the



Olin H. Chase

L. Bartlett, Frank E. Bronson, Delfred R. Graves, Charles W. Johnson, Myron W. Tenney.

Parade.—Samuel H. Edes, Vincent J. Brennan, Jr., Henry W. Brown, Elmer E. Cowen, John F. Kelley, Ernest L. Putney, Henry Sawyer.

Tent and Grounds.—Ernest A. Robinson, Arthur C. Chadwich, Elmer E. Dodge, Franklin P. Rowell, Frank H. Smith.

Games and Sports.—D. Sidney Rolins, Herbert R. Jordan, Guy A. Dodge, Herbert E. Dodge, Wayne C. Jordan, Francis P. Murphy, Irving W. Rowell.

Rev. Baron Stow, D. D., of Boston, an eminent Baptist divine, who, though a native of Croydon, removed with his parents to Newport in childhood, and was here reared and educated. An original hymn, written for the occasion by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, was also sung. Later a free dinner was served on the Common, and music, toasts and responses followed.

July 4, 1876, a centennial celebration of American independence was held, on which occasion Hon. Levi W. Barton was president of the day, with sixteen vice-presidents. Rev. Ira Person acted as chaplain, and Capt. John B. Cooper as chief marshal. Edmund Wheeler, Dexter Richards, Matthew Harvey, George F. Whitney and Leander F. Dodge constituted the committee of arrangements, with a dozen or more subordinate committees. A company of "horribles" paraded the streets in the forenoon,

marched through the principal streets, and back to the town hall, where the formal exercises occurred. Prayer was offered by the chaplain, the Declaration of Independence was read



Mrs. Sarah J. Hale

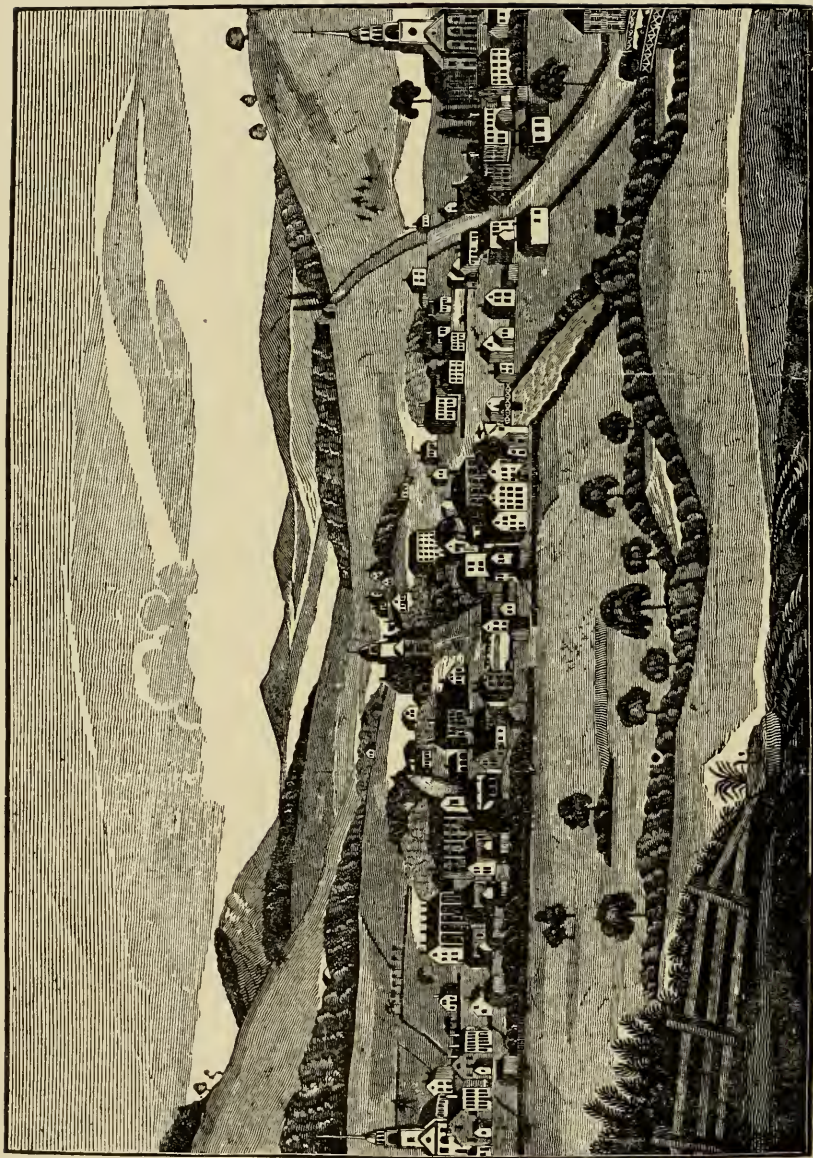


Rev. Baron Stowe, D. D.

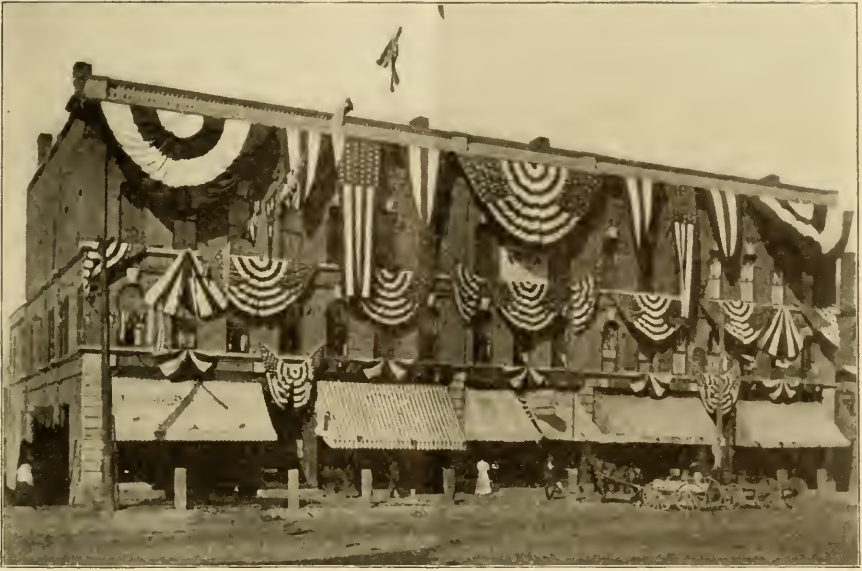
by John McCrillis, and appropriate sentiments were responded to by George R. Brown, Amasa Edes, Henry G. Carleton, Albert S. Wait, Rev. E. E. C. Abbott, Alexander H. Hitchcock, Thomas Whalan, Rev. Halsey G. Leavitt, Matthew Harvey, Samuel H. Edes, Edmund Wheeler, Rev. O. H. Jasper, Rev. Charles Peabody and Hon. Harvey Huntoon of Unity. Adjournment was taken to July 4, 1876. There was a brilliant display of fireworks in the evening, and many buildings were illuminated.

On Tuesday, August 29, during the first general observance of "Old Home Week" in New Hampshire, in response to the call of Governor Rollins, Newport had a most brilliant and elaborate celebration, when there were many decorations, and a general street parade was had in the morning, followed by formal exercises in the town hall. Jesse M. Barton, Esq.,

and at midday an extensive and elaborate procession, among whose numerous features was a company of ladies on horseback, dressed in white and representing the several states,



View of Newport in 1834, from a drawing by Henry E. Baldwin



Richards Block

presided and delivered an address of welcome which was responded to by Charles J. Emerson. Prayer was offered by Rev. William Ramsden, pastor of the Methodist Church; an address was delivered by Rear Adm. George E. Belknap, a poem read by Edward A. Jenks, and numerous short speeches made by prominent citizens and natives. A base ball game between the Newport and Bellows Falls teams followed in the afternoon, and a concert by the Newport Cadet Band closed the festivities in the evening.

From this first "Old Home Week" observance down to the present year, there had been no formal recognition of the festival in Newport beyond the annual gatherings of the "Old Red School House Association," and certain family reunions, but it was determined that the extent and character of this year's demonstration, combined as it was with the anniversary observance, should fully compensate for all apparent lack of interest during the last dozen years, and it is safe to say that the outcome amply realized such purpose. Throughout the entire business section of Main Street the buildings,

public and private, were decorated more extensively and elaborately than ever before, while a large



Rear Admiral George E. Belknap

proportion of the residences, throughout the entire village, were also handsomely decorated. Innumerable

Chinese lanterns were strung up and down the street, on either side with cross rows at frequent intervals, while a profusion of electric lamps added most effectively to the brilliancy of the display at night. It is generally conceded that, nowhere else in the state, has there ever been so brilliant and elaborate decoration and illumination as were here presented during the time of the celebration, which included Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, August 14, 15 and 16.



The Bonfire

As illustrative of the general style of building decoration cuts are herewith presented of Richards Block and the buildings opposite, of the C. M. Emerson modern residence on North Main Street, and the old mansion at the South end where General Lafayette was entertained by James Breck in 1825, now owned by Mrs. Mary A. Bostwick.

The actual formalities opened with a grand illuminated carnival Monday evening, initiated by the ringing of bells, firing of cannon, and the general use of every conceivable variety of

noise-making instruments. Maskers, old and young, in every description of costume, paraded the streets and sidewalks, and sport and fun everywhere abounded. Thousands of people lined the streets, or viewed the scene from various points of vantage, a visiting circus which paraded in the morning and exhibited in the afternoon, having added to the attraction which brought in the crowds from the surrounding towns, most of whom remained through the evening. Prizes were awarded for the most unique costumes worn by the maskers, who paraded past the judges' stand in front of the town hall at 10 o'clock.

At 11 o'clock a grand bonfire was set off on the Cutting meadow, near Elm Street, west of the bridge, the material for which consisted of many hundred railroad ties, and vast quantities of shavings and refuse, all well saturated with kerosene, had been gathered and arranged under the direction of Harry W. Kendall. The match was applied by Frank C. Crowell of California and thousands of people watched with intense interest the glowing flames as they sprang high into the heavens. During the evening, and at intervals throughout the entire celebration, excellent music was furnished by Wheeler's Band of Bellows Falls, Vt.

In the evening, also, moving pictures were shown upon a screen in the old court house square, including many fine portraits of old residents, which added greatly to the interest.

The feature of Tuesday forenoon was a grand military and civic parade, Tyler L. Barker acting as chief marshal and the Newport Cadet Band preceded by a platoon of police leading the first division which included Co. M, N. H. N. G., Richards School Cadets, Boy Scouts and the Newport Fire Department, reinforced by detachments from Sunapee and Claremont. The second division was made up of delivery teams and work horses.

Division three, made up mainly of decorated floats, included as its first section a fine historical pageant,



Lewis Block

The DeWolfe Town Hall and Court House

arranged under the auspices of the Newport Woman's Club, Mrs. Vincent J. Brennan directing. A mounted Indian came first, followed by eight young men representing the first settlers, garbed in accordance with the time, followed by an ox cart loaded with children and primitive implements and utensils, while a lady on horseback represented the first white woman of the settlement. A beautifully decorated automobile, trimmed with the club colors, was filled with members representing descendants of the first settlers.

Other floats conveyed delegations from the G. A. R., Abenakis Tribe of Red Men and other organizations. Out-of-town floats followed, one of the most interesting being from Corbin's Park, carrying a caged buffalo and wild boar. The fourth division, led by Wheeler's Band of Bellows Falls, included the Foresters of America and a large company of "horribles." The procession, which was nearly half a mile in length, formed on North Main Street, marched to the lower end of the village, and, returning, was disbanded on Depot Square.



View of Newport from the West

The afternoon feature was the Old Home Day celebration proper, the exercises being held in a mammoth tent erected on the new "playground," formerly known as the "Richards Meadow" at the west of the railway station, the same opening at half past two o'clock, following a basket picnic at which coffee and doughnuts were distributed free to all.

John McCrillis Esq., chairman of the programme committee, officiated as president of the day in a most felicitous manner. Prayer was offered by Rev. Ralph H. White, pastor

to make the welcome of a tangible nature rather than an array of platitudes. How well they have succeeded in this purpose I leave to your better judgment. I trust that it is unnecessary to urge upon the returning children of Newport from afield that the town is gratified at their home coming. Indeed the preparations for this occasion would have been largely in vain if they had failed to heed the summons to return to the scenes of their childhood and once more break bread with the associates of earlier years. I assume there is something about the environment of boyhood and girlhood which is never overshadowed by the more pretentious events of mature years.

The Newport of today stands in about the same proportion to the world at large as the Newport of your childhood. The world has made much progress and in that progressive activity Newport has endeavored to perform its part. How well its accomplishments measure up to its purpose I also leave to your better judgment.

The physical Newport you find now much as you left it, when you took your departure to exercise your energies in a wider sphere. Certainly the work of nature has not been improved upon since your eyes beheld the majestic hills surrounding us and the beautiful valley in which we are situated and failed to fully appreciate their beauty and grandeur by reason of childish fears. In some instances they have deteriorated. A steam sawmill can detract more from the beauty of a hillside in three weeks than God Almighty will restore in a generation. Newport has in common with other communities been obliged to submit to the destructive forces of commerce. On the other hand may be seen many important improvements in the appearance of the old town which must be credited to this same commercial force. God made the country, but man made the town. The first and greater work was well done for Newport. We have called you back to investigate for yourselves if the latter work is commensurate with the former.

Newport opens wide her doors today to joyously receive the home coming of her residents of former days, and those who may be strangers within her gates. To you all, speaking for the citizens of the town of Newport, I bid generous and sincere welcome to our one hundred and fiftieth birthday party.



John McCrillis

of the Congregational Church, and the address of welcome was given by Olin H. Chase, chairman of the general committee, who spoke substantially as follows:

Address of Olin H. Chase

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

A few words which can appear in the printed reports of a function of this character as an address of welcome are regarded as a necessary formality. The committee having in charge the arrangements for the celebration in which we are now engaged has endeavored



The C. M. Emerson Residence, North Main St., with the Prize Auto of Harry W. Kendall, Mrs. Emerson's Son-in-Law, in the Foreground

Henry H. Metcalf of Concord, a native of Newport, was next introduced, and delivered the following:

Historical Address

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen, Citizens, Natives, Former Residents of the Town of Newport:

I esteem it a privilege to be present here, today, and to participate in any capacity in the exercises incident to this occasion.

In this town I was born. Upon the clear sky above, upon its green fields and forests, its charming hillsides, its beautiful valleys, its placid river and its sparkling tributaries, with the grand mountains in the distant background, my childish eyes looked out in wonder and delight; and whenever, in later years, fortune or circumstance has brought me back to these scenes of beauty, they have borne for me an added charm on each succeeding occasion.

No fairer skies than these ever bent over greener fields; no purer waters ever sped their way to the ocean. Search the wide world over and you can find no sweeter spot than that wherein the little band of Connecticut

pilgrims pitched their camp that summer Sunday morning, long ago, first giving thanks to God for leading them in safety into so goodly a land.

An historical address pertinent to the 150th anniversary of the incorporation of the town! Who shall attempt it? Who shall assume, in the necessarily brief time allotted, to recount the trials, the privations, the persevering toil the heroic endurance, the patient suffering, the Christian devotion, the triumphant achievement of the men and the women who laid the foundations of this goodly New England town, and built their lives into the fiber and fabric of its material, political, moral and religious development? Who shall essay the story of Newport's growth and prosperity, progress and accomplishment in the last century and a half? Who shall delineate the work and influence of her sons and daughters at home and abroad?

To every measure of progress which has characterized the life of the state; to every advance step in the unparalleled career of the nation in power and achievement, Newport has made abundant contribution. In the stern conflicts of war and in the nobler triumphs of peace her children have been at

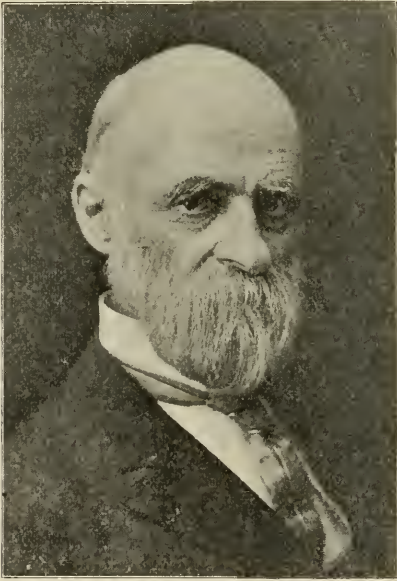
the front. In literature and in law; in politics and in statesmanship; in medicine and theology; in philanthropy, education, art and music; in manufacturing; in finance and in railway development, as well as in the rugged toil of the farm and the shop, no town in New Hampshire has more to her credit as the work of her sons and daughters in the record of earthly achievement.

Little thought that adventurous hunter, Eastman, from Killingworth, Connecticut, whose Christian name, even, the records have not preserved,—the first white man to set his foot upon Newport's soil so far as known—how rich and abundant were to be the ulti-

act, slightly anticipated, we are now formally observing, in connection with "Old Home Day" greetings to the wandering sons and daughters of the town, with their descendants returning to the home of their childhood to renew old associations and friendships, and gain new strength and vigor for the work remaining for them to do.

The names of these sixty-one grantees, or original proprietors, are available, but not of sufficient importance to warrant their recounting here, since few of them ever saw the town, and one only settled within its limits, most of them having subsequently disposed of their interest to others. It is to be regretted, however, that more is not known of Eastman, the hunter and discoverer, to whom the world is primarily indebted for opening up this veritable beauty spot to settlement and civilization. He is reputed to have made another pilgrimage to the region, in pursuit of the spoils of the hunt, in a subsequent season, prior to the actual settlement, from which he failed to return, and the discovery of a human skeleton near a small stream a mile or two to the westward of the present village after settlement had been made, is regarded as in a measure determining the fate of this adventurous spirit, who, through sickness or accident, is supposed here to have met the summons for departure to other fields of exploration in "the great beyond." He has no monument. Let us drop a tear to his memory and pass on!

At a proprietors' meeting, held in Killingworth December 25, 1764,—the first of which there is any record—a committee was appointed to proceed to Charlestown—then known as "Number Four"—the nearest settlement, "to attend to the allotment of the shares," which committee, consisting of Stephen Wilcox, Robert Lane, John Crane and Isaac Kelsey, attended to the duty assigned in July following; and in the subsequent autumn a party of six young men came up from Killingworth, cleared each a tract of land, got in a crop of rye, and made other preparations for a permanent settlement the following year. Early in June, 1766, these young men and two others, making a party of eight, all of whose names are not obtainable, but which included Stephen Wilcox and his two sons, Jesse and Phineas, Samuel Hurd, his son-in-law, Absalom Kelsey and Jesse and Ezra Parmelee came up and established the first permanent settlement in the town. They



Henry H. Metcalf

mate fruits of his adventure back in the middle of the eighteenth century, the precise date of which remains unknown. To his glowing accounts of the wealth of soil, beauty of scenery and general natural advantages here prevailing, is due the organization of a movement among his neighbors and fellow citizens, which resulted in the granting of a charter for the township of Newport by King George the Third, through Benning Wentworth, Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Province of New Hampshire to sixty-one citizens of Killingworth, and neighboring towns, in New London County, Connecticut, bearing date of October 6, 1761, the 150th anniversary of which

located to the southwest of the present village site, mainly along the west bank of the south branch of the river. They had arrived within the town limits on a Saturday night, we are told, but, delayed by bad traveling, were obliged to go into camp before reaching their destination, somewhere in the Pike Hill region, but pushed on early in the morning. Reaching the site of their clearings their journey ended, and, it being the Sabbath, they engaged in religious service under a large pine tree, led by Deacon Wilcox, whose descendants, in subsequent generations, were prominent in church and town affairs. This Deacon Stephen Wilcox did not himself become a permanent settler. He was already well

ment, among whom were Zephaniah Clark, Ebenezer Merritt, and Daniel Dudley. The next year there were further accessions and the wives of several settlers were brought up from Connecticut, and established in their respective cabins.

In the fall of this year, October 13, 1767, the first meeting of the proprietors, within the limits of the town, was held—at the house of Jesse Wilcox. It was called to order by Benjamin Bellows of Walpole, one of "His Majesty's Justices," well known in our early history, whose descendants, in later years, have held high place in public life. Stephen Wilcox was made moderator; Benjamin Giles, clerk; Samuel Hurd, Charles Avery and



Home of Mrs. Mary A. Bostwick

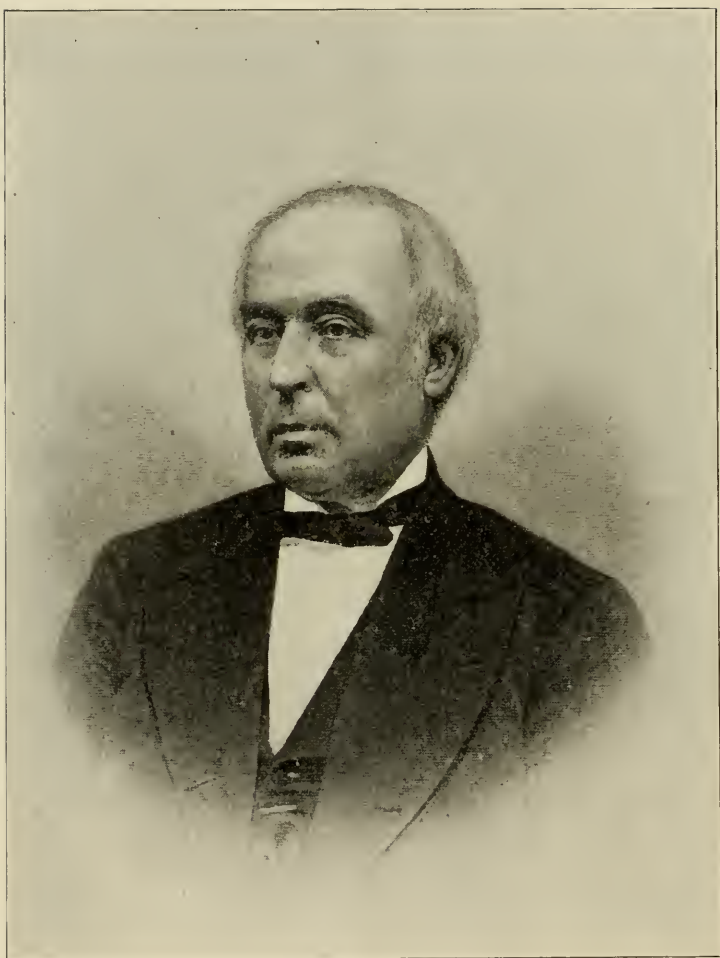
Former Home of James Breck, Ralph Metcalf and William Dunton

advanced in years, and was chiefly intent upon having his sons well located, another of them—Uriah—joining the settlement a few years later, and gaining and holding a leading place in the community. From that day to the present, indeed, the name of Wilcox has been conspicuous in the annals of the town.

A cart road was opened to the settlement, from Charlestown, which remained the base of supplies, the same running over Unity Hill, where, by the way, a few years later, there camped for the night, the soldiers of Stark, on their famous march to Bennington. Progress was made on the clearings during the season, and several accessions to the settle-

Zephaniah Clark, assessors, and a committee, of which Benjamin Giles was chairman, appointed to "lay out a second division of land."

The original division, it is understood, consisted of fifteen acres to each settler, running east and west, across the meadow. At this meeting it was voted to give each thirty-five acres more, making fifty in all, either at the east or west end of the lot already laid out. The meeting adjourned for three days, to meet at the house of Zephaniah Clark, when it was voted that Zephaniah Clark, Ebenezer Merritt, Benjamin Hurd, and Jesse Wilcox, having families in town, have each eighty acres of land, and that any proprietor, who,



Hon. Edmund Burke

with his wife, should become an inhabitant of the town before the first of July following, should have eighty acres. Thus, properly did the first settlers encourage the family relation in their midst.

This Benjamin Giles, the first town clerk,

splendid natural opportunity for meeting the same, and he promptly proposed the building of a saw and corn mill at the falls in the east branch, or main stream of the Sugar River, at what is now known as Guild, where the present Granite State Mills are located, and, at an-



Congregational Church

who became the leading man in the town, was a native of Ireland, about fifty years of age when he came from Groton, Connecticut, to Newport, and a man of great enterprise, activity and force of character. He recognized the settlement's need of milling privileges, and the

other adjourned meeting, held October 29, the same year, he was voted one hundred acres of land around and including the falls, and a tax or right on each proprietor's right or share, to the value of four days labor, for his aid and encouragement in building the

EDMUND BURKE, lawyer, editor, statesman and publicist, Newport's most distinguished citizen, born in Westminster, Vt., January 23, 1809, died in Newport January 25, 1882.

Mr. Burke was the son of Elijah and Grace (Jeffers) Burke, his father being a farmer in moderate circumstances, but who encouraged him to enter upon a professional career. He studied Latin with private tutors and read law in the office of Hon. William C. Bradley of Westminster, an ex-congressman, and an eminent member of the Vermont bar, and was himself admitted to the bar at the age of 21 years. He immediately commenced practice in the town of Colebrook, where he remained till 1833, when, having become interested in politics, he went to Claremont, taking charge of the *Argus*, a Democratic newspaper then just established, in connection with legal practice. A year later he removed with the paper to Newport, where he remained through life, except for the time spent in Washington, as a member of Congress from 1839 to 1845, as commissioner of patents for the next four years and as associate editor of the *Washington Union* for a year following. Mr. Burke gained and held a high standing at the bar, rendered the the state and nation conspicuous service in Congress, and as a strong and convincing political writer, exercised a powerful influence in shaping the policy of the Democratic party, of which he was a life long adherent. December 1, 1840, he married Ann, daughter of Francis Matson, and granddaughter of Hon. Aaron Matson of Stoddard, who died January 25, 1857, exactly twenty-five years before the death of Mr. Burke. They had one daughter, Frances Matson, the wife of Col. George H. Dana, Francis H. Dana is their son. An extended biographical sketch of Mr. Burke appeared in the GRANITE MONTHLY, Vol. III, No. 6, March, 1880.

proposed mills, which were completed and in operation in September of the following year.

Thus did the settlement foster and encourage "infant industry" in the manufacturing line, and, from that day to this, manufacturing has developed and prospered in the town of Newport. Fortunes have been made, and, some, perchance, have been lost therein, but the business has gone forward, and Newport has ranked among the thriving manufacturing, as well as the prosperous agricultural towns of the state. Indeed there is no community in which these two leading industries have kept more even pace, and have been fairly supplemented by the operations of mercantile and professional life, anywhere in state or nation, than in this same town of Newport.

Benjamin Giles was a delegate in the Exeter

religious services have not been held in town. These services, as well as the town, or proprietors' meetings, were at first held in the homes of the settlers; but in 1772 a building was erected for public, religious and school purposes. It was 20 by 30 feet in dimensions, square roofed, covered with rough boards fastened on with wooden pegs, and fitted with a fire place. It was located on the plain, near what has since been known as the Claggett place, on the Unity road.

Although regular worship had been maintained, it was not till October 28, 1779, that a church organization was formed, the articles of faith and rules of discipline being signed by Robert Lane, Daniel Dudley, Daniel Buell, Aaron Buell, Eliza Bascom, Matthew Buell, Josiah Stevens, Benjamin



Baptist Church

Convention of 1775-6, called to organize a provisional government for the province after the flight of Governor Wentworth, and was a member of the committee of twelve, chosen from the delegates, to constitute an upper house, or senate, over which Mesceh Weare, the first governor of the state, presided. He served in several other sessions of the provisional or state congress, and was a member of the convention at Concord, in June, 1782, to provide a permanent plan of government for the state. He died December 9, 1789, aged seventy years.

The early settlers of Newport, like those of most New England towns, were religious people, and mostly devout Congregationalists. It is claimed that no Sunday has passed since that first morning of their arrival, when reli-

Giles, Esther Buell, Susannah Dudley, Lydia Hurd, Eunice Bascom, Mary Stevens, Esther Lane, Chloe Wilcox, Mary Buell, Jane Buell—eight men and nine women,—the fair sex even then being in the majority in the church, as they have almost invariably been in all good works, here and everywhere.

In January, 1783, the first regular pastor, Rev. John Remele, was settled over the church, at an annual salary of seventy pounds, and continued, with indifferent success, until his dismissal in October, 1791. There was then a four years' vacancy in the pastorate, but in the meantime a new meeting-house was erected, near the corners, at the foot of Claremont Hill. Christopher Newton, Jeremiah Jenks, Phineas Chapin, Samuel Hurd and Aaron Buell were the building committee.

The frame was raised June 16, 1793 on which occasion a fatal accident occurred, a son of Rev. Job Seamans of New London being killed by a fall. It may be pertinent to remark that this startling accident excited consternation and confusion, and it was some time before the builder in charge found a man who would take the position in the working force which had been filled by young Seamans. He finally found one however, in the person of my maternal grandfather, Nathan Gould, who had recently settled in the northwest part of the town, where he cleared up the well known Gould farm, now owned and occupied by his grandson, Alfred G. Gould.

In December, 1795, Abijah Wines, a young citizen of the town, and Newport's first graduate from Dartmouth College (class of 1794) was called to the pastorate, accepted, was ordained and installed, and rendered faithful service for twenty-one years. Two years later Rev. James Wheelock, a grandson of the first president of Dartmouth, was installed as pastor, continuing four years. In the latter part of this pastorate, the present stately house of worship, whose architectural features, still preserved, have commanded the admiration of visitors from far and near, was erected, the same being completed in 1822; the mutations of time having transferred the center of business and population to this side of the river.

In January, 1824, Rev. John Woods, who came from the church at Warner, was installed as pastor, and continued for twenty-seven years, his being the longest pastorate in the history of the church. It is safe to say, moreover, that this pastorate covered "the golden age" of the Newport Congregational Church. Priest Woods preached "strong doctrine," portrayed the wrath to come, for the unconverted sinner, in fiery terms, and is credited with having gathered 329 souls, in all, into the fold during his ministry. He was the first preacher whom I ever saw or heard in a pulpit, and his awful warnings are fresh in my memory after the lapse of more than three-score years. He was dismissed at his own request, July 16, 1851, and on the same day Rev. Henry Cummings was installed as his successor. Mr. Cummings continued successfully for fifteen years. His successors, for shorter periods, have been Revs. G. W. R. Scott, E. E. P. Abbott, Charles N. Flanders, George F. Kengott, John

Pearson Pillsbury, James Alexander, Perley A. Grant and Ralph H. White.

After all these years this church remains—a power for good, a tower of moral and spiritual strength in the community. Less intent upon doctrine and dogma than in the days of the fathers; more insistent upon getting heaven into men than men into heaven; promulgating the gospel of love which casts out all fear but the fear of wrong-doing, it meets, let us hope, in full measure the just requirements of the twentieth century Christian Church, thereby justifying the faith and the work of the founders, who, living up to



Methodist Church

the highest conception of duty in their own day and generation, builded better than they knew.

To detail, even in the briefest terms, the history of the various other churches, now or formerly existing in the town, would exceed the limitations of this address. Suffice it to say that here, as in other places, the religious field was not left to the sole occupancy of the "standing order." Shortly after the advent of the first settlers a colony came in from central Massachusetts, most of whom were Baptists, locating in the northwest part of the town, on what has since been known as "Baptist Hill," around and above the region



Hon. Dexter Richards

of Northville, organizing a church in the very year when the Congregational church was organized, and whose original membership consisted of Seth Wheeler, Elias Metcalf, William Haven, Ezekiel Powers, Mrs. Seth Wheeler, Mrs. Elias Metcalf, Mrs. William Haven and Mrs. Nathaniel Wheeler. Services were held in private houses, in barns, and in the school-house, until, in 1798, a meeting-house was built, near the cemetery. The first pastor of the church, Rev. Bial Ledoyt was installed in October, 1791, and continued about ten years, during which the church prospered. Divisions subsequently arose, the church weakened; short pastorates and long interregnums followed. Finally, under the impetus given by Col. William Cheney, then the leading business man of the town, a movement for the erection of a new church, in the village, was organized and the same erected at the head of the common, being dedicated October 11, 1821; so that, as appears, the original portion of the present Baptist house of worship—the same having been since materially enlarged and improved—was completed the year before the South or Congregational church, ninety years ago, the coming Autumn.

This house ultimately became the church home of all the Baptist people in town, that at Northville being abandoned, and all uniting here at the village. The most notable and successful pastorate was that of the Rev. Ira Pearson, which embraced two separate periods of eighteen years in all, the first commencing with the opening of the new church in 1821.

DEXTER RICHARDS, merchant, manufacturer, philanthropist, public servant, Newport's most successful business man, born September 5, 1818, died August 7, 1898. A son of Capt. Seth and Fanny Richards, he passed his life in the town, entering his father's store at an early age, soon becoming a partner therein, later engaging extensively in manufacturing, first as a partner and later as sole proprietor of the Sugar River Mills, in the operation of which his sons were subsequently associated with him. He was mainly instrumental in securing the extension of the railroad to and through Newport, and was long prominently identified with the banking interests of the town as president of the First National Bank and the Newport Savings Bank, and was active in the affairs of the Congregational Church, of which he was for many years a deacon, and to whose support, and that of its various charities, he was a generous contributor, as well as to all agencies calculated to promote the welfare of the community. He will be long held in grateful remembrance for his munificent benefactions to his native town, which include the elegant Richards Free Library, and the Richards High School building, with a handsome endowment for the maintenance of the former. He served as town clerk and selectman, was a representative in the legislature in 1865, 1866 and 1870, was a member of the executive council in 1871 and 1872, a delegate in the Constitutional Convention of 1876 and a state senator in 1887-8. He was a trustee of the New Hampshire Asylum for the Insane and of the Orphans Home at Franklin. He was a liberal benefactor of Kimball Union Academy at Meriden and established a scholarship at Dartmouth College. He married, January 27, 1847, Louisa F., daughter of Dr. Mason Hatch of Newport. They had five children, of whom the first born, a daughter, died at 20 years of age, and one son in infancy. The surviving sons—Seth M. (mentioned later) and William F., succeeded their father in business. A daughter, Josephine E., is the wife of Prof. M. C. Gile of Colorado Springs, Col.

Under Elder Pearson's ministry this church fairly rivalled the Congregational in membership and influence, and in all succeeding years, under various pastorates, has been a strong factor in the religious life of the community.

Methodism gained a foothold in town as early as 1830, also getting its first start at Northville, Peter Wakefield being the leading



Church of the Epiphany

spirit in the movement. Meetings were first held in the school-house and later in a small chapel built in that locality. It struggled for existence for a time, but gained new vigor through a temporary division in the Congregational church, a number of whose members joined the Methodist ranks, and in 1851 the present Methodist church edifice was erected, the same being dedicated December 25 of that

year—an occasion which I well remember, occupying, myself, the position of the proverbial "small boy" in the great audience which crowded the house, the dedicatory sermon—a most eloquent one—being delivered by Professor King of Newbury (Vt.) Seminary.

Universalism came in contemporaneously with Methodism, a Universalist Society being organized in February, 1830, and services held in the court house and town hall until 1837, when a brick church building was erected on the west side of Main street in which public worship was held, with more or less regularity till about 1870, when the field was abandoned by that denomination, and in 1873 a Unitar-

dedicated, and has ever since been occupied. Well would it be for the community if the services in other churches were as fully and regularly attended.

Within the past decade a Protestant Episcopal mission has been established, a church organized and a house of worship erected wherein services are now regularly held, so that there are now five churches in town holding regular services—a smaller number than in some towns of the same size, but ample for the accommodation of all the people.

While there has been no period of rapid growth in population, there has been no decade since the town was settled in which some increase has not been made. In the first year of the settlement, according to the Colonial record, there were twenty-nine people in the town. In 1775, at the outbreak of the Revolution, the population had increased to 157. The census of 1790—the first regular census taken by the federal government—gave 780 inhabitants. At this time there were 131 heads of families reported, as follows:

Ayers, John; Bascom, Elias, Elias Jr., Reuben; Bayley, Jesse; Bliss, Henry; Bragg, Benjamin; Britton, William; Brown, David, Elijah, Jonathan; Buell, Aaron, Abraham, Daniel, Gordon, John, Joseph, Joseph Jr., Matthew, Matthew Jr., Simon, Thomas; Carpenter, Sorrell; Chamberlain, Simeon; Chapin, David, Phineas; Church, Samuel, Whitman; Colby, Abner; Comstock, Jonathan; Cutting, David, Jonathan; Durkee, Moses Paine; Dexter, Stephen; Drock, Simon; Dudley, Daniel, Daniel Jr., Ezra, John, Josiah; Dunham, Solomon; Eastman, Benjamin; Johnson, Ferring, Zebulon; Fletcher, Joel; Goodwin, Richard, Theophilus; Hall, Amos, David, Jared, Levi; Harrington, Timothy; Harris, John; Haven, James, Joel; Hayden, William; Humphrey, Arter; Hurd, Nathan, Samuel, Samuel Jr., Stephen; Jenks, Jeremiah; Jones, Thomas; Kelsey, Absalom; Ethan, Isaac, Jeremiah, Jesse, Joel, Roswell; Lane, Jesse, Robert, Thomas; Lewis, John; McGregory, Joel, John; Mack, Aaron; Marey, Daniel; Merritt, Ebenezer; Messer, Theodore; Metcalf, Elias; Mott, Jared; Nettleton, Jeremiah; Newton, Christopher, Isaac; Noyce, Isaac; Osgood, Thomas, William; Parmelee, Ezra; Peck, Henry, Hezekiah; Perry, Stephen, Philip, William; Pike, Jarvis, John, Moses, Nathaniel; Remele, John; Reynolds, Jedediah; Sholes, Aaron, Christopher, Hannah;



The Catholic Church

ian society was organized and occupied the Universalist church building. This society, however, found difficulty in carrying on its work and soon gave up the attempt, the decided liberalization of the Congregational church, in keeping with the growing tendency of the times in the religious world, rendering impracticable, and perhaps unnecessary, any distinctively liberal effort.

For the last half century and more, the Roman Catholics have constituted a very considerable and constantly increasing element of the town's population. A Catholic mission was established here in 1854, and, in 1883, the present church edifice was completed and

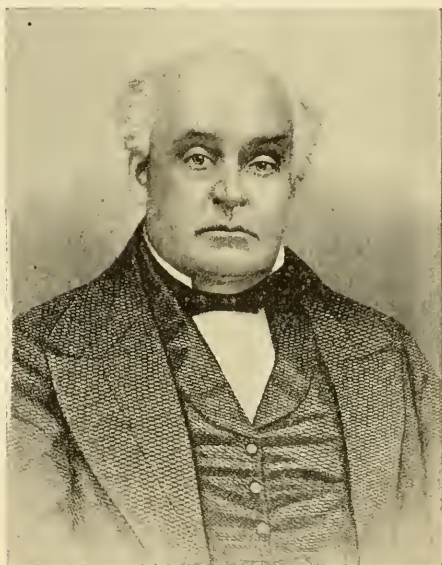
Hutchinson, Levi; Silver, John, Samuel; Spencer, Robert; Stevens, Josiah, Josiah Jr., Peter; Thompson, Samuel; Tower, Ephraim; Towner, Benjamin; Wakefield, Josiah, Jonathan, Jesse, Peter; Warner, John, Joshua, Samuel, Thomas; Wheeler, Asa; White, Enoch; Wilcox, Uriah, Jesse, Phineas; Wilmarth, Nathan; Wines, Abijah; Witcher, Thomas.

The population in 1800 was 1246; in 1810 1427; in 1820, 1679; 1830, 1917; 1840, 1958; 1850, 2020; 1860, 2077; 1870, 2163; 1880, 2612; 1890, 2623, 1900, 3126; 1910, 3765. The most rapid increase, it will be noted, was in the first three and last two decades of the town's history, the increase of 1142, from 1890 to 1910, being more than in any corresponding period since the settlement of the town, and auguring well, indeed, for its continued growth and prosperity. The period of smallest increase was the four decades, from 1830 to 1870, covering the time from the breaking out of the Western emigration fever to the advent of the Concord and Claremont Railroad, which was completed to this town in the fall of 1871, and carried through to Claremont the following year.

The opening of the railroad gave new impetus to manufacturing industry in the town, which, as has been stated, was strongly fostered from the start, and in extent and variety has exceeded that of most towns of similar size. Cotton spinning was introduced in town as early as 1813. Fulling and carding mills, for dressing woolen cloths had been in operation for a third of a century before, and woolen manufacture by machinery came soon after, the enterprises in this line being too numerous to mention. A silk mill flourished for a time and the manufacture of hats was once a prominent industry. Plows, rakes and scythes were extensively manufactured, and the Sibley scythe, made at Northville, now holds first place in the market. Today, as for decades past, Newport flannels are favorably known all over the land, and the output of boots and shoes and ladies' underwear, in amount as well as quality, is a first class certificate of industrial prosperity.

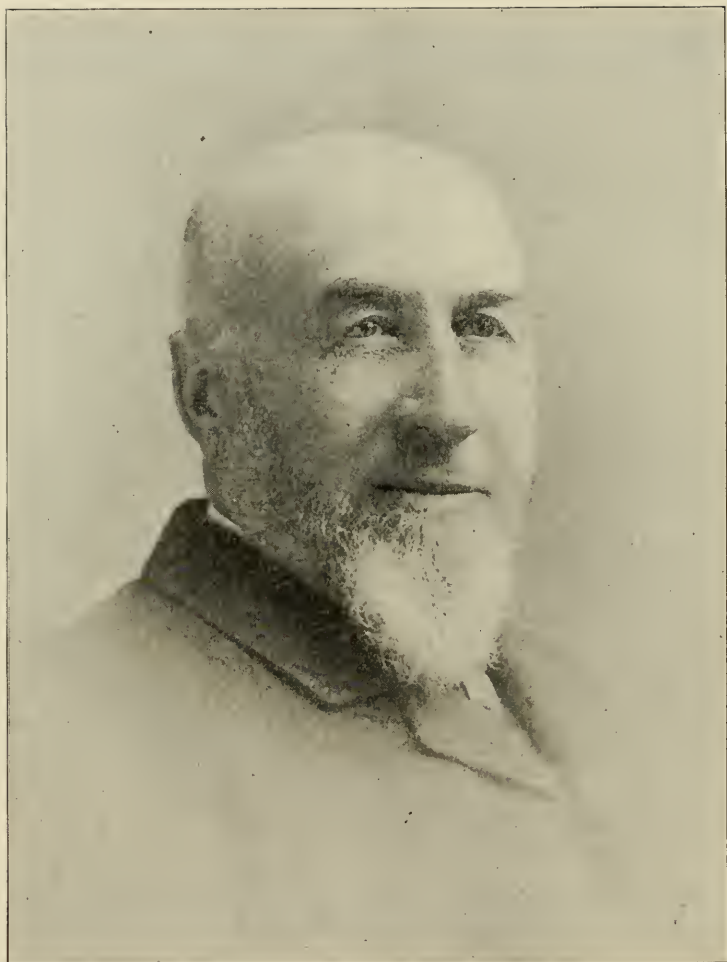
Whether it be true or not, as historically alleged, that the first article of merchandise brought into town was a barrel of rum, it is certain that mercantile life got an early start in town, and that it has flourished all these years. The first store in town was kept by

one Hicks, a son-in-law of Jedediah Reynolds. Josiah Stevens, Jr., also had a store, before the opening of the last century; but the business of merchandizing seems to have gotten its first real start when Col. William Cheney came into town from Alstead, in 1807, and opened a store, at the foot of Claremont Hill, most business of importance up to this time, in fact, having been carried on, on the west side; though Isaac Reddington, some fifteen years before, had erected a frame building—the first one the east side of the valley—at the corners, below the bridge, where he had a store and tavern combined. In 1810 Colonel Cheney built a long block up the street on this



Hon. Ralph Metcalf

side, which afterwards became known as Richards Block, on the site of the present structure of that name, to which he removed his business. He was emphatically the "big man" of the town in his day and furthered many enterprises, building a large hotel on the site of the present Newport House, in 1814-15; largely developing the water power, building grist and saw mills, a cotton factory and an oil mill. He it was, also, who erected in 1818 the great four-story structure on the east side of the common, which older residents still recall as the old "Tontine." It stood where the Methodist Church and parsonage now are, and was occupied for stores and tene-



Hon. Austin Corbin

ments. I remember it distinctly as one of the "sights" of the town in my first visits to the village, as long ago as 1845. Colonel Cheney who died in 1830, leaving his business to his sons, had a rival for some years in trade and general enterprise, in the person of James Breck, a native of Boston, who came into the town from Croydon in 1816, built a large store at the South end and established a prosperous business. In company with Josiah Forsaith he built the Eagle Hotel (now the Edes Block) which as a public house for many years was the rival of the Cheney or Nettleton tavern, at the upper end, both being famous hostleries in their day, under various managements. Mr. Breck was a leading spirit in the South or Congregational church, as Colonel Cheney was in the Baptist, and was one of the building committee erecting the new house of worship in 1822. So intense was the rivalry between these two men and so strong the following of each that when General Lafayette came to town, during his visit to America in 1825, it was found necessary to hold two receptions in his honor—one at the residence of each of these local magnates. Mr. Breck finally removed with his

family to Rochester, N. Y., where he died in 1871.

In 1835 the Cheney store passed into the hands of Capt. Seth Richards, a son of Sylvanus Richards, who came to town from Dedham, Mass., early in the last century and was an extensive farmer and hotel keeper. Captain Richards did a large business alone for many years, and subsequently with his son Dexter and later Abiather, also, as partners. Directly across the street was the Nettleton store, another thriving establishment. It was in this Richards store that I obtained my first idea of the workings of a country store, when, upon visiting it with my father, at the age of about four years, the first stick of striped candy I had ever seen was transferred to my possession. From that day to this my interest in Newport stores and Newport business generally has been deep and strong, and I am glad to know that the mercantile life of the town has fully kept pace with its prosperity in other directions.

It was not until the latter half of the last century that banking, as a business, was introduced in Newport, the Sugar River Bank having been incorporated January 7, 1853,

AUSTIN CORBIN, born in Newport July 11, 1827; died there June 4, 1896. He was one of the most conspicuous figures of his time in American financial and railway circles, and but for his sudden death from a carriage accident, in the midst of important undeveloped projects, he would, doubtless, have rivaled Harriman and Morgan in the magnitude of his operations. He was the eldest son of Austin and Mary (Chase) Corbin, and was educated for the bar, studying with Edmund L. Cushing of Charlestown, Ralph Metcalf of Newport and at the Harvard Law School, from which he graduated in 1849, when he was admitted to the bar and immediately commenced practice in his native town as a partner of Mr. Metcalf. Two years later, desiring a new and broader field, he went West locating at Davenport, Ia., where he continued fourteen years, practicing his profession with great success for a time but later engaging extensively in banking. He organized the First National Bank of Davenport in June, 1863, the first bank organized under the National Currency Act, and managed it as president with brilliant success until 1865, when he disposed of all his interests there, and removed to New York City, where he engaged in general banking.

In 1870 he organized the "Corbin Banking Company," which gained a national and international reputation by the magnitude and success of its operations. His wonderfully enterprising spirit also directed his energies along other lines. He organized and carried out the movement for the development of Manhattan Beach and Coney Island—the greatest work ever accomplished for the benefit of the metropolis—projected the Long Island railroad, of which he was president, as he was, later, of the Philadelphia & Reading and subsidiary corporations, and had planned a great ocean steamship line, from Fort Pond Bay at the eastern extremity of the island to Europe, which he would undoubtedly have carried out had he lived. Meanwhile he acquired and extensively improved, for a summer home, the old homestead in Newport, where he was born, and also established the famous Blue Mountain or Corbin Park in Croydon, Grantham and Cornish, containing some 27,000, acres, which he stocked with buffalo, elk and other game, it being the largest private game preserve in America. He retained a deep interest in his native town, and had many projects for its benefit in contemplation when suddenly called hence. Mr. Corbin married August 16, 1853, Hannah M., daughter of Simeon and Hannah (Haven) Wheeler of Croydon. Their eldest daughter, Mary, since deceased, became the wife of Rene Cheronet Champollion, a French gentleman of distinguished lineage. Isabella, the second daughter, married George F. Edgell of St. Louis. They have a fine summer residence a mile north of Newport village, while still further north, Andre Champollion, a son of the first named, is also completing one. A son, Austin P. Corbin, resides in New York.

with \$50,000 capital. Ralph Metcalf, Edmund Burke, Amasa Edes, Thomas A. Twitchell, Thomas W. Gilmore, Amasa Hall and Dexter Richards, constituted the first board of directors. Ralph Metcalf was president and Paul J. Wheeler cashier. In 1865 this was reorganized as a national bank, and the capital increased to \$100,000. In 1868 the Newport Savings Bank was incorporated. Dexter Richards was the first president and Frederick W. Lewis treasurer. Both institutions prospered from the start and continuously. The Citizens National Bank, incorporated in 1885, with \$50,000 capital, C. M. Emerson president and Perley A. Johnson



Hon. Edwin O. Stanard

cashier, and the Sugar River Savings Bank ten years later, Carlton Hurd president and P. A. Johnson treasurer, are also successful institutions.

Until 1827 the towns now included in Sullivan County were embraced in the County of Cheshire, courts being held at Keene and Charlestown, though by an act of the legislature of 1824 it was provided that the May term of the Superior Court should be held in Newport. July 5, 1827, the act incorporating the County of Sullivan was passed, to take effect the following September, the question as to whether Newport or Claremont should be the shire town being submitted to the people and decided by them in favor of the

former by a majority of 3,728 votes. Meanwhile the town of Newport had erected a new brick building for a court house and town hall, the same being completed in February, 1826, William Cheney, James Breck and James D. Walcott building committee. This building passed entirely into the hands of the town and was utilized for school uses, in 1873, when a new and splendidly equipped building, also erected by the town, took its place for county and town business purposes.

The latter building was destroyed by the disastrous conflagration of June 21, 1885, the most destructive ever known in Newport, which wiped out the old Nettleton Block and other landmarks, but was immediately replaced by the present elegant structure on the same site. The old first court house is still preserved and is the home of Sullivan Grange, No. 8, Patrons of Husbandry.

There were lawyers in Newport long before the town became a county seat. Caleb Ellis, the first of the profession here located, a native of Walpole, Mass., and a graduate of Harvard of the class of 1793, had an office in town before 1800, but shortly after that date removed to Claremont where he had a brief but distinguished career, serving as state senator, councilor, member of Congress and judge of the Supreme Court.

Hubbard Newton, a native of the town, son of Christopher, and a graduate of Dartmouth of the class of 1804, commenced practice as a lawyer here in 1806, and with the exception of a few years at Amherst and at Claremont, spent his life in the profession, in his native town. Weare Tappan, who subsequently removed to Bradford, was his partner here for several years between 1812 and 1820.

David Hale, a native of Alstead, who married Sarah Josepha Buell, practiced here ten years till his death in 1822. Amasa Edes, a native of Antrim, in which town were also born those eminent lawyers, George W. Nesmith and Daniel M. Christie, a graduate of Dartmouth of the class of 1817, came here and engaged in legal practice in December, 1822, and continued for more than forty years, in honorable and successful practice. In the same year with Mr. Edes came Josiah For-saith, a native of Deering, a Dartmouth graduate of the class of 1807, who had previously practiced in Goffstown and in Boston, and continued here till his decease in 1846.

Ralph Metcalf, a native of Charlestown,

graduate of Dartmouth, class of 1823, practiced here two years, from 1826 to 1828, and subsequently from 1841 to 1856, during the latter two years serving as Governor of New Hampshire—Newport's only representative in the executive chair. At the close of his gubernatorial term he removed to Claremont where he died two years later—August 26, 1858.

Edmund Burke, the ablest and most distinguished of Newport lawyers and citizens, a native of Westminster, Vt., came here from Claremont in the fall of 1834, bringing with him the *Argus*, a Democratic newspaper, of which he had been in editorial charge a year, and which, a year later, was united under his management, with the *Spectator*, which had also been removed from Claremont by its publisher, Cyrus Barton, in January, 1825, and was the first paper printed in town. Mr. Burke pursued his profession and edited his newspaper, with equal success, gaining more prominence, politically, however, through the latter, the force and vigor of his editorial utterances commanding wide attention, and the confidence of his party to such extent that in 1839 he was elected to Congress, serving six years with distinguished ability, which service was followed by four years more at Washington as Commissioner of Patents under President Polk, and another year as associate editor of the *Washington Union* then the leading Democratic paper of the country, to which he had contributed largely in preceding years. He then returned home and resumed his legal practice which he followed with success for thirty years, until his death, though devoting himself largely to patent law, in which he had become an expert through the knowledge gained in his service as commissioner.

Perhaps at this time as well as any I may take the opportunity to pay a brief tribute to the masterly ability of this man, Edmund Burke. It has been my fortune to see and know most of the able lawyers and prominent public men of New Hampshire in the last fifty years. Many of them I have known more or less intimately, and I do not hesitate to say that Edmund Burke had no peer in the state in intellectual power and acumen. To a thorough comprehension of fundamental legal principles, and their application in any case at issue, he added a broad general knowledge of men and affairs, which proved more

advantageous on the whole, than the intimate acquaintance with text and technicality upon which some lawyers depend. An indefatigable reader, endowed with a wonderful memory and possessed of one of the most extensive libraries in the state, there was scarcely any field of knowledge with which he was not familiar, and those who were privileged to listen to his conversation, invariably wondered at the extent of his information. He was not gifted with the power of oratory, but as a forceful and virile writer, especially on political questions, he had neither superior nor equal in his day and generation. His contributions to the politico-economic literature of the country during the prolonged agitation preceding the enactment of the famous Walker tariff of 1846, which has been the basis of all Democratic tariff legislation since that date, did more than anything else to fix

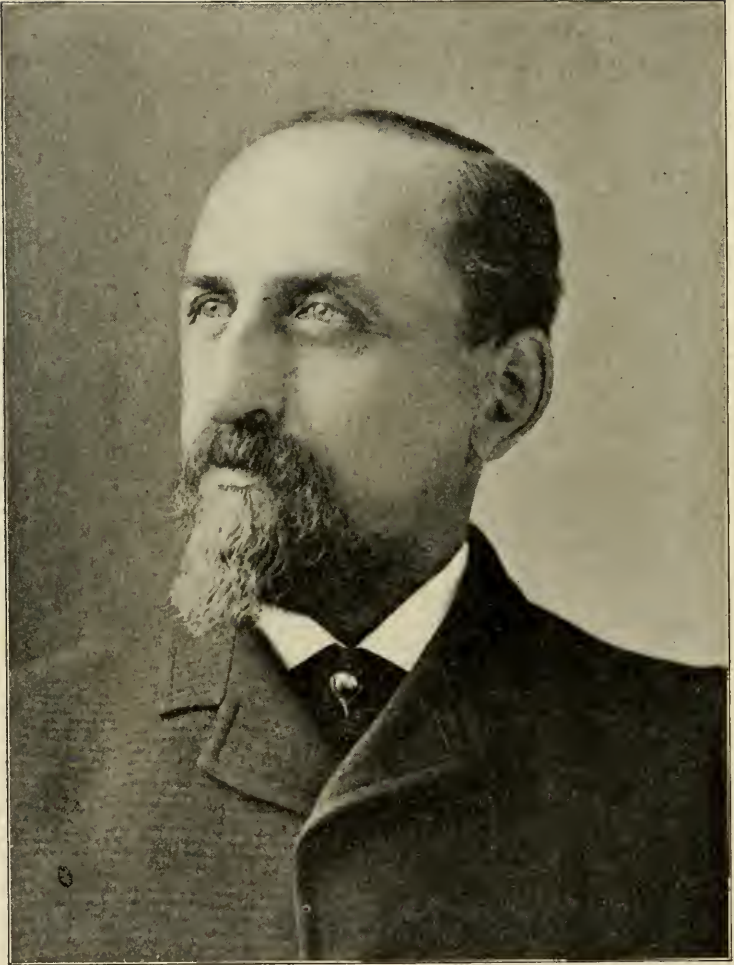


Dr. John L. Swett.



Samuel H. Edes

the policy of his party in that regard. New Hampshire has had but one President. But for Edmund Burke, even that one would never have been placed to her credit. His strong influence in the Democratic National Convention of 1852; his intimate acquaintance with the southern leaders, then all powerful in party affairs, gained by long residence in Washington, and his thorough knowledge of the situation in all its bearings, gave him power which no other member of the New Hampshire delegation possessed, but for which power, intelligently and persistently exercised, success would have been impossible. It may justly be added that but for the selfishness and jealousy of men close to General Pierce, Mr. Burke would doubtless have been called to the prominent position in his cabinet for which he was admirably qualified and to which gratitude and good judgment on the part of the former, would



Hon. Daniel C. Corbin

seem to have dictated his appointment. Had he thus been called it is not improbable that the administration of 1853-7 would have been more successful than it was.

Other lawyers of the town, cotemporaneous with and following Mr. Burke, included David Allen, Austin Corbin, Samuel H. Edes (all natives of the town), Albert S. Wait—long time his partner—Levi W. Barton, Shepard L. Bowers, W. H. H. Allen and others, previous to those now in practice, all of whom dignified the profession they followed.

The medical profession, also, has been well and honorably represented in this town, since the advent of the first permanent local physician, Dr. James Corbin, the progenitor of the widely noted Corbin family, who came here from Massachusetts in 1790, previous to which time, as the record has it, women as nurses and midwives, had mainly ministered to the wants of the sick and suffering. Doctor Corbin's professional career, covering a period of more than thirty-five years, until his death in January, 1826, was eminently successful. Like most physicians of his day, as well as many clergymen, he was also an extensive farmer. Following, and for a time cotemporaneous with, Doctor Corbin, came that other

worthy old time physician, Dr. John B. McGregor, representative of another notable family of the town, whose venerable kinsman James B. McGregor, passed away last year at Northville, at the remarkable age of 108 years. Time does not permit individual mention of all the men who have honored the profession of medicine in this community; but I should be faithless to my own sense of duty if I failed to name the three physicians, for many years cotemporaries, who were in active practice here in my boyhood days and who held rank with the first in the state in professional skill and in public esteem—Drs. John L. Swett, Mason Hatch and Thomas Sanborn. Each had his host of special admirers and all commanded universal respect.

The cause of education has ever been generously fostered here. Its demands were recognized in the vote of the proprietors providing for the erection of the first building for public uses, which was "to be improved as a school house and for religious worship." In a few years, there were six school districts in town, later increased to nineteen, in most of which schools were maintained till the adoption of the town system. Strong men and able women had charge of those schools in the earlier days, and to their sound instruc-

DANIEL C. CORBIN, second son of Austin and Mary Corbin and brother of Austin Corbin before mentioned, was endowed in great measure with the same enterprising spirit, indomitable energy and capacity for extensive operations which characterized his elder brother, and which was also manifested, to some extent at least, by the younger brother, James, of whom less is known, but who was long extensively engaged in business at Santa Fé, New Mexico, and later at Silver City, of which he was mayor, and where he died in March, 1908, at the age of seventy years. Daniel C. Corbin went West at the age of twenty, and was engaged three years in surveying land, under government contract, in Iowa and Minnesota, and was later similarly occupied and in various real estate operations on the Missouri River. From 1862 to 1864 he resided at Denver, Col., where he was largely interested in contracts for government supplies, and in freight transportation from the Missouri to Denver and Salt Lake. Later he spent ten years at Helena, Mont., engaged in various enterprises, including banking, being for five years part owner and cashier of the First National Bank of that city. Returning East, from 1876 to 1882 he was engaged with his brother, Austin, in the Manhattan Beach Railway enterprise, and was the managing director of the company. Going West again in 1882, upon the discovery of silver-lead mines in the Cœur d'Alene district of Idaho, he organized the Cœur d'Alene Railroad and Navigation Co., placed boats on the lake and extended the line by rail into the mines. In 1888 he sold out to the Northern Pacific and moved to Spokane, Wash., where he has since resided, and has been an important factor in the growth and development of that enterprising city. He built the Spokane Falls and Northern Railway, from Spokane to the mining districts on Kootenay Lake in British Columbia, a distance of 200 miles, with a branch to the Rossland mines at Red Mountain, and operated the same till 1898 when he sold this also to the Northern Pacific. In 1905 he commenced the construction of the Spokane International Railway, connecting Spokane with the Canadian Pacific at Kingsgate, on the international boundary, a distance of 140 miles, completing the line in 1906, and operating the same as president of the company since that time. He is also engaged in other important enterprises, among which is the Spokane Valley Land and Water Co., with holdings of 6000 acres and a water supply sufficient to irrigate 18,000, of which he is president, as well as of the Corbin Coal and Coke Co., owning 15,000 acres of coal land in British Columbia, connected with the Canadian Pacific system. Although well advanced in life he is still active and vigorous in the direction of his various enterprises.

tion hundreds of Newport's sons and daughters, at home and abroad owed no small measure of their success. For fifty years, or more, previous to the organization of Union District and the establishment of the High School, an Academy was maintained in town, occupying at first a building erected for its accommodation in 1819, and, later, the Baptist vestry, town hall or court house, as the case might be.

During the hundred years, from 1794, when Abijah Wines completed his course, till 1894, thirty-three sons of Newport, at least, were graduated from Dartmouth, and many from other colleges. Newport women, however,



Helen Peabody

with women everywhere, have had less opportunity than men to secure the advantages of liberal education. Yet some of them succeeded, even before the middle of the last century. Malvina Chapin, a graduate in the first class (1842) at Mt. Holyoke Seminary, became a pioneer in the work of carrying civilization to the Sandwich Islands, and Helen Peabody of the class of 1848, became the first President of Western College, at Oxford, Ohio, the first distinctively "Woman's College" in the United States, which position she held with success and honor for thirty-three years, declining, meanwhile, a call to the first presidency of Wellesley. Many other

Newport women, in later years, have been liberally educated, and some of these, like Etta L. Miller, Martha M. Chellis and Georgia Wilcox, have rendered valuable service and won high reputation as teachers.

In the literary field Newport has also been well at the front, and this largely through the work of another female pioneer, Sarah Josepha Hale (nee Buell) forty years editor of "Godey's Lady's Book" and author and compiler of many volumes, whose fame would have been world wide even had she never written that immortal poem—"Mary's Lamb." Carlos Wilcox, Edward A. Jenks and Willis E. Hurd all wrote excellent verse, and Mary Dwinell Chellis Lund was a fertile and pleasing writer of prose as well as poetry.

Musie, too, has here found its votaries and its interpreters. Capable teachers, excellent singers and fine instrumentalists have been in the midst, in goodly numbers. The church choirs have maintained a high standard, and for many years a successful festival was an annual feature in the life of the town. Here was born and reared America's most noted female organist—Marion McGregor Christopher, daughter of Dr. John B. McGregor, for twenty-five years organist of Broadway Tabernacle, New York; while two young sons of the town, well known and esteemed by many among you—Nelson P. Coffin and Reginald Deming—are winning high success in different lines of musical art.

The newspaper press has been incidentally referred to in another connection. The *Argus and Spectator*, was the only paper published, in town for a long series of years. For almost forty years—from 1840 to 1879—after passing out of the hands of Mr. Burke, it was edited and published by those two old time printers, vigorous writers, stalwart Democrats and worthy citizens—Henry G. Carleton and Matthew Harvey, whose memory is still honored by many in this community. Later it was published for another long term of years, by Hubbard A. Barton and George B. Wheeler, till, some three years since it passed into the hands of the present proprietor, Samuel H. Edes, representative in the fourth generation of a notable Newport family, still "keeping the faith" politically, and earnestly furthering the welfare of the community. No paper of the opposite political faith had been published here for any considerable length of time, when, in January, 1859, the *Sullivan*

Republican made its appearance, as a champion of the Republican cause. It was printed by Elias H. Cheney for an association of Sullivan County Republicans, and continued two years, when it suspended and Mr. Cheney

son of Jeremiah Nettleton, and a second cousin of Lieut. Edward Nettleton, Newport's first volunteer in the Union service.

To the public service in civil life Newport has contributed one governor, of the state—Ralph Metcalf—and might have given another, had he not preferred to put the price then demanded for such distinction into the splendid free library building of which the people of Newport are so justly proud, and which will remain for generations a fitting monument to an enterprising citizen and worthy man. One of her citizens was three times elected to Congress. Two native born sons were similarly honored—Mason W. Tappan, also Attorney-General of the state, and Edwin O. Stanard, also Lieutenant-Governor of Missouri; while Ebenezer Allen another native, was Attorney-General of the republic of Texas under President Sam Houston, and still another—Josiah Stevens, Jr., was Secretary of the State. The town has had three representatives—Nathan Mudgett, Dexter Richards and Seth M. Richards—in



H. G. Carleton.



Matthew Harvey.

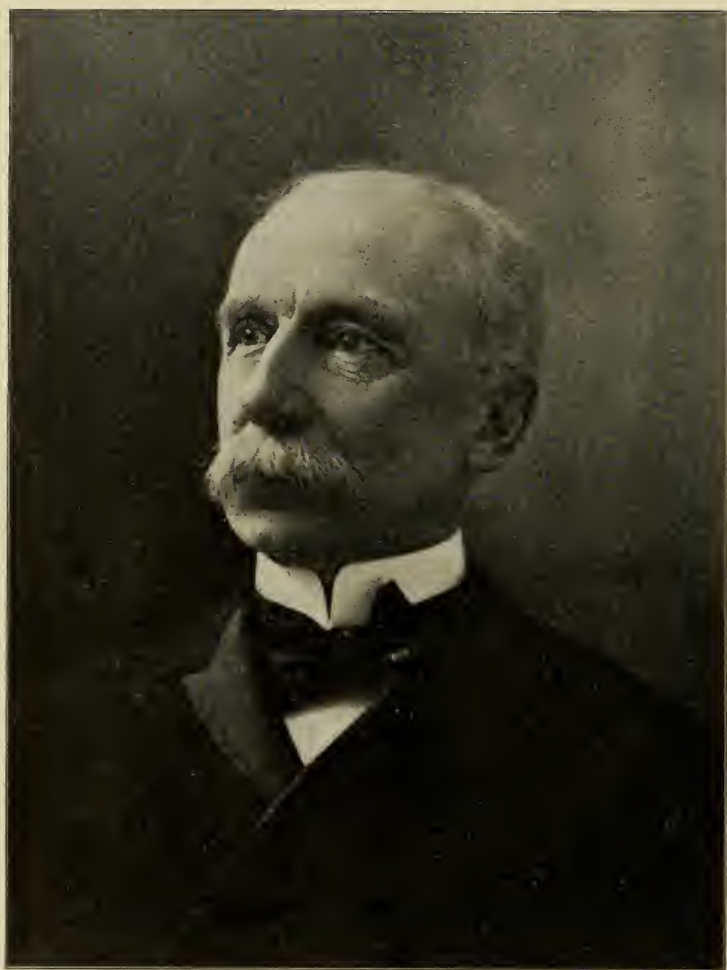
went to Lebanon as publisher of the *Free Press*, with which he has been connected, either as publisher or editorial writer—for most part in both capacities—from that day to this. Twenty years later, in 1881, his son, Fred W. Cheney started the *Republican Champion*, which has been successfully continued, under his direction, later under that of Edwin C. Hitchcock, and for seven years past that of Olin H. Chase, as an earnest advocate of “stand-pat” Republicanism and an enterprising purveyor of local news. Between these two journals the needs of this community and the surrounding towns in this direction, are well met. May both live long and prosper!

Newport men have ever freely responded to the call of patriotism. There are not less than forty names of Newport citizens recorded as having rendered actual service in the war for independence, in many cases, however, before establishing their homes in the town. The last two surviving pensioners of that war in New Hampshire, in fact, were Newport men—Joel McGregor and Joel Kelsey. A goodly number, also, fought in the war of 1812, while 240 sons of Newport, of whom not less than fifteen were commissioned officers, were enlisted in the Union cause in the Civil War. Here it may be added that the distinguished Gen. A. B. Nettleton, who fought with Custer in seventy battles of the Civil War and, later, became eminent in journalism and in public life, whose recent death has been a matter of wide comment, came of Newport stock, being a great grand-



S. H. Edes

the executive council; Benjamin Giles, Uriah Wilcox, David Allen, Austin Corbin, Sr., Jeremiah D. Nettleton, Levi W. Barton, George H. Fairbanks, Shepard L. Bowers, Dexter Richards, Seth M. Richards and John

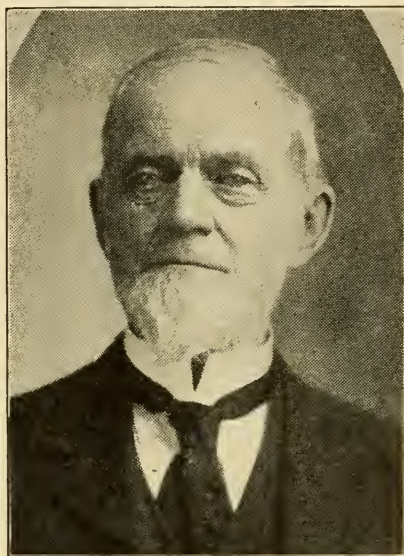


Hon. William J. Forsaith

B. Cooper, occupied seats in the State Senate; while out of more than a hundred names of men of this town, found in the roll of membership in the House of Representatives since the present government was established in 1783, many are those of men of ability and influence whose power for good in shaping legislation was most advantageously exerted. No Newport representative has been Speaker of the House; but two natives of the town—Samuel Metcalf Wheeler, long an eminent lawyer at Dover, and Harry M. Cheney, of Lebanon, now of Concord, who also served in the executive council, enjoyed that distinction. The oldest living representative of the town in the legislature—William Nourse was a member of the memorable House of 1861, whose exciting session was held in the opening days of the Civil war—fifty years ago last June. So far as I know but two of his associates in that house—Hon. Warren F. Daniell of Franklin and Elijah M. Topliff of Manchester—are now living.

It would be a hopeless task to attempt to call the names of all the sons of Newport, not already mentioned, letting alone the daughters, whose careers in various fields of honorable activity have been creditable to themselves and their native town; but, regardless of the danger of invidious distinction, some few of the names to which all Newport men and women point with pride should be recounted here: Rear Admiral George E. Belknap, for more than forty years an ornament of the American navy, skilled in seamanship, daring in conflict, who honored his country's flag in every sea and defended its starry folds mid the shot and shell of awful battle; in the thick of the fight at the capture of the Barrier Forts in Canton River in 1856,

and in active service throughout the Civil War, participating in the relief of Fort Pickens, the capture of Fort Fisher, and as commander of the Canonius firing and receiving the last hostile shots at the fall of Charleston; and subsequently conducting the most extensive and successful deep sea soundings in the



William Nourse

Pacific ocean ever made by man, was born and reared in Newport. Here too was the birthplace of those three remarkable brothers each a giant in his own field of action, who have done more than any other three men born in New Hampshire to promote the material development of the country—Austin, James and Daniel C. Corbin, the last named

WILLIAM J. FORSAITH, associate justice of the Municipal Court of Boston, was born in Newport April 19, 1836, the son of Josiah and Maria (Southworth) Forsaith. His father was for many years a prominent lawyer and business man of the town. He fitted for college at Kimball Union Academy, Meriden, 1850-1853; entered Amherst College in the latter year, remaining till 1855, then changing to Dartmouth where he graduated in 1857, just 50 years after his father's graduation from the same college. He commenced the study of law in the office of Burke & Wait in Newport, January, 1858, and continued with Hon. Benjamin F. Hallett of Boston, the Harvard Law School and Ranney & Morse of Boston till May, 1860, when he was admitted to the Suffolk County bar, and began practice in Boston, where he has ever since resided. He was appointed a special justice of the Municipal Court of Boston in January, 1872, which position he held till March, 1882, when he was promoted to be one of the associate justices of the same court, in which capacity he has served continuously to the present time, with conspicuous fidelity and ability. He also held the office of trial justice for juvenile offenders for Suffolk County for five years, from June, 1872. Judge Forsaith married, October 31, 1865, Annie M., daughter of John W. Veazie of Bangor, Me., who died April 18, 1889, leaving a son and two daughters, still living. He retains a strong interest in his native town, which he visits frequently, and whose people take due pride in his honorable career.

of whom is still in the midst of vast enterprises in the great "inland empire" of the far Northwest of which the wonderful city of Spokane is the growing metropolis. Rev. Charles Peabody, teacher and preacher, long agent of the American Tract Society; Rev. Dr. Kendrick Metcalf, professor of Latin and Greek and one time president of Hobart College; William J. Forsaith, for many years judge of the Municipal Court of Boston and still in the harness; Charles H. Chapin and Charles H. Woods, successful lawyers in St. Louis and Minneapolis respectively; Quincy A. Gilmore, real estate operator in Iowa; Henry M. Wilmarth successful banker of

business life of the town for a generation; whose strong public spirit contributed to its material prosperity in various directions, and to whose generosity it is indebted not only for its splendid library, but also for its elegant high school building. His son, Col. Seth M. Richards, who succeeded him in business, as well as in public confidence and popular regard, will also be long remembered by the people of Newport as a worthy and loyal son of the good old town.

In the last century and a half there has been accomplished more in the line of material development, intellectual progress and scientific achievement than in any corresponding period of the world's history, to all of which work, Newport men and women, at home and abroad, have made ample contribution. The progress of the years to come must be along the lines of social betterment, moral growth and spiritual power—the conquest of greed, the subordination of materialism and commercialism to the nobler purposes of human brotherhood; the abolition of war, the triumph of universal peace, the full completion of the Master's purpose, the establishment of the Kingdom of Heaven in the hearts of men. Let us hope that in this great work Newport's share will be well and amply done.

Following the historical address, Mrs. Mary Hawes Wilmarth, who spent ten years of her early life in the town and was the wife of the late Henry M. Wilmarth, a son of Newport, and a successful Chicago banker, was presented and gave the following address:

Address of Mrs. Mary H. Wilmarth

Under the aegis of the words "Old Home Day" I assume the indulgence of my audience and the liberty of speaking familiarly and personally, as those of a scattered family do when reunited, looking backward and forward, recalling the past, as each knew it from his or her own angle of time and circumstance, and reading the promise or portent for the future according to the vision they may have from their own particular coign of vantage.

Those of us who have come to this beautiful birthday party after years of absence



Richards Free Library

Chicago; Frank H. Carleton, eminent attorney of Minneapolis, still in his prime; Herbert J. Barton, professor of Latin and Greek in the University of Illinois; Charles J. Emerson, principal of Stoneham, Mass., high school; Charles E. Nutting, General Superintendent of the Draper Company at Hopedale, Mass., Loren D. Towle, successful business man, of Boston—all these and many more should have special mention when we call the roll of Newport's worthy sons.

This address would be incomplete if it failed to embody special reference to the Hon. Dexter Richards, who, as merchant and manufacturer, was a leading factor in the

are stirred with conflicting emotions and claims for attention between the changed and the unchanging. From the station our eyes fall on the word "Welcome" like a message from all to all. The town is *en fête*. Draped are pillars and arches—from apex of roofs to foundation basement, all is aglow with color. Banners of different countries seem to repeat the legend over one of the gates of Siena: "Here let no man be a stranger." Goldenrod lends its brilliant plumes to decoration of lawns and porches. By night, lights come out on the thronged streets and on the distant hillside shape themselves like a new constellation appearing in the sky.

We are taken for drives over state roads embowered in trees grown to the height of cathedral vaultings; hills climbed of yore by the laborious aid of panting horses, our car skims with the ease of swallows.

Along the dear back-road, beloved of lovers, new pines, in place of the old, give out the old pungent fragrance. New roads, where we never dreamed there would be any, are bordered with handsome villas, which seem unconscious of their newness. The old swimming pool in the shaded river with the "deep hole," which tempted little boys and girls beyond their depth, is deserted and the bathers go farther south.

The red schoolhouses, here and there, which gathered from the vicinity the neighboring youth have served their day and passed. One remains—a kind of memorial hall. Because one private citizen recognized the need of higher education we see the Richards High School building. No longer is it necessary for parents to send their children away from home to fit for college. Even more than for the High School building Youth and Age may unite in grateful remembrance of the donor, Dexter Richards, for the gift of the Public Library. In this pasture those of different tastes and needs, the learned and the untutored, may find what they seek; patient teachers who do not rebuke, companionship which never intrudes, fellowship of the like-minded, amusement to give wings to the hours which might go with leaden feet, and counsels of perfection.

The Newport we see today is, indeed, not the Newport which we remember—but there are the "things" that "do remain." We look afar to the everlasting hills and there round about are old Coit, Croydon Mountain,

Ascutney and Kearsage. How *can* they be so unmoved and we so changed! Here stand the churches—just where they have always been, as far back as most of us can remember—symbols of imperishable faiths.

We look in young faces and say: "How like your father!" or: "The tones of your voice are like those of your mother." We talk with grandparents and say "I should know you would think thus, on that subject."

So mingle our wonder and admiration for the new which means advance and the reverence and tenderness for the "excellent which is permanent."



Mrs. Mary H. Wilmarth

Newport was my home for a decade of years beginning in the first half of the last century, fraught with precious memories. They were, indeed, "happy years that fixed my choice" on what President Eliot calls the "durable satisfaction of Life." Personal attachments of *more* than life-long significance; the closest of "the ties that bind" leaving as inheritance a legacy of affection in younger hearts, which encompasses and irradiates these days for me. Here were opportunities which left no excuse for saying "If I had but had"—this or that chance—"I would have been more and done better." If there was little of Art here, there was the



Col. Seth M. Richards

glory of Nature to make the appeal to the love of beauty. Here were books and leisure to enjoy them. Although there was dearth of public libraries there were book lovers and owners who were generous lenders. Governor Metcalf used to say "any one who wanted them" might borrow his books, only if they did not return one volume of a series he wished they would come and take the remaining ones. There were teachers who furnished stimulus and direction to their pupils, pastors who shepherded their flocks with devotion. Among my teachers was the late Hon. Levi W. Barton, and during one winter the Rev. Mr. Cummings led me through the Eclogues of Virgil. I remember how it thrilled me—when he showed me the passages in the fourth Eclogue from which it was thought the Pagan poet had wrought a prophecy of the coming of the Messiah. I by no means undervalue the privileges enjoyed in one of the red schoolhouses with an adored teacher who communicated her love of Wordsworth, and her interest in history.

There was—here still remains—a friend, who, for me, set the Earth, and all that on it is, in a new relation to the Universe by what she said of astronomy. Here was—here is today—having come hither for this reunion with her children and children's children—the first poet I ever knew whose fancies, serious and playful, took form in rhyme and rhythm; whose tender consolations were offered in a chalice of verse, as her blessed father's were in prayer and visitation.

I called my astronomer Frank Carr, my

poet, Martha Chapin. They bear other names today, those of their successful woovers.—Porter Claggett and Daniel Wilcox.

Here was my story teller, who could always make the story as long as the road we walked; another who knew the flowers of the field and the ferns of the wood and where to look for the maple tree which put out the branch that would first turn scarlet and herald the advancing autumn. Here was a cartoonist who could tell his story with facile pen equal to the best of them today; he was as willing to do it for watching children as for the public press. These names are coined on marble headstones now—their memories as indelibly on the hearts of those whom they gladdened as they passed along.

Except from books I never heard of a dependent poor family nearer than the Sandwich Islands, nor of a criminal nearer than—Boston—(with apologies to Boston be it said) nor of a delinquent child, not even of a truant. Errands of mercy were confined to those who were ill or bereaved.

In one humble home of three grown people two childless women added to the slender resources of a small farm by weaving on a hand loom, which was a wonder. Their house was half way between the homes of a group of five boys and the school to which they daily trudged on foot unless by happy chance they caught a ride. When winter afternoons were specially cold and bitter or wet and sleety those boys knew a big fire and warm welcome would be waiting for them in that home and not unlikely a big pan of doughnuts. Even the cat here had

SETH M. RICHARDS, eldest son of Dexter and Louisa (Hatch) Richards, was born in Newport June 6, 1850, and died September 26, 1910. Colonel Richards was educated in the public schools, and at Kimball Union and Phillips Andover Academies, and, after a short term of service in a wholesale mercantile establishment in Boston, became associated with his father in the proprietorship and operation of the Sugar River Mills, of which he was, later, for many years, the manager. He also succeeded his father in his banking, railroad and other activities, serving many years as president of the First National Bank, as trustee of the Newport Savings Bank, and as a director in the Northern and Connecticut River Railroads. He was also president of the Newport Electric Light Co., and of the Newport Improvement Co. Colonel Richards was active in politics and public life, serving his town first as treasurer, and subsequently as a representative in the legislature of 1885. In 1887 he was appointed an aide on the staff of Gov. Charles H. Sawyer. In 1897 he represented the Seventh District in the state senate; in 1900 he was chosen a presidential elector on the Republican ticket, and was a member of the executive council in 1903-04. As was the case with his father, he held high rank among the enterprising business men of the state, and, in public spirit and devotion to the welfare of his native town, was surpassed by no man. He married, October 9, 1878, Lizzie, daughter of Oliver Farnsworth of Boston, a granddaughter of Dea. Joseph Farnsworth of Newport, who survives him, with three daughters—Edith J., Louisa Frances, wife of D. Sidney Rollins, of Newport, and Margaret Elizabeth, who is now traveling abroad. Some years before his decease Colonel Richards erected a spacious and elegant residence on North Main Street, Newport, facing the Common, which is occupied by the family.

her own door which she could open at will and go in and out as she pleased.

The only charitable organization was the sewing society, where the ladies made garments for the foreign missionaries, and occasionally gentlemen came for supper and remained for a social evening. If it was sometimes suspected, and often true, that some went for the afternoon sewing that they might be in for the social evening, was it not natural? There were other occasions, with no pretence of charity, where mutual attractions had opportunities to develop. There were sleighing parties and coasting parties, and once—a ball. I remember only one. I have seen others since but none where men seemed to me more gallant or ladies more gay, or music more dance-compelling. There were parties for sugaring off in the Bascom's maple grove; late snow lingering on the ground; April skies sunny,—hot, the boiling syrup turned on snow, crystallizing crisp and clear into candy. I remember no dawning of the question of the relations between labor and capital except such as took the form of wondering where to find hands to hire when the hay was ready to cut or the grain to harvest. Everybody wanted hands at the same time—and there was no bureau of distribution of labor to forecast when and where the laborer should find his market place.

There were no Social Problems talked about, or recognized as such. Perhaps it was because recognition was lacking.

Personal retrospection, even with the oldest of us, does not reach half way back to the Charter Day we celebrate, or to the coming of those first families whose descendants keep in evidence their names among those "honorably mentioned." What our sires have told us projects little farther back. Beyond that we must ask the historian, who, like the able speaker of the day, by patient research and care in sifting evidence, reconstructs the past and sets it in the focus of his search light.

If we would set the Charter Day of Newport contemporaneously with other events on the page of history we find it was a century and a half after the Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock, that those pioneers who followed the blazed trail kept their Sabbath under a tree on yonder hill their first recorded act. Kilingworth, from whence they came,

was the home of Yale College before the college was permanently established in New Haven. Yale College was the mother of Congregationalism, that republican form of church government which quite fitted in with the political ideas of those who wished to substitute the authority of the community for that of the individual. It is easy to see that the heaven of Congregationalism came to town with the first settlers.

In 1761, the charter year of Newport, Louis XV in France was supporting his shameless extravagance by grievous taxation of his oppressed people, driving them straight to revolution, that after him must come wreck and ruin. In the mother country our Sovereign Lord, King George the Third, had but begun his long reign of sixty years—which for him were to end in madness after losing the greatest of England's colonial possessions. Willful, obstinate, headstrong, he would not listen to the voice of his people nor to the arguments of his wisest advisers. The Colonists were insistently declaring their ultimatum. "No taxation without representation!" Is it not remarkable that, seeing so clearly the principle for which they "fought, bled and died" the founders of the Republic should not have established it ineradicably in their form of government? Strange that so few of the states as yet adopt the principle in practice and that many legislators oppose it? "What sought"—what brought "they thus afar," those intrepid spirits who first made homes and found community of interest in this pleasant valley? Was it the lure of the wilderness to which many hearken though they walk the city streets? Was it the love of the primeval? New lands to subdue, cultivate and own? We know they must have been endowed with energy, fortitude and ingenuity, must have been confident of their own resources, ready to meet hardships, obstacles and emergencies.

With the conveniences to which we have become habituated it seems unendurable privation to be where tree must be hewn before shelter can be insured to protect from cold and storm, to be shut off from immediate communication with the larger world—without telephones or steamships. (It had been conclusively proven to the satisfaction of those who made the argument that no vessel could ever carry coal enough to take itself

across the ocean.) We are almost ready to count airships among our necessities—so convenient they will be as thoroughfares grow more crowded! Such an advantage over the enemy in time of war! Politicians tell us the best prevention for war is to be ready for it. We are not all convinced yet nevertheless.

In complacency with which we contrast the "Then and Now" and the achievements of the last one hundred and fifty years, let us not overlook the much in common between ourselves and the pioneers we commemorate. Let us remember that what we still call our best in literature was theirs also. All the Hebrew, Greek and Latin that we cherish

deport those who are likely to become a menace. Our ancestors were themselves the immigrants whom the Indians, if they had had foresight, might for the sake of their own race have wished to deport.

We may well be challenged and asked:

With all the modern inventions whereby we can circle the world as quickly as Puck could put a girdle around it, what have we done to bring separated nations to terms of Love, Joy and Peace with each other? What has been accomplished that men may live better in better homes? We must bear the self-accusation of admitting that labor does not yet receive the minimum wage which allows the masses to live in self-respect-



Richards High School

and pass on to our children—which includes all we call our Sacred Scriptures; the "wells of English undefiled," Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, Steele; Defoe's immortal Robinson Crusoe, Bunyan's Pilgrims Progress, the Wesleys and Whitefield, men of Oxford learning and impassioned piety; Watts to write the hymns they sung and we repeat, and many, many more.

Is ours all the gain? They had slavery. We have abolished it; at least we no longer buy and sell negroes but we have not yet given them a fair chance. They had isolation and loneliness, we have slums, and crowded tenement houses, built so high and close together that air and sunlight cannot find their way in to the lowest stories. We look askance at immigrants and hurriedly

ing decency, to have the leisure for ministering to or enjoying other than physical needs. We still have little children working day and night in mills because new inventions of machinery enable the children to put their deftness in the place of mature strength. Still, little children disport themselves upon the theatrical stage, wasting their youth that their winning graces may amuse the tired business man, as weary at the end of a long day in his counting room with dictating and telephoning and managing as men were aforetime who followed the plough and drove oxen. We are to draw our hope today not so much from where we find ourselves as from the direction in which we are facing, and the leadership we are following.

We of the twentieth century are giving

supremacy to science, as they of the eighteenth did not. The early colleges of New England had no place for it in their curricula. We have used the accumulation of scientific conclusions for the revolution of industrial methods. We are going to widen the field for its application, and learn from laboratory experiments how to prevent the inception of epidemics which those who preceded us bore in humble patience as a dispensation of Providence. Statistics are proving the waste of war. Social science points the way to social reform. We are learning that it is dangerous to act without knowing—and immoral to know without acting on what we do know. That way lies atrophy for the moral sentiments.

All the agencies which act for bringing men more quickly into communication are so many conduits for extending the last discoveries of what makes for good. When we have learned what these are, let us adopt them with the strength of purpose, the moral courage, the fidelity to conscience, the application of theory to practice, which were the fundamental characteristics of the founders of Newport.

Frank O. Chellis, Esq., a prominent Newport lawyer, was introduced as the next speaker. He said:

Speech of F. O. Chellis

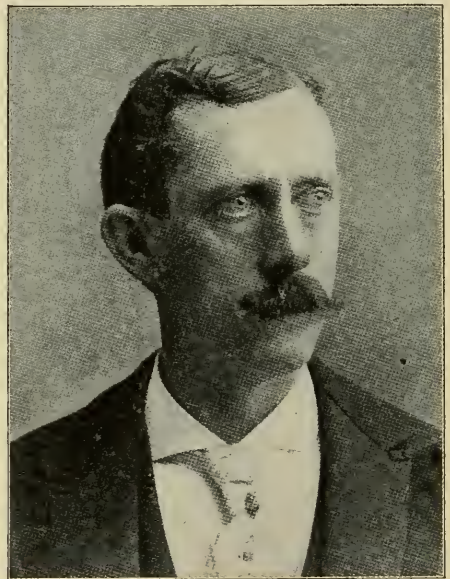
Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I was about to quench my thirst (holding a glass of water in his hand) with this pure water, but no joy or privilege shall be mine this day which is not yours. If each of you held a glass of this water in your hands we would drink to each other's future health and happiness. As it is we will simply look upon it and wish each other every joy and success that life can bring; pledge ourselves anew to all those we love and honor, and consecrate our lives to all that is good and true in this beautiful world that God has dedicated and consecrated to all his children.

There is always one occasion when I wish I were a woman, and that is when I am called upon to make a "five minute speech"; for we all will admit that the average woman can say more in five minutes than the average man can say in half an hour. There is this compensation, however, when such a limit is placed on

my time, the audience always greets me with a smile.

During the past weeks I have heard some of our townspeople remark that they thought it very foolish to spend so much time, energy and money in preparing for this celebration. But is there a Newport man or woman within the sound of my voice, who, after seeing and hearing what has occurred even up to the present time, now feels that we have been too lavish with our money or too free and liberal with our labor and energy? Indeed, who is there among us whose heart does not beat with pride as he hears the words of commendation



Frank O. Chellis

and praise that come to us on every hand from relatives, old friends and acquaintances, and even strangers who have come to enjoy that generous hospitality and that royal welcome that we have all made such efforts to give them?

We certainly have no regrets for our labors and we rejoice because everyone seems to fully appreciate what we have done.

I believe the success of this celebration is typical of the success that has come to the people of Newport, as individuals and as a community, through all the years that are past. The men of this town have generally been prosperous and successful because they have been men of push and hustle. The

town has prospered because as a community it has possessed this same spirit and energy, and the one great lesson that we would draw from the occasion is, that all success, all power, and all eminence is attained only by hard, earnest, persistent effort.

"The heights of great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upwards in the night."

Every evening of his perilous journey across the pathless ocean, Columbus is said to have written in his journal these simple but sublime words, "This day we sailed westward, which was our course."

When the Alps stood in the way of Napoleon, he declared, "There shall be no Alps!" and he built a road over those mountain heights.

This is the spirit and energy, I say, that has characterized the men and women of Newport. It has transformed this land from a wilderness to a community that enjoys all the comforts and blessings of modern civilization; it has planted along the banks of this stream the mills and factories that contribute so much to our material prosperity; it has erected the substantial business blocks and hotels that so well mark our thrift and industry, and which are the admiration of all strangers; it has raised the splendid school houses, church edifices, public library, town hall and the other public buildings; it has built the elegant residences of the wealthy and the neat and comfortable cottages of the laboring people, which adorn all our streets and render Newport one of the most beautiful villages in New England.

It has laid out and beautified our public parks and pleasure grounds, and this reminds me that on this day, on this very spot, along the banks of this stream where Eastman, the hunter and trapper, came, and who, the historian tells us was the first white man to behold the beauty and loveliness of this valley, that same spirit, energy and far-sightedness is *laying the foundation of an institution*, which, in my judgment, is destined to make Newport famous far beyond the limits of our own state.

I need not tell you that this institution is none other than Newport's new Recreation Park and Playground. And what an auspicious occasion for the dedication and conse-

cration of an institution of this character!

Here is where Newport's future life, energy, health and happiness is to be conserved and preserved; here is where childhood is to frolic and play in sunshine and joy; here is where youth is to grow strong and manly in the engagement of innocent sports and pastimes; here is where manhood is to gain respite from toil and labor in diversions that bring joy and happiness, and here is where the aged are to find rest in witnessing the pleasures of youth.

Let us then build it in a manner worthy of its high purposes; beautify and adorn it with what is beautiful in nature and art, and, above all, let us throw around it every safeguard essential to its highest success, and then, so long as this stream shall carry the waters of the lake to the Connecticut and old Croydon shall lift her crowned head into the blue of the heavens, so long will our children and our children's children rise up and call us blessed.

Rev. George F. Chapin of Saxton's River, Vt., born in Newport May 26, 1836, a son of the late Dea. David B. and Zeroiah (Farnsworth) Chapin educated at Kimball Union Academy and Amherst College (class of 1860), was next introduced, and spoke substantially as follows:

Remarks of Rev. George F. Chapin

Mr. President, and Friends of Newport:

I esteem it a great honor, as a son of Newport, to share in this celebration.

Last evening on the streets the throngs of people gave expression to their excess of joy in a wild tumult of noise. My blood thrilled as I listened to the jubilation of the bells. I said to myself that is good. Let the people shout for joy.

Today, in more thoughtful mood, we recall the lives and deeds of the fathers.

The historian has most fittingly mentioned the fact that the first comers into this valley gave their first Sabbath to the worship of God. A still more impressive statement has been made, which I believe to be true, that no Sabbath in all the one hundred and fifty years has passed without public worship. These facts are worthy of mention.

In the early days the people earned their bread in the sweat of the brow. As compared with the present the people of that early

time were poor. There was small margin between the income and outgo. It demanded economy and earnest toil on the part of parents to support and educate their families.

That these men and women of almost



Rev. George F. Chapin

a century ago should build the old South Church—still the ornament and pride of this village—stands a noble monument to their reverence for God and to their devotion to His worship and service.

It would seem most appropriate that these Christian ideals, so finely characteristic of that former generation, should find their renewed and enlarged expression in the lives of the men and women of today.

"Lest we forget!"

I thank you again for this great privilege.

Mrs. Mary M. Sibley, of the Board of Education, and a leading member of the Newport Woman's Club, was the next speaker. She said:

Address of Mrs. Mary M. Sibley

Robert J. Ingersoll once said, "When you go home, go like a ray of light, so that, even in the night, it will burst through the doors and windows and illuminate the darkness."

On the faces before me, I see such a light. In the voices around me, last night, I heard merriment. Why should you not be joyous? The one hundred and fifty years of your history have been years of achievement. The spirit that brought your ancestors up through the wilderness has been transmitted to you, their descendants.

How nobly did those men of old respond to their country's call in the Revolutionary War! By their aid was fought the Battle of Saratoga, one of the fifteen decisive battles of the world. And why decisive? With that victory was born the Independence of the United States of America! A band of women many times larger than our standing army is a living monument to their heroism.

Again, in the great civil strife, Newport's men rushed to battle, with the solid north. The Union was preserved. They need no monument to perpetuate their heroic deeds for they are writ in blood.

War is an incident of the past with us but we have problems before us that require as stout a heart and as firm a hand as those battles of old.



Mrs. Mary M. Sibley

Let every one during this celebration proclaim with a loud voice the noble deeds of those men and women of old who made it possible for us to enjoy these beautiful vales, the the shining waters, the glorious hills and

mountains of this God-given land, the fairest on all the earth!

Rev. Sheridan Watson Bell, a Methodist clergyman of Cincinnati, O., whose wife is a daughter of John Gunnison, a prominent Newport citizen, and who spends his vacations here, was next called upon by the president. He responded as follows:

Address of Rev. Sheridan W. Bell

Mr. Chairman:

I was not born in Newport nor has it ever been my home. I did not enter this particular sheep fold by either of these doors but climbed up some other way and own myself a thief and a robber. I am a cavalier and an invader.

This day belongs so entirely to those natives of this town that I should hesitate to use the minute allotted if it did not carry the privilege of representing a considerable number of men who like myself first learned in this town that fear of a woman which is the beginning of discretion. Every man of us will say, "Here I found and married the sweetest woman in the world."

I remember hearing Hon. George A. Sheridan say that while once on a speaking tour in the South he was entertained at the home of the grandfather of all the Sheridans and being proud of the family name he thought he could trace his ancestry a little, but he had not read far into the big book before he found that seven of his ancestors had been hanged for treason in the great Rebellion and he stopped looking.

The adopted sons of Newport have preferred to be ignorant of any gruesome mysteries that might be hidden in the ancestral records, and have been content to accept your assurances of royal lineage and the highly honorable character of their ancestral inheritances. And we realize how amazing our good fortune has been as we listen to this recital of honorable deeds and the roll of great and good people. The past is certainly secure, but we have had neither part nor lot in it. With its future, however, we are involved and we want to do our part. Our one word then concerns that future.

Mighty changes are taking place in the life of our great country. Mightier than

we perhaps realize. Some of the foundations are being moved. Things upon which many in an earlier generation depended are swept away. The passion of our time for reality is forcing new standards upon us. A new aristocracy is forming. It is the aristocracy of effective people. There is little respect for blood, no matter how blue, if it runs foul. The aristocracy of the dollar is waning. That of culture demands a serviceable ideal. Inheritances are not to rest upon, but build upon. It is not enough that some one of the name we bear lived and wrought well in his day. Our time demands that one must have worth in himself and win his own standing ground.

When Theodore Parker made his first visit to Cincinnati he said he made a great discovery—that while the aristocracy of Cincinnati was unquestionably founded upon pork it made a great difference whether a man killed pigs himself or whether his father had killed them. The first was Plebian the second Patrician. It was the difference, Parker said, between the "stickums" and the "stuekums" and his sympathy was with the present tense.

Our age sympathizes with the present tense.

These changes effect our social order. At heart they are economic but they involve our political as well as our industrial life. Today's *Boston Herald* refers to the fact that Lafollette sits in Fries' chair and comments upon it as a sign of the change that has taken place in the Senate. It is wider than the Senate. It is a national movement, neither sectional, partisan nor factional. We may not like it, but it is coming in like the tide. And it ought to be no small pride to the people of New Hampshire that the industrial energy and patriotism that here overflowed and gave themselves to the building of mightier empires than that from which they went forth, are now beating their way back. Eastward the star of democracy takes its way. Two great and seemingly opposed principles that are fundamental to a republican form of government are working together as never before—the concentration of responsibility in administration and the recommitment of power to the hands of the people. To guide these movements that aim at the larger socializing of our order, and the preservation of the principle of essential democracy, will require

courage and patriotic wisdom equal to the best that our fathers showed. It is our spirit and our ability to read the signs of the time that is challenged. It is for the present generation to say whether the principles that under girded and made possible all we celebrate today are vital and powerful still and represent the majesty of its will.

Following Mr. Bell, Frank C. Crowell, a native of Newport, long resident in California, was introduced as the one who had come farthest of all to attend the celebration. He expressed his heartfelt pleasure in being able to visit again the scenes of his boyhood life, and to renew old associations. He had already found over forty of his old schoolmates, he said, and had arranged for a reunion the following morning (which was held) and closed with a hearty invitation to all to visit the Pacific Coast on the occasion of the great Panama Exposition of 1915, at the "Golden Gate."

Rev. John H. Blackburn, pastor of the Baptist Church of Newport, was the next speaker. He said:

Address of Rev. J. H. Blackburn

Mr. Chairman, Fellow Townsmen, and Friends:

On this historic occasion I am pleased, as the senior Protestant pastor of the town, and the pastor of the senior church of the town, to bring you a word of hearty greeting. It is peculiarly fitting that in the celebration of our one hundred and fiftieth anniversary the religious institutions of the town should be heard from, for the founders and forefathers of our town were devoutly religious, and, if we may judge from the number and variety of religious organizations that have been at work in the town down through the years, their descendants have also been men and women of religious faith and devotion. The first settlers were Congregationalists, who, arriving on Sunday, hallowed the day and the place by meeting for worship out under the green trees and the blue skies. From that first Sunday down to the present no Sunday has passed without the observance of religious worship. Four years after the arrival of the little group of Congregationalists, a company of Baptists settled in the northern part of the town. These

latter were the first to organize a church, although not the first to hold religious meetings. The Baptist Church of Newport and Croydon was organized in May, 1779, and was followed by the organization of the Congregational Church of Newport in October of the same year. Thus for 132 years these two churches have ministered to the people of this good old town. Other churches have come in later to assist in meeting the religious need of the people, so that we may safely say that Newport religiously has not been neglected.

It is not only fitting, moreover, that the religious institutions of the town should be heard from in connection with this celebration because the people of Newport have always been religious, but also because there is a close affinity between religion and much that this celebration stands for. We are celebrating not only our one hundred and fiftieth anniversary, but also observing our Old Home Week; and are seeking not only to recount our material progress and prosperity, but also to strengthen the ties that bind us together in helpful association, and to deepen the spirit of public and neighborly interest that goes a long way toward making life in the community glad and wholesome.

With such aims and endeavors as these the church is in close sympathy. These after all are the things that are most worth while. And in common with numerous other organizations and agencies the church is trying to make a larger place in life for these very things. This is not all that the church works for, it has in addition to this a unique ministry, but here it finds a basis for coöperation with a variety of agencies which are seeking to enrich life. We commend to you who are gathered here for the present celebration the cultivation of those kindlier qualities, those fraternal and neighborly feelings, those sentiments of love and loyalty to birthplace, early associations, and relationships which the observances and exercises of these days are well calculated to strengthen and develop. Our celebration shall, indeed, be fruitful if we come out of it stronger in these qualities.

Rev. James Alexander of Boston, a former pastor of the Congregational Church, was next introduced and spoke briefly, voicing his satisfaction in being able to participate in the festivities of the occasion, and indulging in

pleasant reminiscences of the days of his ministry in town.

Mr. Franklin P. Rowell, long prominent in public and mercantile affairs in town, was called up, as one from whom a word was necessary to make the day's programme complete. His remarks in full are not available, but his text was "Love"—love to God and our fellow men, which alone, he contended, shall be able to solve the great questions that are now before us for settlement. Cherishing this sentiment of love, we should also be



F. P. Rowell

moved by the spirit of gratitude to the Almighty for all his mercies bestowed upon us. Finally he expressed the hope that before another celebration of this kind is held in town, the good Christian people in its midst will unitedly see to it that the saloon, the greatest curse of any community, is driven out forever. "Love for old Newport; love to God and our fellowmen should be our watchword as we go from this place," he repeated in closing.

Judge J. M. Barton was the last speaker.

Judge Barton's Address

Mr. Chairman:

It is especially gratifying to be afforded such an occasion as the present on which to enter my protest to the cheap talk that has been spread broadcast throughout the country to the effect that the present population of New Hampshire is a race of degenerates.

A few years since, *Collier's Weekly*, whose editor has a summer home in the Cornish Colony, contained an article written for political purposes, which offered the following in explanation of the ignorance and servility then existing in the Granite State: "Years ago the brain and brawn of New Hampshire migrated to Massachusetts and the West, and the weaklings who remained have intermarried."

With the sentiment of these lines for a text, a representative of the Cornish Colony traveled North, South, East and West telling the really good, bright, intelligent people of America what stupidity and ignorance prevailed in our fair state, and with what splendid, unselfish purpose and high resolve, he had undertaken the Herculean task of our regeneration. Of course those of us who really lived in New Hampshire and knew the slanderous character of this attack lost little sleep over it, but those of you who lived far away were not a little disturbed by these words of alarm, sounded in your ears in the manner above described. Some of you went so far as to write home inquiring if it were really true, what you had been reading in the speeches and interviews emanating from the summer colony at Cornish. This celebration of our one hundred and fiftieth birthday must certainly free your minds from any and all misgivings, which till now may have annoyed you, in regard to the intellectual and moral condition of the taxpayers in New Hampshire who do not live in the state for style or recreation only; for it speaks eloquently of our commerce, manufactures, art, education and religion, and tells you that our hospitality stops not short of extravagance, and that our good will and cheer are unconfined.

Let me charge you, as you love your birthright and these hills among which as boy and girl you ran and played, cover all America with a story told with tongues of fire, that shall consume these false reports and permit New Hampshire to stand forth in the front

rank with her sisters, as she has long since been entitled to, with not a cloud of suspicion on her fair name.

I can not close without mentioning the name of a family which for years has been inseparably bound up in the welfare of Newport. You know before I speak the name that it is Richards.

Hon. Dexter Richards gave us our library and endowed it so that it can never cost the town a dollar; he gave us our high school building which is a model in appointment; and his benefactions in a hundred ways that survive his decease will continue bless-



Hon. Jesse M. Barton

ings to the citizens of Newport for years to come.

Hon. Seth M. Richards was a worthy son, and in many ways excelled his father in munificence. He had a most delightful personality and bound men to him with bands of steel. He was too big a man to harbor grudges against any one, yet he fairly loathed those characteristics which make the carper and the whiner. He loved Newport almost as dearly as life itself, and never ceased to devise ways and means to make the town a more attractive place in which to live. It is scarcely too much to say that for years before his death he alone kept Newport on the map. No enterprise

whether for sport or business ever asked in vain for his assistance. The poor always found in him the good Samaritan. His name and memory will live for generations as an inspiration to manliness and right living.

But not complete would be the remarks on this occasion, if no mention were made of the munificence of Mrs. Seth M. Richards, who is so generously carrying out the work of her late husband. She has provided the play grounds on which we are assembled, in the development of which, as outlined by a previous speaker, the people of Newport, young and old alike, will secure advantages never dreamed of by you and me in our childhood. What a splendid undertaking on the part of Mrs. Richards and how worthy it is of the influence in which her life has been cast!

The programme of the afternoon was brought to an end by a charming vocal solo by Miss S. Annie Davis, teacher of music in the public schools of Lynn, Mass., Mrs. Herbert F. Barry acting as accompanist. Miss Davis is a native of Newport and a graduate of its high school, as well as of the Salem (Mass.) Normal School, the American Institute of Normal Methods and the New England Conservatory of Music.

The special feature arranged for the entertainment of the people Tuesday evening was a vaudeville exhibition in the big tent, free to all, the same being presented by the famous Billy B. Van and the Beaumont Sisters, reinforced by other talent, which, notwithstanding a drizzling rain which somewhat marred the pleasure of the occasion, was attended by a crowd that packed the tent to its full capacity.

On Wednesday morning occurred the grand automobile parade, about fifty cars in all being in line in two sections, the first including touring cars and the second runabouts, Fred Gamash being chairman of the committee in charge and leading the parade which passed up Sunapee Street, down Cheney and Grove, back to Main and thence to the playground. In the first class the

first prize for the most artistically decorated car, was awarded to Harry W. Kendall. The second prize in this class went to Lyman L. Barker. In the second class L. G. Ross was accorded first prize and Samuel H. Edes second. More than three fourths of the entire number of cars were decorated, many of them most elaborately and the parade, as a whole, was a most pleasing and brilliant affair.

The afternoon programme of Wednesday covered a wide variety of athletic sports on the playground with many spirited contests and ample prizes, the Sullivan County Y. M. C. A. having general direction. A baseball match between the Newport and New London teams, won by the former in a score of 6 to 5, rounded out the programme.

Concerts by both the Newport and Bellows Falls bands were enjoyed from 7 to 8 o'clock in the evening, and the festivities closed with a dance in the big tent, participated in by as many as the broad floor space admitted and continuing until midnight, music being furnished by Wheeler's Orchestra of Bellows Falls.

It is safe to say that the net result of this three days' celebration by the town of Newport of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its charter and the twelfth annual recurrence of "Old Home Week" in New Hampshire, was a complete success. It was a demonstration of genuine public

spirit never surpassed by any town of its size in New Hampshire or any other state. Practically the entire population, not only of the village but of the surrounding rural districts, worked heartily together for the success of the affair, and all may well take pride therein. It cost much in time and money, and if the former were reckoned in dollars and cents at ordinary day wages, \$10,000 would be a low figure for the actual expenditure. And yet for advertising purposes alone, no better investment could have been made. A great proportion of the people of Sullivan County and hundreds from other sections of the state, aside from the many returning sons and daughters of the town from all parts of the country, were in attendance at one time or another, if not during the entire celebration, and the hearty welcome and generous hospitality with which they were greeted will not soon be forgotten; and what is held in memory to the credit of a town, as of an individual, is held to its lasting advantage. The town of Newport occupies a prouder position on the map of New Hampshire today than ever before.

NOTE.—The publisher is under obligations to Olin H. Chase and Samuel H. Edes for courtesies extended in making the illustration of this article. In the preparation of the historical address frequent reference was had to the history of Newport by Col. Edmund Wheeler, and J. W. Parmelee's historical sketch of the town in the Sullivan County history.

FRIENDSHIP

By Georgiana Rogers

If you want a friend, *be one*,
That is straight common sense—
Be true to yourself and your friendships
And not always astride of the fence.

CHARLES E. HURD *

By James Riley

Who holds the golden scales and weighs,
His country's finer thought,
And gives uncertainty its praise,
Lives in the jewel wrought.

So lived this man to ripened end,
Truth's conscientious part;
And Kindness with him walked to lend,
Her cheer to many a heart.

His East and West was one long scroll!
A watchfulness for Dream!
Correcting untried pens that Soul
Might onward live and gleam.

He was the watcher from the tower,
That saw what passes thought;
The tale that slowly comes to flower,
The poem all unsought.

The gold found mid the scatterings,
He pointed out to him
Who heard within the song that sings,
But outward formed the dim.

There watching for Creation's line,
He lifted high the mark;
The promise of the undelved mine,
In stone that gave the spark.

God's bounded whole! His earth, wave, blue!
The line that blends to line;
Was all he dreamed, or thought, or knew,
Leaping the Me and Mine.

Responsive to the bard's own breast,
He oped Song's airy halls;
That one more lyre might leave it blest,
Where Melody enthralls.

Such was the measurer of the morn,
This watcher of the flight;
This man whose life was to adorn,
His Duty's golden height.

* Born Croydon, N. H., June 15, 1833; died at Boston, April 21, 1910. Was Literary Editor. Boston
Transcript for thirty years.

THE REVOLT OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

Royal Government Vanishes—Popular Government Evolves

By Elbridge Drew Hadley

The Revolution in that colony was chiefly political and was bloodless within her borders, although her sons fell on every considerable battleground of the war as far south as Virginia.

The devastations of Red-Coats did not lay waste the fair settlements of New Hampshire nor drench her hill-sides and productive valleys in the blood of martyrs to liberty; but popular government was not born without labor and pains, courage and fortitude and the employment of wisdom of the highest order and consummate state-craft.

Royal government in New Hampshire did not abdicate without protest by officialdom or without all the obstruction to popular government which was dared by the handful of zealous loyalists, who were not cowardly.

The patriots of no colony were quicker to apprehend the trend of events, the danger to their liberties and the necessity for action than were the patriots of New Hampshire; nor were any gifted with greater courage or a prompter activity, or actuated by a higher motive, in maintaining their rights and guarding against the dangers of the hour. Witness the words of John Sullivan and John Langdon, delegates to the Continental Congress, in a letter to Matthew Thornton, president of the Provincial Congress, dated June 20, 1775: Speaking of the unnatural conflict pending, they said "But when we consider it not of our own seeking, drove by the sons of Tyranny and Oppression, to the sad alternative of being made slaves, or appealing to the sword in defence of our just liberties, we cannot but think we shall stand justified before God and man, in vigorously seizing the latter." To

defend their liberties was a part of the religion of these times noted for piety of the people.

The story of the vanishing of royal government and the evolution of popular government is told in the history of the last two royal assemblies at Portsmouth and the contemporaneous provincial congresses which met at Exeter and evolved into a full-fledged state government.

The government of New Hampshire under the Kings of England consisted of a governor appointed by the King, a council of royal appointment, and a House of Representatives elected by the people at uncertain periods, when they were permitted by the governor to elect representatives. It was a miniature "King and Parliament," the Council standing for the British House of Lords, and the House standing for the British House of Commons, the two bodies being collectively called the Assembly. "Belknap's History" and the "Provincial Papers" quote credible authorities who state that out of twelve members of the Council, ten were related to the governor by blood or marriage, very nearly combining Governor and Council in the person of Governor Wentworth and his family. The governor was a scion of a very influential family of note in both America and England. In England there were earls, marquises and lords on the family lineage book.

It is needless to relate that prior to May, 1774, the chronic contention between England and her American colonies had reached a crisis when Parliament enacted and George III. approved the Boston Port Bill, and the ferment among the people generated by that ill-starred legislation had resulted in a heat danger-

ous to the peace between agents of royalty and the freedom-loving citizens of this colony.

In this state of the public mind Governor Wentworth's Royal Assembly met April 7, 1774, at the Province House in Portsmouth, and the House of about thirty members elected Hon. John Wentworth, of Somersworth, a distant cousin of the governor, speaker. The session proceeded with monotonous routine until the 28th of May, when the House appointed Speaker Wentworth, Samuel Cutts, John Giddings, Clement March, Josiah Bartlett, Henry Prescott and John Pickering to be a committee "to correspond as occasion may require with the committees that are or may be appointed by the several Houses of Representatives in our sister colonies and to exhibit to this House an account of such proceedings when required."

Also the House "Resolved and voted that the Speaker of this House be directed to answer such letters from time to time as he may receive from any of the Houses of our sister Colonies relative to the aforesaid difficulties and to assure them that this House is ready to join in all salutary measures that may be adopted by them at this important crisis, for saving the rights and privileges of the Americans and promoting harmony with the Parent State."

These acts of the House were ominous mutterings of a coming storm which the governor must prevent if possible. He sent his deputy secretary to adjourn the House to Monday, May 30th. This date he sent one of the Council to adjourn the House to June 3rd. On that date his deputy secretary appeared and adjourned the House to the 6th of June. On the last named day, he sent his deputy secretary to adjourn the House to June 8th. When the 8th of June arrived, the deputy secretary appeared and read the following gubernatorial order:

"Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen of

the Assembly: As I look upon the measures entered upon by the House of Assembly to be inconsistent with his Majesty's service and the good of this government, it is my duty, as far as in me lies, to prevent any detriment that might arise from such proceedings. I do, therefore, dissolve the General Assembly of this Province and it is dissolved accordingly.

"J. WENTWORTH."

Province of New Hampshire,
Council Chamber, 8th of June, 1774.

The hope of the governor that by dissolving the Assembly he had cut off that pernicious agency for agitation along the lines of opposition to the royal authority, the Committee of Correspondence, was a vain hope. The members of the dissolved House met again in session in their own chamber until the governor went among them with the high sheriff and forbade their meeting, after which they thought it prudent to meet in another room, which they did and concerted measures as effective as those assigned to the Committee of Correspondence.

The governor thought to rule the colony as long as possible without calling the Assembly together, dangerous as he had found it, and it was eleven months, lacking four days, before he faced another colonial assembly which, elected at his behest, met at the Province House, Portsmouth, May 4th, 1775. Meanwhile events had been moving on apace in the colonies in general, and in New Hampshire in particular. The members of the House dissolved June 8, 1774, met and wrote to every town of importance in the province and requested them to send deputies to hold a convention at Exeter, July 21, who should choose delegates to a Continental Congress to meet at Philadelphia in September and to raise their proportion of two hundred pounds expense money for the delegates according to the last proportion of the provincial tax. They

recommended a day of fasting and prayer to be observed on July 4th. On the appointed day of meeting, July 21, 1774, eighty-five deputies met at Exeter and chose Nathaniel Folsom and John Sullivan delegates to the congress proposed to be held at Philadelphia the following September. They listened to the reading of the letters passed between the Committees of Correspondence of Massachusetts and New Hampshire; they chose Hon. John Wentworth, Hon. Meshech Weare, Col. Josiah Bartlett, Col. Christopher Toppan and John Pickering as a committee to instruct the delegates to the General Congress and gave the committee power to select other delegates if those chosen were providentially prevented from attending. The names of the deputies to this convention or congress cannot be found. It was not unwise to avoid a dangerous publicity. But how the names of the delegates to the Continental Congress and this Committee of Correspondence appointed before the dissolution of the convention tower above all their New Hampshire contemporaries!

The General Congress met at Philadelphia September 5, 1774, with John Sullivan and Nathaniel Folsom in their seats representing the freemen of New Hampshire. What they did is history.

A second convention of deputies from the towns assembled at Exeter. January 25, 1775, the journal of whose proceedings in full has not been found nor the names of the deputies in attendance. This convention selected John Sullivan and John Langdon to represent New Hampshire in the Continental Congress to meet in Philadelphia, May 10th. They appointed a committee to call a Provincial Convention of deputies when public affairs, in their judgment, should require it. They provided for a committee of correspondence and issued a stirring address to the people of New Hampshire and adjourned.

The first and second provincial conventions or congresses heretofore mentioned confined their action substantially to the selection of delegates to the Continental Congress, a temporary, tentative, consulting body like themselves, and did not assume legislative functions. But the time was approaching with giant strides when a like body must act for the welfare of the people and the defence of their liberties.

The pages of history are full of the story of Lexington and Concord and the events of April 19, 1775, and the rallying of the freemen which converted the territory contiguous to Boston into an armed camp of patriots, among whom were perhaps two thousand men of southeastern New Hampshire. Two days later, on April 21st, a third provincial convention or congress was in session at Exeter, with sixty-seven delegates present from thirty-five towns, pledged by vote that the transactions be kept secret. There is some obscurity as to the manner in which this convention was summoned and delegates chosen. No general election could have been had in the intervening one day. A letter from the convention to the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts dated April 26th, says, "The provincial committee upon this alarm immediately called a special convention of delegates from the nearest towns to consult with the Committee." Judge Potter, in his *Military History of New Hampshire*, says, "Runners were sent by 'the Committee to call a Congress' to the several towns in the province to send delegates to a convention to be held at Exeter on the 21st to consult for the general safety." On the 25th, forty-one additional delegates joined those already assembled. These lists contain such names as Matthew Thornton, Meshech Weare, Josiah Bartlett, Wyseman Claggett, John Pickering, Nathaniel Folsom, John Waldron, John Wentworth, Enoch Poor, Joseph Cilley, William Whipple and others equally renowned.

This congress avoided the exercise of legislative functions, unless the appointment of Nathaniel Folsom to command the troops "who have gone or may go from this Government to assist our suffering Brethren of Massachusetts Bay" was such a function. But they recommended many measures of prime importance and deferred positive action for the Provincial Congress already called by the Committee to meet the 17th of May. The date of the final adjournment of this convention is not certainly known, but the fragmentary journal preserved and incorporated in his work by the editor of the Provincial Papers of New Hampshire, shows that the session lasted to the 2nd of May.

The personnel of the members of the Third Congress is evidence of the great ability represented in its membership. It is somewhat strange that Belknap, in his history of New Hampshire, does not mention the Third Provincial Congress.

The governor wrote to Lord Dartmouth after he had dissolved the Assembly June 8, 1774, "All the usual and necessary business of the Province was completed, that no detriment can arise from my delaying to call an assembly in expectation that a few weeks will convince those who may be members, of the imprudence and error of measures that tend to weaken and subvert the subordination of the Colonies."

The governor had so successfully managed the sending of the two cargoes of tea consigned to Portsmouth in June and September, 1774, to Halifax, that the affair redounded to his credit. But his zeal in trying to secure workmen to aid General Gage to build barracks in Boston for those hated instruments of tyranny, the British soldiers, raised a storm about his ears which left his popularity in tatters and loaded him with obloquy. Then his official and officious efforts to bring to condign punishment the men who, in December, captured the Fort William

and Mary, emptied its magazine and carried off a large part of its armament, brought the detestation in which he began to be held to fever heat and nullified his former influence with the patriotic people of New Hampshire. The Tory followers of the governor were so insignificant in numbers as to be treated as a negligible quantity, in the main.

At this critical time, amid the echoes of Lexington and Concord, and the cannonading of the tyrant's minions at Boston, the governor summoned a new royal assembly which met at Portsmouth, Thursday, May 4, 1775, with thirty-four members of the House present from thirty-two towns (not including three that were expelled). The personnel of the members is as follows with the towns from which they came:

TOWNS	NAMES
Somersworth	Hon. John Wentworth
Portsmouth	Mr. Jacob Sheafe Woodbury Langdon Capt. John Langdon Otis Baker, Esq. Capt. Caleb Hodgdon
Dover	Capt. Josiah Moulton
Hampton	Josiah Moulton, Jr.
Hampton Falls	Meshech Weare
Exeter	John Giddings Col. Nath'l Folsom
New Castle and Rye	Henry Prescott Samuel Jenness
Kingstown	Col. Josiah Bartlett
Newington	Maj. Richard Downing
Stratham	Stephen Boardman
Londonderry	Stephen Holland
Greenland	Col. Clement March
Durham	Ebenezer Thompson
New Market	Col. Joseph Smith
South Hampton	Eliphalet Merrill
Chester	John Webster, Esq.
Plaistow and Hampstead	Mr. John Calef
Salem and Pelham	Jacob Butler, Jr.
Hollis	Col. John Hale, Esq.
Merrimack	Capt. Jno. Chamberlin
Nottingham and Litchfield	Wyseman Claggett
Kensington	Maj. Nath'l Healey
Rochester	Dea. James Knowles
Amherst and Bedford	Paul D. Sargeant
Barrington	Mr. Joshua Foss
Winchester	Col. Sam'l Ashley
Keene	Capt. Isaac Wyman

Charlestown (Expelled)	Mr. Elijah Grout
Plymouth	Col. Jno. Fenton
Orford	Israel Morey
Lyme	Green

On the appointed 4th of May, a number met and were adjourned to the 5th at eleven o'clock in the forenoon.

The Assembly met accordingly the forenoon of the 5th. The oath was administered. The House was informed by the same four members of the Council who administered the oath that it was the pleasure of the governor that they proceed to elect a Speaker and present him for approbation. They elected unanimously that ardent patriot, John Wentworth of Somersworth, and the election was approved by the governor. The Speaker and all members were required to attend upon the governor and having waited upon His Excellency in the Council Chamber, he made his official speech. He said among other things: "On the wisdom, candour and moderation of your deliberations it will greatly depend to avert the calamities that must naturally attend a continuance of this unhappy contest."

There was a pathetic appeal to "ties of kindred, religion, duty and interest, for loyalty and attachment to the 'best of sovereigns' and 'regard for the British Empire'." The machinery of a royal colonial government was thus installed, its parts adjusted and treated to the gubernatorial lubrication, but would it work? With all the members of the House, save perhaps one, of the new political faith, the governor must have been sanguine to the degree of foolishness to believe he could influence that body of men to a reconciliation toward their oppressors. An obstacle to harmony presented itself the same day in the appointment of a committee to consider petitions complaining of the admission of the members from Plymouth, Orford and Lyme, as illegally elected. A stalwart commit-

tee was given the matter in charge. The Speaker, Mr. Giddings, and Mr. Langdon were appointed to ask the governor for a short adjournment. The governor demurred. The House insisted—they must consult their constituents—and the governor yielded, and on the 6th of May adjourned the Assembly to June 12th. This was a fine stroke of policy for the patriots. The Provincial Congress would meet long before that date and the members of the Assembly who were members of the Congress would take part in its proceedings and not before that adjourned day would it be necessary for the House to break with the governor.

During the interval between the adjournment of the Assembly and the date to which the adjournment was taken, June 12th, the events of the Revolution did not cease their resistless onward march. On the 17th of May, the Fourth Provincial Congress met according to call, at Exeter, more than one hundred towns being represented. This congress at once assumed legislative and executive powers of the highest order. They took steps to arm the province; to organize a military force; to consider ways and means for the support of such a force; to appoint a committee of safety for the province; to try and punish Tories; to commission officers of the New Hampshire Army; to raise money for all purposes of the government of the province, and did not shrink from assuming all governmental powers, even the issuing of (paper) money, one of the highest functions of government. They took up the matter of the illegal election of members of the Portsmouth Assembly from Plymouth, Orford and Lyme, and resolved "That it is the opinion of this congress that the persons called and elected as aforesaid ought not to be allowed a seat in the House of Representatives of this colony."

This action and the reception their objections met at the hands of the Portsmouth Assembly proved

the cross on which the governor's authority was crucified. But on the 10th of June, having clothed the president of the congress with the power to "sign all needful papers, in particular commissions for officers in the army of the colony," virtually making that official, governor of New Hampshire, the congress at Exeter adjourned to June 27th. This adjournment gave those numerous members who were also members of the House of the Portsmouth Assembly opportunity to sit in that body on the date of its next meeting June 12th, by the adjournment of the governor. Whether or not this adjournment of the Congress was timed with this design, the writer does not hazard an opinion, but it would now be thought good politics and might have been in 1775.

When the Portsmouth Assembly convened on June 12th, "there being but a thin house," it was adjourned to the 13th. This day the committee "appointed to consider the matter respecting the admission of members called in from the new towns by virtue of the King's Writ, made report as on file, which being read and considered, and after debate thereon, the question was put whether the members returned for Plymouth, Orford and Lyme should be admitted to a seat in the House." The record adds, "It passed clearly in the negative." Thus they were expelled and it was demonstrated that the Provincial Congress not only was all-powerful in the province, but controlled the Portsmouth Assembly and compelled the expulsion of these members.

On this same 13th of June, one of the expelled members, Col. Fenton, of Plymouth, accounted a loyalist, expressed himself in a manner distasteful to the patriots in hearing and a mob gathered and pursued him so hotly that he took refuge in the governor's house. The governor sought to protect him and refused to surrender him to the mob, who threatened the governor's

house with a cannon aimed point blank at the mansion. Fenton relieved the governor by surrendering himself.

The governor then fled to Fort William and Mary with his family for protection behind its walls and under the guns of the frigate Scarborough anchored in the harbor. Thenceforth while he remained in the province, the few official transactions of the vice-regal head of the province were conducted from this place of safety.

When the adjourned day of the Assembly, July 11th, came around, his deputy secretary appeared and adjourned the (few members having met) Assembly to the 12th—on the 12th to the 13th—on the 13th to the 14th. On the 14th a committee was desired to wait on the treasurer of the province and get an accounting. They reported that that officer stated that he was ordered by the governor not to lay before the House his accounts till the House "determined on a message he had to lay before the House relative to dismissing some members." The message came, calling on the House to rescind their vote excluding the three members. In the afternoon an answer was sent to the governor by a committee consisting of Col. John Langdon, Col. Josiah Bartlett, Dr. Ebenezer Thompson and Meshech Weare, in diplomatic language reaffirming their position. On the 17th, the deputy secretary adjourned the House to the 18th. On the 18th of July a message from the governor of a very argumentative character but temperate language adjourned the House to the 28th of September. This was his last message.

On the 24th of August he sailed to Boston on the frigate Scarborough. On the 21st day of September he appeared at Gosport on the Isles of Shoals and issued a proclamation proroguing the Assembly to the 24th of April, 1776. This Assembly never again convened. Royal power in New Hampshire had really ceased

to exist when, on the 28th of May, 1774, the House of the Royal Assembly cast their lot with the other colonies and resolved to enter into correspondence with them. The dissolution eleven days later only deferred the open rupture. The power of the popular will grew and became bolder until the Fourth Provincial Congress in May, 1775, assumed full control of the affairs of the province, a control this and succeeding provincial congresses never laid down until the government of the Constitution made New Hampshire a state and the validity of its acts has ever been conceded, unauthorized as it was by any authority but the untrammelled will of the people.

The effort of the writer has been to bring out something of the dramatic situation in New Hampshire when the royal power was vanishing and the power of the people was being invoked and developed into a

model government "of the people, by the people and for the people."

If we think of the Portsmouth Assembly and the Exeter Congress as legislative bodies sitting only fifteen miles apart, rivals for success and victory in the determined political contest going on, the situation may seem yet more dramatic. But a careful examination of the dates of the sitting of these two bodies shows that at no one time were both in session, although from May 17, 1775, for a time both were existing organizations. The Portsmouth body was only theoretically in existence after July 18th, while the Exeter Congress sat until November 15, 1775, and through its wise and determined action the power of the people was developed and directed and a model popular state government was evolved.

DES MOINES, IOWA.

AFTER A WHILE

By Maude Gordon Roby

When I'm dead I'll wander back again to haunts that once were dear,

And those that love me true will heed my call;

For the Soul whom Death releases shuffles off his chains of fear,

And the terms of "time" and "place" no more enthrall.

To the old home on the hill-side will I bend my willing feet

And the ox-eye daisies—they will welcome me:

The blind watch-dog will whimper, and 'twill be like music sweet,

To the one who drifted far, far out to sea!

When man dies they say: "He's silent." But Death cannot change the Soul,

And like Peter Grimm I'll come when twilight falls.

I will stifle your wild grieving and rebellious tears that roll,

While I walk with you my own ancestral halls.

It is true, with Death we hasten to that land beyond our ken—

But I neither fear my Pilot nor the way.

Then remember, my beloved, I'll return to you again

And you'll know me, as the sunshine knows the day!

THE ISLES OF SHOALS

Address at the Meeting of the Piscataqua Pioneers Association
at the Shoals, August 15, 1911.)

By J. M. Moses

We meet today on our oldest historic ground. "It is history that all through the sixteenth century, the British, Hollanders, French and Portuguese sent vessels across the Atlantic to fish in the waters" of the New England coast. As these islands have been called the best location in America for carrying on fisheries, it is not likely that the sixteenth century adventurers neglected them. In 1623, according to Christopher Leavitt, the harbor was visited by more than six fishing vessels at a time.

We do not find historic mention of the islands till the seventeenth century. Capt. John Smith discovered them in 1614, named them for himself, and claimed proprietorship. Writing afterwards, he described them as "a many of barren rocks, the most overgrown with such shrubs and sharp whins, you can hardly pass them, without grass or wood, but three or four short, shrubby old cedars." This description contradicts itself, as mere rocks do not grow an impassable thicket of any kind of shrubbery. It is a description of sprout land. What forests there were had been ravaged for many years by the fishermen, who had to have lumber for landings, camps, fishing-flakes and fuel. It is to be supposed that the islands, when first visited, had as heavy a growth of forest as the soil would support; and there was more soil then than now. Forests existed on many other parts of the New England coast, where, after devastation, they were not able to renew themselves.

Without claiming that families were permanently settled here as early as at Hilton's or Odiorne's Points, it is clear that these islands

took the lead of the coast settlements in business. Their harbor became the entrepot for fish caught in other parts of the Gulf of Maine; also for commodities from the main land, such as furs, lumber, clapboards, and pipe staves. From here these products were exported to the countries of Western Europe, and, in return, European manufactures were brought here, as a center for distribution to the inhabitants on the coast. This was the point from which vessels sailed most frequently; to which passengers came for embarkation. News from Europe would reach the Shoals first, and go thence to the main land. This was the case with the news of the execution of King Charles, in 1649.

The islands became a little Venice for such commerce as existed in the Gulf of Maine, and, north of Massachusetts, took the lead in civilization and culture. This was the case two hundred and fifty years ago. Many of their citizens were good livers, in good circumstances for their time, as is proved by their probate records. They had an academy that was patronized from the shore towns. Courts were held in a courthouse on Halcy's Island. Religious worship, at first of the Episcopalian order, was maintained in a chapel on Appledore before 1640. With the Massachusetts jurisdiction, Puritan worship was installed, and continued to the time of the Revolution. Some of the pastors were eminent for culture as well as piety, and were appreciated by their people. This was the case with Rev. John Tucke, who was pastor for about forty years, just before the Revolution. He is said to have been learned in geography and history beyond most of his con-

temporaries, also skillful as a physician, benevolent, affable and greatly beloved. His son, John, was the first pastor at Epsom.

The Shoals were always at great disadvantage from their scanty soil and deficient water supply. As the coast settlements became strong enough to defend themselves against the Indians, the island declined in relative importance, and their leading men left them for Portsmouth and Kittery. This was done by William Pepperell, the Cutts, Hunkings, George Vaughan, Nathaniel Fryer, and others, all of whom had lived first at the Shoals. Still, a very respectable settlement continued here through the colonial period.

I will not occupy your time in reciting history that has been so beautifully written by John Scribner Jenness, Celia Thaxter and others, which you can all read at your leisure, but will close with an enquiry suggested by this history, and by the signs of the times.

In looking on this desert, in place of what was once a prosperous town, are we looking on the future of the rest of rural New England?

The abandonment of the Shoals was for a special reason, but the same result is coming about in other places. Already there are old towns on the main land, that are about as deserted as these islands. Three-fourths of the towns of New Hampshire are declining in population and prosperity. A town that once had 2,200 people now has less than 800. It has lost half its people within the last thirty years. This is only an extreme example of the general tendency in the agricultural towns.

Curiously, the last census claims an increase in value of the New Hampshire farms, while showing that they have declined in number, acreage, and amount of production. The valuation is a mere estimate, or opinion, and seems inconsistent with the facts reported. The explanation may be found in the classification adopted, by which considerable city

and suburban property has heretofore been included under the term farm. I am speaking of rural conditions, not of city gardening under glass, nor of city dairies or henneries, supported on purchased feeds. I have not heard that country farms are more in demand, or are selling at higher prices, than ten years ago but the opposite seems to be the truth.

The farming towns, including some within easy driving distances of cities, are steadily going the way that the township at the Shoals has gone, and for reasons that are perfectly plain. Oppression has produced, and is likely to continue, this decline. For the farmer there is nothing but increasing oppression in prospect, from towns, state and nation. The only exception to the last statement is the extension of rural mail delivery. In taxation, in tariff protection, in exposure to wild beasts, protected to prey on him, the farmer's interest is always thrown away, in the interest of anybody and everybody else that can get a pull on the legislature. Courts will find a way to protect monopolies that prey on farmers, while attempts at combination by farmers may expect to be found illegal. And if legal, they are generally impracticable. "Acting as an isolated unit, the farmer feels the squeezing power of the trusts on either side. The prices of his machinery and tools are artificially raised by men acting as a unit. The price of his product is artificially lowered by men acting as a unit."

Meanwhile city journals, state colleges, boards of agriculture, and other preachers of righteousness, acting in the interest of the consumer, bestow unlimited preaching on the farmer. "Produce, produce, produce," they all chant in unison. "Produce more, that you may get less for it, so that things may be plenty and cheap for us." This last said under breath. Then, in full fortissimo, "Young man, stay on the farm." And "City man, go back to the farm."

These preachers know better than to attempt to convince capitalists, with brains, of the profitableness of New Hampshire farming. They know better than to invest themselves. Their efforts are bestowed on the young, the inexperienced, and the simple-minded. They victimize a few from other occupations, most of whom learn their lesson in two years, and leave the farm sadder and wiser.

Young men go where it is for their interest to go, and it is not to, but away from the farms. These are mowed and pastured to exhaustion, and bushes and forests cover the land. Then forest fires rage, with nobody left to fight them. No kind of legislation can prevent the starting of forest fires.

There are nations, like Germany, in which intensive cultivation of old

soils is made to succeed. They protect their farmers from competition with the exhaustive cropping of new soils, in new countries. The New England farmer, after being crushed for two generations by the competition of our own West, is in no condition to hold what is now left him, against the exhaustive cropping of the Canadian North-west.

It is because this is *not* a convention of farmers, that I have thought it worth while to present these facts, for our future reflection. It is for others than farmers to decide whether legislation shall be shaped so that the rural civilization of New England can be preserved, or whether it must pass away, and be succeeded by a desolation as real, if not the same in aspect, as that which we here behold.

AU REVOIR

By Stewart E. Rowe

Gone is the winter, bleak with wind and snow,
 Yes, gone somewhere, we know not how or why;
 Gone is the spring, when all things start to grow:
 For just like us, the seasons live to die.
 And summer-time is here with all its glow
 To grant us joy and make us cease to cry—
 Yes, make us feel, although we do not know,
 There is a better Land beyond the sky.

And as upon vacation's trip so grand
 You gayly take your bright and happy way,
 May health and joy and rest go hand in hand
 And make for you, My Friend, one dear, sweet day;
 Then as the summer dies at autumn's door,
 May you return and be with us once more!



NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

EDMUND S. COOK

Edmund S. Cook, city solicitor of Concord, died July 14, 1911. He was the son of Charles H. and Jennie L. Cook, born at Lyndonville, Vt., March 30, 1872, and educated in the public schools of Lyndonville and Concord, to which city his father removed while he was quite young, and at the Lyndonville Academy. He studied law with Hon. John M. Mitchell of Concord, was admitted to the bar in 1897, and immediately commenced practice in Concord, where he continued, being elected city solicitor in 1900, which office he held till death.

He was active in politics as a Republican, and was a leader in the so-called "progressive" movement, being an original member of the Lincoln Club organized in 1906. He was chairman of the Republican State Committee in the last campaign, and one of the counsel for the special committee on railroad rates of the last legislature. He was a young man of the highest character and had a promising career before him, when stricken by untimely disease. He was a Mason and an Odd Fellow, a member of Capital Grange, P. of H., and of the Wonolancet and Passaconaway Clubs of Concord. He leaves a wife but no children.

SAMUEL N. BROWN

Samuel N. Brown, born in Penacook July 17, 1844, died there July 21, 1911.

He was a son of John S. and Sophia C. Brown, and was educated in the public schools and at New Hampton Literary Institution.

He had fitted for college, but instead of pursuing the intended course enlisted in Co. D., Sixteenth Regiment N. H. Vols., for service in the Union army in the Civil War. He served through the Port Hudson campaign and after discharge of his regiment reënlisted in the Eighteenth and served through the war.

After the close of the war he was engaged for a time in his father's mill at Penacook, later was in charge of a mill in Memphis, Tenn., and subsequently was for a time a traveling agent for a mill machinery firm. From 1899 till 1902 he was agent for the Penacook mills. In the latter year he was chosen register of deeds for Merrimack County, which office he held till his decease. He was active in the G. A. R., and was a charter member of William I. Brown Post of Penacook.

RALPH E. GALLINGER, M. D.

Dr. Ralph E. Gallinger of Concord, physician for the New Hampshire State Prison, and one of the most promising young doctors in the state, was killed by the overturning of his automobile in Pembroke on Wednesday evening, July 12, 1911.

Doctor Gallinger was the second son of Hon. Jacob H. Gallinger, senior U. S. senator from New Hampshire, and was 38 years of age. He graduated from the Concord High School in 1891 and from Dartmouth Medical College in 1897, commencing practice in Concord at once. Soon after he was appointed physician at the State Prison and had continued in that position, to the full satisfaction of all concerned.

February 6, 1908, he was united in marriage with Dr. Jeannette King, a prominent dental practitioner of Concord, who survives him, with his father and one sister.

HON. GEORGE W. CATE

Hon. George W. Cate of Amesbury, Mass., judge of the Second District Court, died in that town July 28, 1911.

Judge Cate was a native of the town of Northwood in this state, born March 10, 1834. He fitted for college at Pembroke Academy, graduated from Dartmouth in 1861, studied law with S. G. Clark at Northwood and W. W. Stickney at Exeter and was admitted to the bar in the latter town in 1865. In 1866 he was a member of the Rockingham County Board of School Commissioners.

In 1866 he moved to Amesbury and was soon after admitted to the bar of Essex County, and later to practice in the United States courts. He was made a trial justice in 1876, and upon the establishment of the Second District Court in May, 1888, he was appointed to the judgeship, a position which he had since held. In 1878-79 Judge Cate was a member of the state senate. He was a delegate to the National Republican Convention at Chicago which nominated James G. Blaine for president. He was made a commissioner to reestablish the boundary line between Massachusetts and New Hampshire in 1885.

Judge Cate was one of the original trustees of Coe Academy at Northwood, N. H., a trustee of the Provident Institution for Savings at Amesbury, for six years chairman of the school board, and many years member of the board of trustees of the public library. He had always been active in the Republican party, and was president of the Amesbury Republican Club for several years.

HON. CHARLES E. HOWE

Charles E. Howe, born at Gonic Village, Rochester, N. H., January 27, 1846, died in Lowell, Mass., July 23, 1911.

Mr. Howe was educated in the schools of Gonic and Lowell, Mass., where his family had removed. He enlisted in the Union army at the outbreak of the Civil War, and served throughout, and continued in the regular army service as a hospital steward till April 4, 1867. He then went into business

in Chicago, but, after the great fire of 1871, returned to Lowell, where he engaged in the lumber business. He had served two terms as a member of the Lowell board of aldermen, and as mayor of the city in 1903-04, with great acceptance. He was a member of Post 42, G. A. R., the Union Veterans' Union, Vesper Country Club, Martin Luther and Pilgrim Commandery, Knights Templar, of Lowell, and of several clubs in Boston. A wife survives him.

ALBERT L. HALL

Albert L. Hall, long register of deeds for the County of Sullivan, died at his residence in Newport July 23, 1911.

He was a native of Blue Hill, Me., born July 17, 1839, but removed to Cornish in early life, where he enlisted in the Second N. H. Regiment in the Civil War. He was captured by the Confederates at the Battle

of Bull Run, and imprisoned at Andersonville, from which he was paroled in May, 1862, and discharged in July following. He settled in Lebanon after the war but removed to Newport in the early 70's where he ever after resided.

WALLACE L. DOW

Wallace L. Dow, born in Croydon, N. H., September 21, 1844, died at Sioux Falls, S. Dak., July 6, 1911.

In early life Mr. Dow was engaged with his father and brother in business in Newport, as a contractor and builder, the firm doing an extensive business throughout the state, the new State Prison at Concord having been built by them. Removing to South Dakota, he was largely employed as an architect and builder, making the plans for most of the state institutions, and numerous important buildings at Sioux Falls. He leaves a wife, daughter and two sons.

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER'S NOTES

The present issue of the *GRANITE MONTHLY* is presented as a double number, for the months of August and September, the arrangement being necessitated by the extent of the matter pertaining to the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the town of Newport, covering over forty pages and making the only complete account of that important historical event presented in any one issue of any publication. The number contains sixty-four pages in all, besides the frontispiece, making it fully double the size of the regular issue, and will be of special interest not only to all Newport people at home and abroad, but to all who take an interest in state history and biography generally. Copies will be mailed to any address for 20 cts. each, or six copies for \$1.00.

Old Home Week was observed throughout the state this year to about the usual extent. Some towns that have observed the festival in the past failed to do so, while some others not in the habit of so doing fell into line this year. The little town of Lempster, in Sullivan County, with less than four hundred people at present, but which has sent abroad a large contingent of the world's workers, is one of the towns that never fails in its observance. Wednesday, August 23, was the day set apart for "Old Home Day" there, and about 300 people, many from distant towns, and a number from outside the state gathered at Union Hall, Lempster "Street," for the customary reunion. Fred A. Barton presided, and addresses were made by Hiram Parker of Lempster, Dr. A. W. Mitchell of Epping, Dr. C. A. Allen of Holyoke, Mass.,

Dr. Levi C. Taylor of Hartford, Conn., Mrs. Louise Huntoon of Penacook, Mrs. Louise Adams of Derry, Rev. Nancy P. W. Smith and others.

Mrs. Georgiana Rogers writes from Brookline commending in strong terms the work of the New Hampshire Animal Rescue League, with headquarters in Manchester, and especially the untiring efforts of its agent, Clarence Hosea Sargent, who spares neither time nor labor to promote the work for the alleviation of the sufferings of animals, too often subjected to inhuman treatment at the hands of unfeeling men. Space forbids the publication of the communication in full, but the closing appeal to all citizens of the state to become members of the League by forwarding the annual fee of \$1.00 to the headquarters of the League, 852 Elm St., Manchester, may well be heeded by all. The object is a most worthy one.

In the death, at his summer home at Orford, of Associate Justice James B. Richardson of the Superior Court of Massachusetts, which will be noted more particularly in the Necrology Department next month, the Bay State loses another of New Hampshire's valuable contributions to the ranks of her judiciary, which have been many and great, as well as to the successful leadership in all professions and callings within her limits. Judge Richardson's death, also adds another to the remarkable list of judicial vacancies which Governor Foss has been called upon to fill.



HON. JOHN HENRY ALBIN

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. XLIII, No. 10

OCTOBER, 1911 NEW SERIES, VOL. 6, No. 10

LEADERS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

IV

John Henry Albin

By H. C. Pearson

All who are well acquainted with the history of the New Hampshire bar during the past forty years will agree that in a high place upon its roll of professional achievement should be written the name of John Henry Albin. And any publication which is endeavoring to summarize the careers of living leaders of the state must give early recognition to his record; not only because of his position and prestige as a lawyer, but also because of his extensive interests and influence in railroad and other business circles.

General Albin is of English descent, being the grandson of William Albin, who came from England to America in the latter part of the eighteenth century and settled at Randolph, Vt. He had five children, the third of whom and oldest son was John, named for an uncle. This John Albin, the father of the subject of our sketch did an extensive freighting business from Boston to Laconia and intermediate points in the days before the railroads came. He was an active, energetic and successful business man and a public-spirited citizen, a pioneer Republican in politics and an ardent abolitionist.

He married July 15, 1839, Emily, daughter of Judge David White, a leading citizen of Bow, and to them three children were born: John Henry;

Lizzie W., who married Brigadier General Northcott of the United States Army in the War of the Rebellion, and whose son is the present minister from this country to the republic of Colombia; and Charles Fremont, who died in infancy.

John Henry Albin was born at West Randolph, Vt., October 17, 1843. During his childhood days his parents resided at Bow and Concord, N. H., and there he obtained his early education, preparing at the Concord High School for admission to Dartmouth College. From the latter institution he graduated with honor in the class of 1864, receiving the degree of Bachelor of Arts, followed, in course, three years later, by the further degree of Master of Arts.

Mr. Albin made early choice of the legal profession as his life work and immediately upon graduation from college entered upon a course of study in the law office of one of the leading practitioners and jurists of his day, Hon. Ira A. Eastman of Concord, for some time a judge of the Supreme Court of the state.

In October, 1867, Mr. Albin was admitted to practice in the courts of the state and in April, 1868, his friend as well as mentor, Judge Eastman, recognized his ability, faithfulness and promise by taking him into

partnership. In December of the same year the late Samuel B. Page, Esq., removed from Warren to Concord and entered the firm, which at once took a front rank place among the legal partnerships of the day.

In this honorable and lucrative connection Mr. Albin continued until 1874 when the firm dissolved. He then entered into partnership with Hon. Mason W. Tappan, previously Member of Congress and afterwards attorney-general of the state. Other partners whom General Albin has had in more recent years have included Mayor Nathaniel E. Martin of Concord and William H. Sawyer, Esq., of the same city. And at times, for considerable periods, he has practiced alone.

Within the present year Mr. Albin has largely retired from the active practice of the profession with which he has been so long, so honorably and so successfully connected. He still retains some especial clients and causes and his familiar figure will not be entirely missing from the courts upon which for more than two-score years he has left the impress of his intellect and learning. But to a very large degree he is carrying out a definite purpose of laying down the burdens he has long carried of a large and important practice.

Mr. Albin entered the bar with an excellent equipment for its battles. His mind was broad, sound and well-balanced; his brain, keen, analytical and comprehensive. An excellent general education had placed a firm foundation beneath the special legal studies which he prosecuted with ardor under eminent tutelage.

As was to be expected, under these circumstances, his professional success was immediate and soon grew to be great. But this fact did not operate to make him relax his efforts or abate his labors. Throughout his career he has been a student and a worker, adding the knowledge of books to the valuable products of wide and close observation. His judg-

ment of men is intuitive and wonderfully correct and another factor in his great success has been his power of logical reasoning, calm, clear and candid.

Mr. Albin's law practice has been largely though by no means exclusively in the important field of corporation law, for which his training, experience and mental endowments have especially fitted him. But in other branches of his profession he has made a reputation of almost equal lustre. His conduct of the defense in several important criminal causes brought him fame, while his eloquence and lucidity as an advocate have made his services as much in demand for jury pleadings and for conduct of varied cases in trial courts as for the wise counsel of private practice and the learned exposition of the law before the highest tribunals.

While his devotion to his profession has been great Mr. Albin has not allowed it to absorb his entire attention, but has kept his life many-sided and broadly developed. Business life, political life, fraternal life, all have had their shares in his career, nor has he missed the pleasures of books, art and cultured society.

Always a Republican in politics Mr. Albin has given that party continuously faithful support and much active service and valuable counsel. In 1872 he was elected to the state House of Representatives from Ward Five, Concord, and served upon the important judiciary committee. Re-elected in 1873 he was made chairman of the committee on railroads; and in both terms was a recognized leader of his party on the floor of the House. In 1875, while a legal resident of the town of Henniker, he was chosen to represent that town in the legislature of 1876 and again served upon the principal committee, judiciary, with additional appointments as chairman of important special committees.

Mr. Albin was a valuable legislator, one of a type of which the state today stands in need; an industrious worker

an able, clear-visioned and successful leader. In more recent years the pressure of his professional and business duties have kept Mr. Albin from the prominent participation in public life which well might have been his; but now that he has secured in a measure a respite from these cares his friends and admirers hope that he will lend a favorable ear to the calls for his reëntrance upon the field of public service.

Outside of his legal reputation, General Albin is best and most widely known as a railroad manager. He took an early interest in the Concord Street Railway, became its president and principal owner, developed it to the point of successful and satisfactory operation and sold it to the Concord & Montreal Railroad, by whose lessor, the Boston & Maine Railroad, it is now operated. For the excellent service in this regard which the city of Concord and its suburbs enjoy, much credit is due and is generally given to Mr. Albin.

Mr. Albin has been much interested also, for a long time and is now in the steam railroads of the Connecticut river valley, in New Hampshire, Vermont and Massachusetts; being president and a director of the Sullivan County Railroad of New Hampshire; a director of the Connecticut River Railroad, a Massachusetts and New Hampshire corporation; and a director of the Vermont Valley Railroad in Vermont. The large place which these roads are likely to occupy in the future development and prosperity of New England are but another instance of the far-sighted wisdom which is one of Mr. Albin's characteristics.

Another side of General Albin's versatile and vigorous life is that which he has devoted to membership in fraternal orders. Almost forty years ago he became a member of Rumford Lodge, Number 46, Independent Order of Odd Fellows, of Concord, subsequently transferring his membership to White Mountain Lodge,

Number 5, in the same city; and during his residence in Henniker being one of the founders of Crescent Lodge, Number 60, of that town.

After filling the chairs in the subordinate lodge he was chosen representative to the grand lodge of this jurisdiction and there climbed the ladder of official succession until in 1879 he was elected grand master. In September, 1881, he represented the grand lodge of New Hampshire in the sovereign grand lodge at its session in Cincinnati, Ohio, and was a member of that body for several subsequent sessions, being a part of the time representative of the grand encampment and holding office for a term as grand warden of the sovereign grand lodge.

At the session held in Cincinnati in September, 1881, a committee of five members was appointed to prepare a degree for the Patriarchs Militant branch of the order. By the committee this work was intrusted to Mr. Albin who conscientiously devoted to it all his great ability, with most satisfactory results. The committee accepted his report as did the sovereign grand lodge, unanimously, at its session of the following year in Baltimore.

This committee was continued until the next session of the grand body, held at Providence, R. I., in September, 1883, when it was discharged. At the session of September, 1884, at Minneapolis, Minn., Mr. Albin was made chairman of the committee on patriarchal branch of the order, and at the same session a special committee was appointed for the purpose of making any revision that might be deemed necessary, so far as that degree was concerned; and also to report such legislation as might be necessary to carry it into full effect. Mr. Albin and two others were appointed on this committee, of which Mr. Albin was chairman, with instructions to report at the session of the sovereign grand lodge at Baltimore, Md., in September, 1885.

Mr. Albin was one of the founders of the New Hampshire Odd Fellows Home and served as one of its trustees until 1904, when he resigned. In all his fraternal work General Albin took and still takes great interest, and the order of Odd Fellows in state and nation owes him much for his devoted and valuable labors in its behalf.

Nor do the activities which have been mentioned exhaust the catalogue of Mr. Albin's interests. The son of a farmer, he always has had a fondness for country life and has realized the importance of agriculture as the basis of all prosperity. For a number of years he owned and carried on an extensive farm at Henniker.

The fact that his handsome Concord home shelters one of the finest private libraries in New Hampshire is another exponent of his varied and cultured tastes. Of distinguished personal appearance, General Albin first impresses one who meets him by the kindly courtesy of his manner. Later, as one becomes acquainted

with his mental processes, there is added to this feeling admiration for the power of his personality, the accurate precision of his judgment and his facts and the adequacy of their expression. "One of New Hampshire's really strong men" is the verdict often passed upon him by his contemporaries.

Mr. Albin married September 5, 1872, Georgia A. Modica of Henniker, who died July 31, 1902. Their children were Henry A., born February 5, 1875, and Edith G., born August 5, 1878. The former was educated at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Boston, and since has been engaged in railroad management in New England and the West.

The daughter is the wife of John H. Buck, a prominent lawyer who resides at Hartford, Conn.

On January 25, 1911, Mr. Albin was united in marriage with Ella Sargent Dickinson at Lowell, Mass., a lady of grace, intelligence and social charm fitting her husband's distinguished place in New Hampshire life.

OCTOBER

By Eva Beede Odell

Hail! all hail to thee, October!
Gayest month in all the year!
Welcome harvest, fruit and vintage,
Painted leaf and sky so clear!
Green with red and yellow blending
Make the earth a pageant fair.
O, the joy just to be living
In the crisp autumnal air!

Goldenrod and purple aster
Bright in roadside borders grow.
'Midst the dark leaves of black alder
Coral-red the berries glow.
All along the moss-grown fences
How the nimble squirrels jump!
They are hoarding stores for winter;
Filled with nuts their cheeks are plump.



Marlow Village

MARLOW ANNIVERSARY

Historical Address by Hon. Alfred F. Howard

Among the numerous towns in the State whose charters were granted in 1761, quite a number of which have formally celebrated their 150th anniversary the present year, is the little town of Marlow, in the northern part of Cheshire County, where such celebration was held on Thursday, August 24, in connection with the "Old Home Day" observance which the people of Marlow have held nearly every year since the festival was first regularly recognized, in 1899.

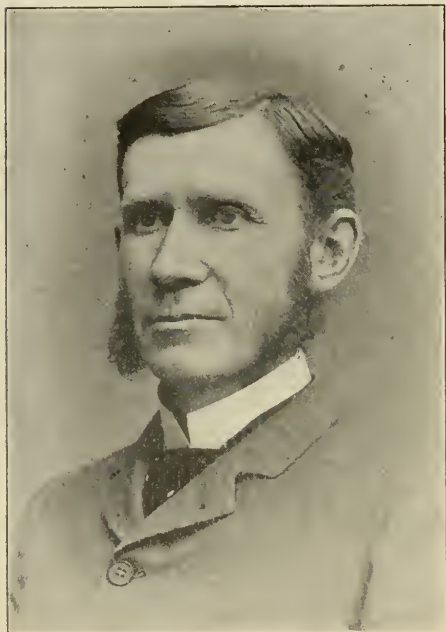
Marlow is unquestionably to be classed among the "hill towns" of New Hampshire, its lowlands being nearly 1000 feet above the sea level, while its greatest elevation is more than 2000. It is, moreover, distinctively a "back town," in that it is located more than 15 miles from the nearest railway station. While considerable manufacturing—mainly of leather, lumber, and various wood products—has been done within its borders during the greater portion of its history, its leading industry has always been that of agriculture. While few of its people have attained great wealth, prosperity has been the

rule among them, industry, frugality and stability being their leading characteristics.

The population numbered 207 in 1775, 313 when the first federal census was taken in 1790, and gradually increased till 1860 when it reached the highest point, there being then 813 people in town. Since then there has been a steady decline, until, at the last census, the population was returned at 425. This, however is 47 more than were returned for the town of Lempster which adjoins it on the north and is territorially larger. These two towns, which are somewhat similar in their natural characteristics, were classed together for the election of a representative during the early years of the present state government, 1804 being the first year when Marlow alone chose a representative, in the person of Elisha Huntley who had represented both towns in the previous legislature, and who was for several years subsequently chosen.

Both Lempster and Marlow were chartered in 1761, but the former held no special recognition of the anniversary. The latter took due note of

the same, the town having formally voted to observe it, and appointed a committee of arrangements consisting of Elgin A. Jones, present representative in the legislature, George F. Gee



E. A. Jones

and Perley E. Fox to carry the proposed action into effect.

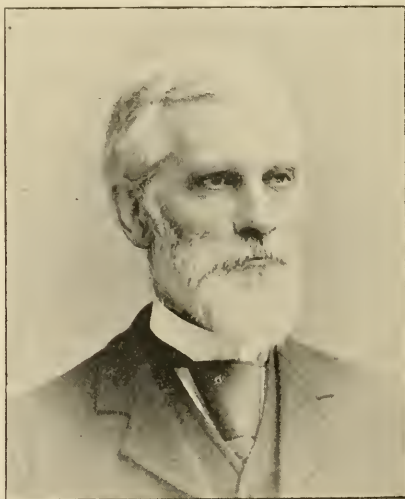
The attendance upon the occasion was larger than the present population of the town, large delegations from all the neighboring towns being present, and many natives and former residents from a distance. A free luncheon was served to all visitors at the noon hour, about 600 in all being fed at the several halls where tables were set and in the homes of residents.

The literary and historical exercises were held in Jones' Hall, which has long been the public meeting place for the town, and continued both forenoon and afternoon, Elgin A. Jones Esq., Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, serving as president of the day in a most acceptable manner.

The forenoon exercises opened with

prayer by Rev. G. J. Buckley, pastor of the Methodist Church, which is now the only one where regular services are maintained in town, although Baptist, Universalist and Christian churches have flourished here at different times in the past.

After appropriate introductory remarks by the presiding officer, Perley E. Fox of Marlow, Charles A. Perkins of Manchester, a native of the town, son of the late Dr. Marshall Perkins, and a member of the present state legislature; Dr. J. F. Butler of Spofford, also a native, now 80 years of age, and who has practiced his profession at Spofford for fifty-five years, and Hon. Geo. F. Tinker of New London, Conn., another loyal son of Marlow, were successively called upon and entertainingly addressed the audience, Dr. Butler's contribution being of the poetical order, and abounding in sentimental reminiscences; while Mr. Tinker spoke at considerable length, dwelling upon the character and characteristics of many notable old time residents of the town.



Perley E. Fox

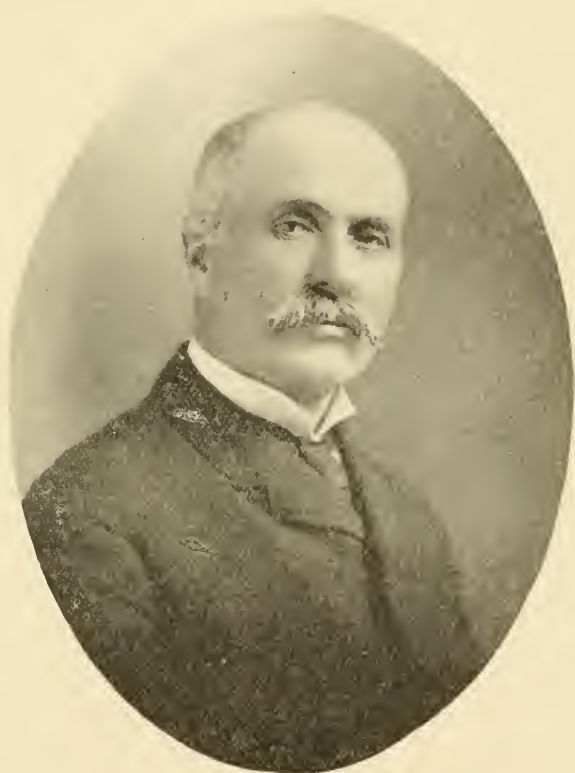
The afternoon exercises were opened by an address by Rev. J. L. Seward, D. D., of Keene, a native of the neighboring town of Sullivan, who was familiar with Marlow and

its people in his earlier years, and has often been heard by them, with pleasure. He recounted many things of interest concerning the town and was listened to with attention and delight.

After a brilliant vocal duet by Misses Weeks and Gee, Hon. Alfred F. Howard of Portsmouth, a native of

down that diminishing vista till we get to the beginning of things.

As in the case of many of the interior towns of New Hampshire, Gov. Benning Wentworth may be held responsible for our existence. It was on Oct. 7, 1761, that the doughty old governor, whose florid face and crim-



Hon. Alfred F. Howard

Marlow, in whose success the people of the town have all taken due pride, was introduced and delivered the following

HISTORICAL ADDRESS

A century and a half—what a long time it is to look back! Let us gaze

son coat may be seen today hanging on the walls of the state house in Concord—it was on that autumn day that he issued a charter to William Noyes and 65 associates, granting them the territory that we see around us. The original tract included 23,040 acres, and the projected settlement

Hon. Alfred F. Howard, of Portsmouth, was born in Marlow, February 16, 1842, a son of Ervin and Philinda (Simons) Howard. He was educated at Marlow Academy and the N. H. Conference Seminary at Tilton; studied law with the late Hon. W. H. H. Allen and Hon. S. L. Bowers of Newport, was admitted to the bar in 1863, and immediately commenced practice in Portsmouth which has since been his home. He was city solicitor from 1869 to 1871, U. S. Deputy Collector of Customs, in 1871 to 1872, and Collector for twelve years, till 1885, when he resigned and engaged with the late Hon. Frank Jones in the organization of the Granite State Fire Ins. Co., of which he is Secretary, and to whose business he has given his undivided attention. He has been an earnest Republican but he has never sought office at the hands of his party, and has declined repeated invitations to be a candidate for high position. He is a Knight Templar Mason and prominently connected with the North Congregational Church of Portsmouth. He married, in 1869, Eliza, daughter of Hon. Amos F. Fiske, who died in 1875, leaving one son, Arthur F., who graduated from Amherst College in 1895. Subsequently he married Miss Mabel Y. Smith of Willimantic, Conn.

was christened Marlow. But Marlow was not the only child that came into the world during that time. The royal magistrate never did anything by halves, and that year he brought



Jones Hall

forth no less than 77 other townships, 60 on the west bank of the Connecticut river, and 16 beside Marlow on the east bank. Granting so many charters over unknown and unsettled territory was the source of serious trouble later.

This prolific production was no doubt the result of the governor's great ambition to control as much territory as possible. The western boundary of our state was at that time undetermined. Nobody lived there but red deer and red Indians. Massachusetts wanted to lay hold of the country round about, but Gov. Wentworth knew that if he could charter towns and plant actual settlements, they would hold down the land till he could claim jurisdiction over it. Incidentally, it may be remarked that the governor always reserved a liberal slice for himself in making these grants. In case of our own town he cut out a nice little plat of 500 acres in the southwest corner.

We are not so fortunate as our

neighboring town of Henniker, to be the only one of our kind in the United States. There are three other Marlows in the country, located in three different states. We must look across the water for our nominal ancestor. There is a town in Buckinghamshire, England, five miles from Maidenhead, a town now containing about 5,000 population, called Great Marlow; and it is probable that some of our first settlers emigrated from there, reaching here by way of Connecticut.

It is one of the plagues of the historian that just as soon as he thinks he has a fact well established, some one arises and confronts it with an earlier fact which causes our first fact to take a back seat. Now 1761 is the real date of the birth of Marlow, as you see printed all around you today. But, as a matter of fact, there is a sort of shadow town that was laid out here eight years earlier. On Jan. 1, 1753, Gov. Wentworth granted this region under the name of Addison. When he issued the charter it is said that he did not expect an actual settlement to be made, but he just laid



Marlow Academy

it out on paper to keep Massachusetts from getting hold of it. Addison and Marlow are both good literary names; but for my part, I do not regret that Addison was still-born.

Most of the 66 grantees of the town-

ship of Marlow were residents of Connecticut, principally from Lyme and Colechester; but only three, so far as we know, became actual settlers. These were William Noyes, Samuel Gustin and Nehemiah Royce; and of these names, the foremost of the three is Gustin.

or records of deeds. It is probable he came from some adjoining town in Connecticut. Numerous deeds of land both from and to Samuel Gustin, Sr., and Jr., are recorded in that town. The first is to be found under date of 1734. The first deed given by Samuel Gustin after reaching Marlow was



Rev. Osmon C. Baker, D. D.

The records of our state library show that Samuel and John Gustin were brothers and came from Lyme, Conn., and that Samuel always remained single, but a recent search of the records of Lyme show there were two, Samuel Gustin, Sr. and Samuel Gustin, Jr., but no mention is made of John Gustin either in vital statistics

dated Sept. 29, 1766. It would seem to be uncertain whether it was Samuel, Sr., or Samuel, Jr., who became a settler here, but dates of deeds would indicate that it was the latter. He married Mary Tommas, June 1, 1741, and the records show the birth of nine children, the last occurring June 21, 1764. Records would also indicate

Rev. Osmon Cleander Baker who may well be designated Marlow's most distinguished son, was born in that town July 30, 1812. He was educated at Wilbraham, Mass., Academy and Wesleyan University; was instructor in Newbury, Vt. Seminary and afterwards president, serving ten years in all; entered active service in the Methodist Ministry as a member of the N. H. Conference in 1844, being located at Rochester; was Presiding Elder of the Dover District in 1846; a professor in the Methodist Biblical Institute at Concord from 1847 to 1850, when he became president of the same. In 1852 he was made a Bishop by the Methodist General Conference, serving with distinction till his death, December 20, 1871. Wesleyan University conferred on him the degree of D. D., in 1852.

that both were married and had families, instead of Samuel being single as stated in the New Hampshire records. The Gustins were large owners of land in Lyme, the most part being located in that part of the town known as East Lyme.

But the Gustin brothers did not long remain alone in the new settlement. Many of the paper proprietors sold their rights to men like Joseph Tubbs, Jasper and Nathan Huntley, and Elisha and Solomon Maek, also to others. Previous to 1767 no less

that was fast going to decay, but of fine architectural proportions, and some of the old crockery, furniture and other household articles, left as they had been used by the occupants, indicated that the house was formerly occupied by a family of some prominence.

The first known meeting of the proprietors was convened at the house of Benjamin Hyde, at Lyme, Conn., Nov. 24, 1764, when Jonathan Peck was chosen moderator and William Noyes clerk. The last meeting held



than fifteen families had placed themselves in this township.

In 1768 Rev. Ebenezer Maek was given one hundred acres of land by the Gustins on condition that he would settle in Marlow. He was a Baptist minister and preached to the people in the neighborhood for several years before a Baptist church or church of any kind was organized. According to one authority his old log house was succeeded in 1779 by a frame one, the second in town.

I have no doubt this is true. I well remember, when a small boy, going into an old house on the Maek farm

in Connecticut was in March, 1765, at the house of Marshfield Parsons. At this time John Mather, Martin Lord and Samuel Gustin were chosen proprietors' committee. The first recorded transaction in Marlow bears date of April 27, 1765, when a plot of seventy acres was laid out by the above committee. A town organization was effected in March, 1766, when Joseph Tubbs was chosen moderator; Samuel Gustin, clerk, and Joseph Tubbs, Samuel Gustin and Martin Lord, selectmen.

On June 15, 1768, a meeting convened at the house of Joseph Tubbs,

when it was voted to lay out a "rode" from the west side of the town toward New Concord and Limbrick (Stoddard), and one toward Keene. This was an important event and I can well understand how patiently and earnestly these old settlers must have

with forfeiture of charter because they had not complied with the provision whereby each one had agreed within five years to plant and cultivate five out of every fifty acres of land in his allotment "and continue to improve and settle ye same." A



John L. Jones.

worked to construct this long stretch of road.

While the early settlers were trying to cut their way through the forest, other troubles were brewing. In 1771 they got a summons from the governor at Portsmouth, threatening them

petition was drawn up, signed by six original proprietors and 29 owners of purchased rights, and they sent Samuel Gustin over to Portsmouth to negotiate. In this petition they state that the proprietors of Marlow have been "Thrown into the uttermost con-

sternation" on account of "Mason's patten." The owners of the latter grant had "caused this line of their patten to be run and ascertained, whereby it appeared that more than a mile in breadth through (our) town-

sadly situated, being taxed alternately by the towns, some years by both. Marlow claimed title to the land by priority of charter; Stoddard because it was bounded on the west by the "curve line," which line was the west-



ship was included in the patten aforesaid."

This was bad enough to have an overlaying claim a mile wide right through the town, but that was not all. There was no definition of the line between Marlow and Stoddard. The inhabitants of the "Strip," as the disputed territory was called, were

ern boundary of New Hampshire as conveyed to Mason by royal charter.

The boundary was not settled till long after the Revolution; and then the judgment was considered most unjust to our town. A remonstrance was presented to the general court at Concord, dated Marlow, June 4, 1798, signed by Elijah Frink in behalf of

the petitioners. This petition may be found on our town records, and the spelling contained therein is certainly unique. Persons now engaged in reforming the present method of spelling especially our ex-president of the

day; but it did not. What Marlow wanted was peace; instead, it got "peaces."

During the thirty years that this row about metes and bounds was going on, there was trouble about collecting



Hon. James Burnap

United States, would do well to consult this record.

The last petition contained spelling of the same character, but it made use of still more vigorous language, which demonstrated how serious the situation was regarded by the petitioners. This ought to have melted the hearts of the legislators of that

taxes and also about selecting a representative. Stoddard was not the only neighbor with whom Marlow quarreled. A petition dated Dec. 11, 1776, protests decidedly against "Cuppling of veraes Towns toGether in the western Parts of Coloney and allowing but one Representative to a Cuppling" and begging that warrants

Hon. James Burnap, a native of the town of Nelson, born September 6, 1816, a son of Pious U. and Sally Burnap, settled in Marlow at the age of twenty-one years, and engaged in the tanning business in company with his older brother, Josiah, whose interest he subsequently purchased. The business, in which J. M. Howard was later a partner for a few years became the leading manufacturing industry of the town, giving employment to a large number of men. Mr. Burnap was active in public affairs, serving as selectman, representative in the legislature, State Senator in 1876 and 1877 and member of the executive council in 1879 and 1880. He was president of the Guaranty Savings Bank of Keene, and a director of the Citizen's National Bank. He took much interest in agriculture, owning several farms, and was a member of the Grange as well as of the Masonic Order. He married Mary A., a daughter of Emerson and Delia (Way) Gilman of Lowell, Mass. He died at Marlow, October 28, 1894, leaving one daughter—Miss Sarah Abbie Burnap—now a resident of Keene.

be issued so each town may have individual representation.

Another petition, dated Feb. 3, 1778, winds up with the emphatic declaration: "N: B as marlow is the oldest Charter of any Town that Joins on it we think it very improper that other Towns Should InCroach on our Rights & Privileges &C." It is curious to note that in every one of these petitions in which the inhabitants of Marlow are so strenuously defending their dignity they write the name of their town with a small m, while they

Continental army, all members of the regiment of Colonel Bellows of Walpole. The names of all appear in the records to be found in the state library.

The Declaration of Independence created a third trouble for the towns in this neighborhood. The colonies were absolved from allegiance to British authority, and, inasmuch as these towns existed by virtue of royal charter, they were left in a "state of nature" when obligations to the crown ceased. The inhabitants of the



Ashuelot River and the Hills Beyond

refer to their neighbors in capitals.

It would seem as if Marlow had troubles enough of her own, but she was fortunate in one thing, she never suffered from Indian raids. She had hardly got on her feet as a town, however, before the Revolution broke out. In reply to an inquiry of July 31, 1775, Marlow sent word "There is Forty Seven men fit to Bear arms." This probably included all the adult males in town, because an inventory returned only two years before mentions only "thirty-four poles," or men of voting age. As a matter of fact, the town furnished 28 men for the

towns along the Connecticut had long been dissatisfied with the treatment received at the hands of the Continental congress in regard to their representation. Complaint was made that towns in the eastern part of the state, having no greater population than they, were allowed a representative, while here, several towns were classed together to send one representative. Marlow took action in remonstrating Jan. 11, 1776, by appointing a committee to act with committees from neighboring towns in relation to the matter.

On Dec. 11, 1776, a petition signed

by the committees from Marlow, Alstead and Surry, was sent to congress, and March 10, 1778, the difficulty culminated by these towns requesting their representative to withdraw. The matter is too long to enter into here and probably at this day few

miles of the river to send delegates to a convention to be held at Cornish, this town was represented. Contention and turmoil only resulted from these councils. Appeal was finally made to Washington, and through his influence the leaders of the revolt were



Hon. Amos F. Fiske

remember that we came near having a new state bordering on the Connecticut, made of those New Hampshire grants that felt they had no place in the territory dominated by Portsmouth and the aristocratic coast settlements. When the invitation was extended for towns within twenty

induced to yield; and the towns east of the river returned their allegiance to New Hampshire. By this action the Connecticut river became, as nature intended it, the permanent boundary between the adjoining states. The subject would hardly be worth dwelling upon except to show that

Hon. Amos Flagg Fiske, son of Jonathan and Sally (Flagg) Fiske, was born in Medfield, Mass., August 1, 1805. He went to Marlow in 1829 when he went into partnership with his brother-in-law, Francis D. Ellis, in a general store on Marlow Hill. In 1845, having become sole proprietor, he removed the store to the "Plains," now Marlow Village, where he continued in business through life, also taking an active part in public affairs, though not holding town office to any great extent as he belonged to the then minority party. He served upon the school committee several years, and was also postmaster. He represented the old Tenth District in the State Senate in 1863-4. He was for many years a director of the Keene National Bank. He was also prominent in the affairs of the Methodist Church of Marlow of which he was an active member and liberal supporter. He died January 6, 1873. Of his seven children, three daughters married respectively, Dr. Marshall Perkins, Perley E. Fox, Esq., and Hon. Alfred F. Howard.

history in the making is not so easy as history in the reading.

As the population of the state increased and communities became better acquainted, local jealousies faded into the background. During the war of 1812 Marlow furnished soldiers for the defence of Portsmouth. Those who enlisted were enrolled in the companies of Capt. Nathan Glidden and Capt. James M. Warner. The list numbers 17. Their names all appear in the state records.

The church history of Marlow is varied and interesting. Unlike most New England towns, the leading influence here had not been Congregational. The first church organization appears to have been Baptist. On

as the hero of the occasion amid great applause.

In the autumn of 1781 Rev. Eleazer Beckwith was settled, and a meeting house was built, which was set east of the Dr. Baker place on the north side of the road. For some reason the structure was never completed. The building was occupied some years as a church, then as a schoolhouse; but, going to ruin, it was finally sold to Dr. Baker and Samuel Richardson, each of whom from its timbers constructed a barn. These barns had been constructed long before I was born, but I remember the site of the old meeting house, and my father then owned the Samuel Richardson place, and the barn referred to was near our



I. O. O. F. Hall

Methodist Church

Jones Hall

Oct. 20, 1777, twenty-two persons joined the covenant of that society, which number was gradually increased until in 1800 there were 292 persons enrolled, including residents from all the adjoining towns. The first minister to have charge of the church in Marlow was Rev. Caleb Blood, who remained here for three years, or until the latter part of 1780.

In the war of the Rebellion, Marlow was well represented. The records show that 37 residents of the town enlisted and went to the front, while 28 residents sent substitutes. I well remember that Joseph Wetherby was the first wounded soldier to return to Marlow and at an amateur theatrical performance held in the hall connected with the hotel he was presented

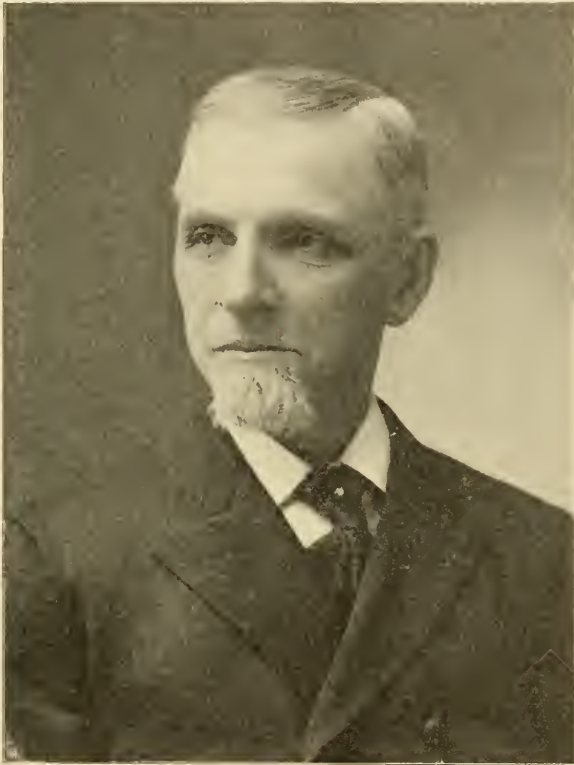
house and often mentioned as a relic of the old church.

Meanwhile a town meeting house was under way, which was begun in 1792. The town was asked several times to aid in completing it, but on account of the diversity of religious opinion, no money was granted and the proprietors, or pew-owners, finally finished the structure, though not till about the year 1800. In 1845 it was taken down and removed to the Plains, used for a while as a sort of Union church and finally for the town hall.

Elder Beckwith, as he was called, preached at the Baptist meeting house from 1781 till 1799, when he was dismissed and removed to Unity. He had charge there for a year, when he was again called to Marlow, this time to

the new or town meeting house, where he remained till 1806. I have recently had a very careful search made of the records of Lyme, Saybrook and Colchester, and find no mention made either of Elder Blood or Elder Beck-

seemed to have no settled faith. Finally a committee was appointed, one from the Congregationalists, one from the Baptists, and one from the Universalists, to procure a pastor; and in order to unite the divergent beliefs



Hon. George F. Tinker

with, and it is therefore fair to assume that they did not come from any of these towns.

During this period the Baptists were gradually getting into the minority, and Universalism was beginning to see the light. The town church

they chose a Methodist, Rev. Paul Dustin. Mr. Dustin was called April 28, 1807, and preached over the compounded—it is hardly right to say composed—church until the summer of 1810.

Up to 1880 no less than seven Meth-

Hon. George F. Tinker, one of Marlow's most successful native sons was born February 13, 1834. His parents were Nathan and Mary A. (Stone) Tinker. He was reared to farm life, but secured a good public school and academic education, teaching district school winters, while pursuing the latter. In 1855 he removed to New London, Ct., with his parents, and there his life has been passed. He engaged in the meat and provision business with his father, and has continued therein for fifty-five years. In 1880 he enlarged his business operations by establishing a broom factory which he has also successfully conducted to the present time. He is also prominently identified with the banking interests of his adopted city, having been for many years president of the Union Bank. He has been active in public affairs having been chosen to the New London Common Council in 1874, and subsequently to the Board of Aldermen; while in 1888 he was elected Mayor, serving three years. During his entire municipal service of eighteen years, he was not absent from a single session, or a single committee meeting. He also served in 1879 and 1880 as a member of the State Legislature, and was Chairman of the Committee on Banks during both sessions. Mr. Tinker is, and has been for many years president of the board of trustees of the Bulkeley High School, of the Corporation of the Smith Memorial Home, of the Young Men's Christian Association, Chairman of the Board of Management of the Memorial Hospital, and Superintendent of the Sunday School of the First Congregational Church.

odist ministers who had preached in Marlow had later become presiding elders, and some had achieved distinction in other lines.

But by far the greatest contribution of Marlow to Methodism was Bishop Osman Cleander Baker, one of the most eminent men that the church has produced. Bishop Baker was the son of Dr. Isaac and Abigail (Kidder) Baker, and was born at Marlow, July 30, 1812. He was educated at Wilbraham academy in Massachusetts and Wesleyan university in Connecticut. Beside filling pastorates in our own state, where he was presiding elder of the Dover district in 1846, he was professor and president of the seminary at Newbury, Vt., for ten years, from 1834 to 1844. He was professor in the General Biblical institute at Concord from 1849 to 1847 and president from 1849 to 1852. In the latter year he was consecrated bishop at Boston. He continued in active service for fourteen years, or until his health failed in 1866. He died at Concord, which had been his home for nearly a quarter century, on Dec. 20, 1871. Bishop Baker was a fine scholar, and possessed great energy and executive ability. He did vigorous work in organizing churches in the West.

In the matter of education the town began early; and in 1772 it was voted to have six months' schooling. It was also voted to build a schoolhouse which was to be placed near the old Mack mill place; this was never carried into execution. In 1794 five schools were established, all held at private houses, excepting the one at Baker's Corner, which was held in the old meeting house. In 1796 it was voted to build four schoolhouses, and these were probably the first temples of learning in Marlow.

The first academy or high school in Marlow was opened in 1838 by Rev. Giles Bailey, a Universalist preacher of Acworth, in the hall of Edmund Jones' hotel.

The number of doctors has been so

few that it speaks volumes for the life-giving qualities of Marlow air. Dr. Benjamin Hazelton was probably the first physician to settle in town; and, though the precise date of his coming was unknown, it could not have been far from the close of the Revolution. Isaac Baker was his student in 1790, and soon after succeeded to his practice. Doctor Baker settled in that part of the town which soon became known as Baker's Corner. He soon acquired a large practice and lived to a good old age, highly esteemed by the whole community. Doctor Baker was a prominent Methodist and he lived to see the early honors bestowed on his son, Bishop Osman C. Baker, previously mentioned. Doctor Baker was succeeded by his son-in-law, Dr. Thomas J. Stevens, who came to town in 1829 and settled on Marlow Hill, where he lived till 1838, when he moved to the Plains. In 1844 Doctor Stevens sold his practice to Dr. Reuben Hatch, and moved to Charlestown, Mass.

In 1850 Doctor Hatch was succeeded by Dr. Marshall Perkins of Croyden. As another speaker will refer particularly to Doctor Perkins I can only say that he was a man of high ideals, faithful and skillful in his profession, and died having the respect of the whole community. You have had several physicians since his death, but I understand that at the present time the town has none of that profession settled here. This speaks well for the good health of the town.

Marlow has been the birthplace of several doctors who have achieved success elsewhere. Zephaniah and Michael Tubbs practiced, one in New York and the other in Deering, this state. Dr. Wister Stevens, son of Dr. Thomas J. Stevens, studied several years in Germany, and became a noted surgeon in Charlestown, Mass.

The mercantile history of the town is a varied one. The first dealer in country store commodities seems to have been Nicodemus Miller, who had been a merchant in Connecticut, and

brought his stock of goods here, which consisted chiefly of "rumbe and mellasses," according to the tastes of the times. The first regular "truck and Barter" merchant was Nathaniel Evans, who occupied a room in Silas Mack's new house built in 1779. He soon removed to the Corner, where

store, which (the Richardson place) served for store and tavern. In addition to being a merchant and a landlord Mr. Richardson was also the proprietor of a potashery. It may be mentioned that one of the partners in the Evans or Baker store, from 1834 to 1836, was Edward H. Savage, who



Dr. Marshall Perkins

he continued in business till 1802. The Evans store was a landmark till 1837, when Willard A. Baker, the last proprietor, closed out his business and Baker's Corner ceased to be a commercial center. In 1803 the first public house was opened here by Samuel Richardson, who had put up a building across the road from the Evans

afterwards became Boston's chief of police. I am quite well acquainted with the history of these old buildings and sites. The store occupied and finally closed by Willard A. Baker was afterwards burned, and the old cellar was my playground as a boy. The potashery referred to above had also gone to decay, but I spent many hours

Marshall Perkins, M. D., was born in Croydon, May 13, 1823. He was educated in the public schools, Kimball Union Academy, and Norwich University, graduating from the latter. He studied medicine with Doctor Baker of Meriden and at Boston Medical College, graduating from the latter in 1850, when he settled in Marlow, where he continued through life, except three years' service as Asst. Surgeon in the Fourteenth N. H. Regiment in the Civil War. He gained an extensive practice, and held a high place in the community, serving for twenty years as school commissioner and in other positions. He was long a member of the Connecticut Valley Medical Association. He died June 11, 1902. In December, 1856, he married Harriet A. Fiske by whom he had nine children.

in delving over the ashes and ruins of this plant. The blacksmith shop occupied by my father was situated on the southeast corner of the roads crossing each other at this point, and between the potashery and the old cellar. I can just remember the visit of Edward H. Savage, who was then chief of police of Boston, to the scenes of his early manhood, and the marked attention which he received on that occasion.

Meanwhile there was activity on Marlow Hill proper. Jonathan Bailey kept a store here as early as 1796. In 1822 Thomas Walker and Francis D. Ellis began business as merchants in a store which stood a little west from the old meeting house. Subsequently Amos F. Fiske, who came from Medfield, Mass., in 1823, was admitted as partner, and in 1834 became sole owner.

Town meetings were held in the old meeting house on the Hill till about 1840. The last town meeting held there lasted two days, and there was great excitement, when during the first afternoon, it was voted to adjourn to Jones' hotel at South Marlow, as the village was then called. The Hill party made a desperate struggle to retain their ascendancy, but it seems to be the law of nature here in New England that business should seek the lower levels, even though, as in the case of Marlow, there has been no railroad to draw it hence.

It may be mentioned here that when we speak of the Plains, it is only for purposes of comparison. We all have a right to think "highly" of Marlow, for the average elevation is 1,500 feet above sea level. Even the lowest part, in the southeast corner, is 975 feet, and from that the hills rise in various degrees till we reach the highest point on Huntley mountain, 2,100 feet. There is no reason for any of us to be reckoned among the lowly. It is only necessary to mention that our beautiful Ashuelot river enters the town from Washington at a height of 1,300 feet and flows out

through Gilsum at less than a thousand to show that we have good water power.

In 1768 a move was made by the proprietors towards building a grist mill, which was probably located a short distance south from the Mack mill. The first to utilize the power furnished by the Ashuelot in this village was Andrew Town, who, in 1795, erected a saw and grist mill, but as early as 1816 they began to build other mills until there was quite a number in this village and vicinity.

The tanning business, until recent years, had always held an important place among Marlow's industries. As early as 1790 Asa Mastin had a small tannery at Baker's Corner, and about fifteen years later Phineas Stone established one down near the schoolhouse, in District No. 7, and in 1820 a third was started near the Phelps rake shop. The first tannery built at the present Marlow village was built in 1835 by L. Huntley. In 1837 James Burnap, a native of Nelson, came to Marlow and formed a partnership with Wells H. Way and bought the tannery. After Mr. Way's retirement Josiah Burnap entered into partnership with his brother, which arrangement continued till 1856. I well remember the ruins of the tannery at Baker's Corner belonging to Asa Mastin. It was located on the farm afterwards owned and occupied by his son, Chauncey Mastin. The old bark mill was still standing when I was a boy, and one other building used in connection with the same.

Mr. Burnap had many and extensive business interests. He was a representative from Marlow in 1861 and 1862 and state senator in 1876 and 1877 and member of the governor's council in 1879.

John Quincy Jones for a long time was one of our most valued citizens. Born in 1817, he spent his early years in teaching district schools, thereby acquiring considerable reputation. He was afterwards employed by his brother Edmund, who built the first

hotel in the village, the Ashuelot House, in 1833. J. Q. Jones was deeply interested in the old militia, and rose through successive grades to be brigade quartermaster. He filled all the elective town offices, was representative in 1859-60, '64 and '65, delegate to the constitutional convention in 1876, and was one of the town's most respected citizens. I was also a member of that convention and my seat was near that of Mr. Jones, which gave me an excellent opportunity to renew our old acquaintance, and to still further respect the good judgment and sterling qualities of this most estimable gentleman.

Marlow, like many other towns, should have a town history, which would go back into the past for the purpose of tracing the family history of the early settlers, and showing whence they came. Records of quite a number of the prominent families may be found in our state papers, but a long list of the sturdy yeomen who helped to build up the town are nameless in any of these documents. This would cost time and money, but it would be a precious legacy to future generations.

Dr. Isaac Baker married Miss Fannie Howard, my paternal aunt, for his second wife, and for that reason I was often at their house. I remember the military cloak which he wore, and going with him over his farm, in which he took great pride. Both of his sons, Willard A. and Kidder Baker, were living near him up to the time of his death.

A dear old couple also lived near the Bakers, John Spaulding and wife, and here before an open wood fire I have spent many pleasant evenings. Mrs. Spaulding's cooking was all done before an open fire, and the meals served to me by that dear old lady are fresh in my mind today.

Peter T. Fitch, a blind preacher, who braided whip lashes for a living when he was not preaching, was also a neighbor, and held evening meetings

each week at the houses of church-going people in that vicinity.

Frederick B. T. Miller was one of my father's close friends, and I suppose was a son of Nicodemus Miller referred to above. He had peculiarities, but was a man of great natural ability, prone sometimes to indulge in intoxicants, but on the whole a good citizen. Nearly every stormy day he spent at my father's blacksmith shop, where our neighbors were accustomed to congregate, and I often heard them joke Miller in regard to the last town meeting held on Marlow Hill.

One Oren Gale was a peddler, and his name had been placed on the check list against the protests of many, including Miller. When Gale attempted to vote, Miller stood on the backs of the pews and swinging his arms, cried, "I deject his vote. Oren Gale has been all over (that proverbial hot place) and Vermont, and is a D. transient fellow anyway." I think Gale was allowed to vote, but this performance of Miller's lasted a lifetime.

Abijah Gustin was a son of the original John Gustin, and lived on the old Gustin farm.

Samuel Brackett and Ezra Miller were men of character and good citizens.

My paternal grandfather, who was born in New London, Conn., in 1757, and his wife, Hannah Beckwith, born in Lyme, Conn., in 1762, came to Marlow on horseback as early settlers, owned and cleared the farm opposite the Brown farm.

The Macks deserve a place in the town history. They were able men. Amasa Mack married my mother's aunt, which gave me the opportunity to know this family thoroughly.

The Tinkers, the Messers, the Richardsons, the Mastins and many others all deserve places in the history of Marlow.

Some of the early settlers' houses were really palaces for those days. Doctor Baker's house, painted white, with its tall poplars in front, and long connecting shed and carriage

house, with its polished floors and fine architecture, comes in this class. The Miller house was of the same class, but not painted and kept up like that of Doctor Baker. It is supposed that these houses were built about 1812.

The Ebenezer Beekwith house, known to many of us as the Dudley Lewis house, was of fine architecture and workmanship, painted red with white trimmings, and a credit to the party who designed and built it. It is supposed to have been built between 1790 and 1795.

The Amos Gale place, known to me as the Richard Tinker place, was another house of the same style of architecture as Doctor Baker's, and built about the same time.

There was a house on Marlow Hill which at the time of my recollection was owned and occupied by Alden Huntley. I remember the Marlow Hill postoffice was located at this house.

As a child the most remarkable house to me was that now owned and occupied by Mrs. Harriet Perkins. When this house was in process of construction it is said the younger people as they passed by wondered how any man could acquire sufficient wealth to build a brick house of that size. Since I began writing this paper I have been still further surprised to learn that the bricks that entered into the construction of this house, as well as the bricks that entered into the construction of Mr. P. T. Fox's house east of the village, were made on the Fox farm and no doubt Mr. Fox made or assisted in making them.

Marlow had its characters. Almon Smith, otherwise known as "Peg" Smith, probably stood at the head of this list. I have very pleasant recollections of the fun he made, but leave his peculiarities to be described by others.

The character that impressed me most was "Aunt Sally Brigham." When a small boy I remember she visited frequently at our house. She had a tongue that was sharper than

a needle, and woe be to the person that incurred her displeasure. I remember my mother would tell us that she was to pay us a visit on a certain day, charging us to behave ourselves. On one occasion I did not heed this admonition, and was sent out of the room, and after staying a while my mother called me back, but it was to receive the most withering look and hear the most sarcastic remarks from Sally in regard to my conduct. She had a particular grudge against doctors, and it is common report that she carried her old teeth with her to exhibit when she started on a tirade against them, and stated that this was the result of these scoundrels giving her "marcury," as she called it.

Selden Brown was a frequent visitor at my father's blacksmith shop, and as a hunter and fisher he won my boyhood affection. He was a great joker, and did not hesitate to make a mark of his most intimate friends. It is said that one occasion he went to his brother-in-law, the late Amos F. Fiske, and wanted to sell him four horse shoes. Mr. Fiske bought them, and afterwards learned to his sorrow that they had been removed from his own horse.

The first boat I ever rowed, or sailed, the first time I ever skated, and the first time I ever fished, was on or in Gustin pond. I have not visited this pond for many years, but its placid waters, the woods and ledges that lined its shores, and the white lilies growing on the north side, are as familiar to me today as they were when I fished from the ledges, and plucked the lilies to carry home to my mother and sisters.

I know I have already exhausted your patience, but in closing allow me to express the hope that the town history will be written, and its records, its cemeteries and everything that will give information to future generations in reference to our ancestors, carefully preserve.

Following the historical address a vocal solo of rare merit, was given by Miss Elizabeth Morrison, a singer of wide reputation, after which Rev. Dr. A. H. Morrill of Franklin, son of a former pastor of the Christian Church in Marlow, who spent a portion of his boyhood years in town, gave a short but earnest and helpful address,

dwelling upon the agencies that most contribute to the welfare and prosperity of a town.

A fine display of fireworks, an interesting concert, and a social dance in the evening concluded the festivities of the day, which will long be regarded as a "red-letter day" in the town of Marlow.

AUTUMN

By Frances M. Pray

Upon the hillsides, far and near,
Are splashes, bright, of red and gold—
The messages, by Summer sent,
To tell that she is growing old.

Dear summer days, so quickly past,
'Tis hard, so soon, to let you go;
But with your death comes Earth's rich crown
Which otherwise we could not know.

And thus slip past our years of life,
So seldom do we think how fast,
Until the day when silent signs
The message brings, they're well-nigh past.

But let us not, with vain regrets,
Wish back what never can be more.
Instead, with brave hearts, let us reap
The harvest from our autumn store.

A HUSH A BYE SONG

By Maude Gordon Roby

Go to sleep my honey-boy,
Close your laughing blue eyes,
For the sand-man grim is coming this way
To scatter the sand from the skies.
Just you cuddle in mammy's neck—
That's it now, never fear—
And when the sand-man hurries past
He'll say; "He's asleep, the dear!"

WILLS OF EARLY ENGLISH EASTMANS

By Charles R. Eastman

The founder of the Eastman family in this country, as is well known, was Roger Eastman (1610-1694), one of the original proprietors at Salisbury, Mass., in 1638. In an article contributed last year to the *Granite Monthly* it was shown that the pioneer colonist was the son of Nicholas, and grandson of Roger Eastman of Charlton, Wiltshire, whose will and also that of the emigrant's great-grandfather, John Eastman, are extant.

It is possible by means of probate, church and court records, which are preserved in English archives, to trace continuously, from the middle of the 16th century onward, two parallel lines of Eastmans, both residing in the immediate neighborhood of Salisbury, and obviously sprung from a common stock. The ultimate progenitor of each lineage of whom records have come down to us was named John. One of these Johns lived in Nunton, the other in Charlton, parish of Downton, where his father had lived before him and lies buried in the parish church. This we know from his will, dated April 26, 1564, and proved May 8, 1565.

John of Charlton, who died in 1565, was the emigrant Roger's great-grandfather. John, Sr., of Nunton, who died two years earlier, is of unknown relationship to his namesake of the adjoining village, but the two may well have been cousins. A literal transcript of the will of this John Sr. of Nunton is given below, and also an abstract of the will of one Moses Eastman of Nunton, copies of both documents having been furnished by Mr. C. A. Hoppin during the course of his research. The second instrument contains the name of *Rooke*, which is of interest because it is supposed to have been the family name of the emigrant's mother, Barbara Eastman.

Concerning localities it may be

remarked that Charlton, Week, Nunton and "Bottenham" (the modernized form is Bodenham) are small hamlets in the hundred of Downton, lying to the southward of Salisbury. East and West Harnham, and the village of "Birtford" or "Burtford," now Britford, are in the parish of Britford, all within a radius of a few miles from Old Sarum, the modern Salisbury. The following description of Charlton is taken from Hoare's History of Wiltshire, vol. 3:—

"To the north of Week, and occupying a parallel line from the down to the river Avon, lies the tything of Charlton, which I presume to have been originally *Ceorl's-town*, or residence of the husbandmen who tilled the land of this portion of the episcopal possessions. At the time of the general survey, this tything was held by military service, of which the copyholds still retain a vestige, being all knightam-hold lands, and descending to the eldest son. Charlton at that time formed a portion of the fourteen hides of land held by William deBraose under the Bishop."

We may also quote a paragraph from another volume of the same work: "To Alfred, the renowned King of the West Saxons, we owe the division of our Kingdom into *satrapias*, or shires; into *centuriae* or hundreds; and into *decennos* or tythings; ten of each last were allotted to each hundred."

The original will of John Eastman Sr., of Nunton, is on file with the Archdeaconry Court of Sarum, Book 4, folio 117, and reads as follows:

TESTM JOHN'S EASTMAN DE NUNTON SEN.

In the name of god amen the xxiith daye of the monethe of Decembre in the yere of or lord god mececcxii I, John Eastman the elder of the pyshe [parish] of Nunton, beynge

of whole mynd and good & pfitt remembrance laude & prayse be unto almyghte god make and ordaine th's my present testament conteyninge herin my last will in maner & forme folowyng, that ys to saye ffyrst I recommend my soule unto almyghtie god my maker & redemer and my body to be buryed in the churehe of Saynt Andrew of Nunton.

Item I geve unto or lady church of Sarm [Salisbury Cathedral] xiid. Item I geve unto the pishe church of Downton iiis iiiid. Item I will that xvs be payd by myne executor to the forsaid churehe of Saint Andrew of Nunton. Also I wyll that all suche detts and duties as I owe of right or concience to any pson or psons to be well & trewly contented and paid by myne executors hereafter

of wheat to be devyded betwene them. Item I geve to John Eastman of west harnam [Harnham] and Roger Eastman his brother of Downton an aker of wheat to be devyded betwene them. Item I geve to water [Walter] Eastman and Willm Eastman of Charleton a halfe aker of wheate. Item I geve to Therame [Jeremy?] poores children of byrtford a shepe apeece. Item I geve to Morris fygge xxs and to ambrose his brother ii shepe. Item I geve to John Stodlye a Close of wheat named costelove. Item I geve Margaret barne of Charleton an aker of wheat. Item I geve to evry one of Water Eastman's children of the pyshe of Saynt Andrew a bullocke a peece. Item I geve to Thomas Carpenters children iii akers of wheat to be devyded



Old Church Home of the Eastmans, Downton, England

named or els ordayned for to be paid without any delaye or contradictions.

Item I geve a quarter of wheate ii quarters of barlye and ii bussheles of pese to be devyded amongst the poore whereas neede ys in this pyshe of Saynt Andrew. Item I geve to evry of my godchildren a shepe a peece. Item I geve to Raffie Eastman of Charleton ii akers of wheat and a cowe. Item I give to harry Eastman of Salysbury vi shepe. Item I geve to John Chubbe of botnam [Bodenham] a bolt [illegible, perhaps bull] and a blacke heyffer & a cowe. Item I geve to his daughter Edyth an ewe shepe. Item I geve to Ales Eastman of Charleton a heyffer bollocke and an aker of wheat.

Item I geve to John Eastman and Rychard Eastman of the barrowe of Downton an aker

amongst them. Item I geve to John pynhorne a akere of wheat. Item I geve to Johne [Joan] Eastman the daughter of Roger Eastman vs. Item I geve to Thomas paye vis viiid. Item I geve to John Whyelar vis viiid. Item I geve to Marye lynne vis viiid. Item I geve to John Barlye a halfe [acre] of wheat. Item I geve to Antonye Whyelar a halfe aker of wheat. Item I give to leonard Whyelar a halfe aker of wheat. Item I geve to Steven Whealer a halfe aker of wheate.

Item I will that a Cople of Oxen be distributed amongst the poore. Item I geve to John Chubbe of botnam [Bottenham, now Bodenham] a brasse pan of a busshele & a halfe. Item I geve to [blank] lytle [Little] the best cawdron. Item I make and ordeyne Water Eastman & Thomas Carpenter to be

myne executors And wyll that all my goods movable & unmovable unbequeathed to be distributed betwene them, And wyll that John pynhorne John baunton & John Chubbe to be myne ovrsears and to have for their paynes taken in that behalfe evryone of them a cow, and I uttrly revoke & annull all & evry other testaments, wylls, legaties, bequests, executors and ovrsears by me in any wise before this tyme made, named, willed and bequeathed. These beinge wytnesses: John pynhorne John baunton John Chubbe Sr Robart Philpes wth others.

Probated February 16, 1562-3.

ABTRACT OF THE WILL OF MOSES
EASTMAN, OF NUNTON,
WILTS, YEOMAN.

Will filed with Archdeaconry Court of Sarum, 1692.

Soul to God.

I give to my nephew John Chubb of Nunton five pounds.

All the rest of my goods & estate to my loveing friends John Woodlands of Downton and John Eastman of Bemerton, executors,

to see my will pformed; and to each of them ten shillings, after my debts and legacies are paid; the residue to be paid towards a debt due uppn a Mortgage upon my copyhold land in Nunton made unto one William Rook [Rooke] of Bremore.

Witness hand & seal 17 September 1692.

MOSES EASTMAN

Witnesses:

{ Tho. Newham
the marke of William London
the marke of Edith Judd

In case my childe that my wife now goeth with shall happen to dept this life before it shall attaine the age of one & twenty yeares, then I give all the Goods of the house I now live in to Elizabeth Chubb daughter of my loveing wife.

MOSES EASTMAN

Witnesses: Thos. Newham, John London.

Probated 10 January, 1692.

Inventory annexed, total £201-15-07, shows that the dwelling-house was at Bodenham.

THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN

By Reginald F. Chutter

Far away in the heart of the mountains,
Where nature alone is queen,
There lives the Old Man of the Mountain,
Whose features are stern but serene.

God only has graven his visage
And carved the lines on his face:
'Twas the chisel of the Infinite Sculptor
That lent to the granite its grace.

For years and for years he has been there,
Enthroned on the crest of the hill,
While the clear rippling lake at his footstool
Has mirrored his likeness at will.

Many conflicts he's waged with the elements,
The thunder, the lightning, the rain,
And the seasons in turn have tried tactics,
Yet to mar him they labor in vain.

Thus indeed he is sovereign of mountains
And reigns as a monarch supreme;
The Grand Old Man of New Hampshire,
The man whom the world doth esteem.

HANNAH BRADLEY

By Asa Mayo Bradley.

March 15 1696-7 was a fateful day for the little settlement of Haverhill. The story of the capture, and subsequent escape of Mrs. Thomas Dustin has been told in the July issue of the Granite Monthly by E. W. B. Taylor. At the same time the home of Joseph Bradley was destroyed; the wife, Hannah Bradley, captured; and two children, aged respectively four years, and eighteen months, murdered. Near Penacook the captors of Mrs. Dustin separated from the main body, the latter travelling further north.

Two years later, Mrs. Bradley was back in Haverhill, as the birth record of Martha, November 7, 1699, evidences. Joseph Bradley had been appointed to command Garrison house No. 5, situated in the northeastern part of the town near the present N w Hampshire line; out of sight and hearing of the village, and particularly exposed to attack from prowling bands of Indians.

On the afternoon of February 8, 1703-4, only one man—Jonathan Johnson—and the women and children being about the house, a party of six Indians finding the gate open rushed in. Mrs. Bradley was boiling soap, and going to Johnson's assistance, scalded the first man with the hot fluid so that he died. She was not as successful with the second, and seeing Johnson fall, fled with her sister, each carrying a child in her arms, and hid in a thicket in the rear of the house. The sister was discovered, and ordered to come out. Mrs. Bradley, realizing that the sister had been mistaken for herself, told her to stay in hiding, she going out and surrendering herself. The child in her arms was immediately disposed of; but, having no knowledge of the sister, no further search was made by the Indians, and the girl with the child, Martha, escaped.

The captives were taken by forced

marches on snow-shoes twenty days journey north to the village of the tribe. Here, under great hardship, and without woman's aid or sympathy she gave birth to a child. All that a heroic mother could do, she did, to preserve the life of the babe; but innutrition, exposure, and torture, soon ended the struggle. It is recorded that a favorite amusement of her tormentors was to snaphot embers into the little mouth as it emitted plaintive cries for nourishment. Soon after the corn was planted, the tribe suffered from an attack by Indians friendly to the English, and hastily fled to Canada. The French treated Mrs. Bradley with so much consideration that her mistress, angered through jealousy, refused to sell her. In an epidemic of fever the mistress died; but another squaw claimed her by right of inheritance, and her condition was in no way improved. At length she met a French priest whom she had known during her former captivity, and through his influence she was sold to the French. Though still in slavery, she now had the necessities of life.

The General Court, in January, 1704-5, appointed Mr. John Sheldon special agent to go to Quebec, and negotiate the redemption of captives. He was to have two servants, and to be accompanied by two French prisoners. Joseph Bradley of Haverhill, and John Wells of Deerfield, were commissioned as attendants, presumably because the captives were largely from Haverhill and Deerfield. We have no record of the journey, but the party was reported as being in Quebec May 13, and an item in Bradley's expense account is snow-shoes. The return was by ship to Boston. The French Governor's record accounts for forty-three captives ransomed, but Sheldon brought in forty-four. Judge Sewell in his Diary writes,—

"Her good Husband Mafter Bradley accompanying Mr. Sheldon in his late Expedition, unexpectedly found his Wife and brought her home to Haverly."

In the summer of 1706, a night attack was made on Garrison No. 5. Only the Bradley family and one man were in the house. They were wakened by the dog, and in the moonlight the Indians were seen approaching the house. The assailants succeeded in partially forcing the door; and, as the foremost was crowding himself through the opening, Mrs. Bradley shot, and killed him. This had the effect of discouraging his associates.

In 1738 Hannah Bradley, then a widow, petitioned the General Court for a land grant, and 250 acres were awarded her, "in Consideration of the Very great Sufferings, as well as Services of the Petitioner." This land was in two plots, situated in the town of Methuen, 160 acres at the east end of the town on the Haverhill line, and 90 acres at the extreme west adjoining Dracut.

There is a family tradition that Joseph Bradley traveled to Canada on snow-shoes, with only his faithful dog for company, dragging a hand-sled, upon which was a bag of snuff as present to the governor of Canada. It seems too bad to dispel the glamour which our fancies throw about this little story, but truth is unpromising even to cruelty. An interesting document in this connection is the expense account of the Sheldon expedition.

"Resolved—That the sum of Thirty and five Pounds, be Allowed & Paid, out of the Publeck Treasury to M^r. John Sheldon, the sum of Twenty Pounds to John Wells, & the sum of Twenty Pounds to Joseph Bradley, over and above what They have had in fitting them out &c^a. as a full compensation for their Services mentioned in this Petition."

In connection with the above are the individual claims, of which Bradley's is as follows:—

"Expended 40 shillings beside Snow

shoes & Pumps which cost him 13 shillings, and a Dog 15^s and beside there was a Gun hired for the Voyage valued at 50^s which sd Gun was broken accidentally in y^e discharging."

It would appear from this that not even the faithful dog gave his services.

The Deposition of which Mr. Taylor speaks had no connection with Dustin matters, but was for the benefit of Mrs. Mary Neff, Mrs. Dustin's nurse and companion. After Mrs. Bradley had secured her grant, Mrs. Neff petitioned, and was awarded 200 acres.

Hannah Bradley is a striking figure to the student of the beginnings of New England. Womanhood seemingly brought her more than her share of hardship, and her experiences came freighted with tragedy. If our records are true, and close scrutiny raises no shadow of doubt, Hannah, daughter of John and Sarah (Partridge) Heath, was married to Joseph Bradley while yet a child in years, and her first babe was born before she was 15 years of age. At 20 she had been the mother of 3 children, (the first died from natural causes), two of whom had been murdered before her eyes; her home had been laid in ashes, and herself a slave to savages.

Here our sources fail. Mr. Taylor in his Dustin study speaks incidentally of Hannah Bradley

"Who was captive, and afterward made a thrilling escape from the tribe who parted with Mrs. Dustin's party, and went northward."

We wish Mr. Taylor would tell us of the escape, or at least where we may by searching find the record. The only clue to the mystery of which I have knowledge is in Judge Sewell's papers:—

"At Laft there came to the fight of her a Priest from Quebeck, who had known her in her former Captivity at Narridgowock. He was very Civil to Her, and made the Indians Sell her to a French Family, for Fourcore Livers, where tho' she wrought hard she lived more comfortable and contented."

This would point to Norridgewock as the scene of her first captivity, and to the Jesuit, Sebastian Rasle, as the priest.

The wife came back. Again the home was builded; again baby arms twined about the mother's neck, and again came the savage destroyer. What wonder that she fought even as a lioness for her cubs. Only twenty-six years of age when she made the terrible journey to Canada, having been the mother of five children, three of whom had perished by the Indian's tomahawk, to now bear the 6th under incredible hardship, to endure the agony of seeing it die of torture and starvation. She killed her men in battle, and perhaps was only less savage than they: who can judge. Hers was a hard life, such as robs men and women of their finer feeling.

Her deposition is signed with a mark. The early settlers of New England were cultured people, but the hardship of pioneer life reduced the second and third generations of those on the out-posts almost to illiteracy. The Heaths were as well-to-do as their neighbors; but there was neither time, nor opportunity, for schooling: even the little children must do something toward the support of the family.

Josiah Bradley is known in local history mainly through having been Hannah's husband; nevertheless, he seems to have been prominent as a citizen. He was second son of Daniel and Mary (Williams) Bradley. Bouton's History of Concord speaks of Jonathan and Samuel Bradley, victims of the ambushade in 1746, as grandsons of Joseph and Hannah (Heath) Bradley; and Caverley in his history gives Isaac as a son of this couple. Both of these are in error; Isaac and Abram Bradley were younger brothers of Joseph. Isaac is famed for his thrilling escape from Indian captors when 15 years of age. In 1737 he was granted two hundred acres of land on the west bank of the Merrimac, beginning at

the north line of Narragansett Township No. 5, in what is now Manchester.

Abram and Abigail (Philbrick) Bradley, with a large family of children, moved from Haverhill to Penacook. Jonathan and Samuel Bradley were their sons. The Bradleys of New Hampshire are largely of this family. The late Milton Bradley of Springfield, Mass., was descended from Jonathan.

The little girl, Martha, whose life was saved by her quick-witted mother grew to womanhood, and married James Mitchell of Haverhill. She was ancestress of Gen. James Mitchell Varnum, on General Washington's staff, and Gen. Joseph Bradley Varnum, Speaker of House of Representatives, Washington, 1807-11, and United States Senator from Massachusetts, 1811-17.

Amos Bradley, a grandson of Joseph and Hannah (Heath) Bradley, married Elizabeth Page, great granddaughter of Thomas and Hannah (Emerson) Dustin. The family moved from Haverhill to Dracut, and from them descended most of the Bradleys of Lowell and vicinity. Thus it will be seen that in the Dracut Bradley line is mingled the blood of these two famous women.

It may be asked, Why a larger place in history has not been accorded to Mrs. Bradley? An illiterate girl, she could not write her story, as did Mrs. Rowlandson. The Bradleys were young people, just starting in life, and did not know how to take advantage of favorable circumstances as did the Dustins. Neither was there the opportunity. Mrs. Dustin returned in spectacular triumph with the bloody scalps of her captors before the ashes of her home were cool, and while public wrath was at fever heat. When Mrs. Bradley returned to her ruined home, the story was old, and she was but one of many. But although the historian gives her scant notice, hers is one of the most thrilling stories in Provincial History.

COURTING BY THE CLOCK

By Mary Rolofson

Tom's train gets in at 2:13
When everything goes right,
And in four minutes and a half
He's sure to be in sight.
He rings the bell at 2:19;
I'm on hand, never fear,
For Tom's train goes at three o'clock,
And Tom's the engineer.

There's such a lot to talk about!
Tom can't come every day,
And thirty minutes now and then
Goes such a little way!
I sit where I can see the clock.
And Tom contentedly
Keeps one eye on his big gold watch
And keeps one eye on me.

How fast that minute hand does go!
How fast our tongues go, too!
We let no minutes go to waste
The minutes are so few!
If Tom were slow of speech, alas!
The clock would win the race;
But Tom's not slow—O, he's all right,
He's equal to the pace.

2:45! I hear a sigh,
But I don't say a word;
I keep on talking hard and fast
As though I had not heard
2:48! away goes watch
To pocket out of sight;
It takes both hands to say goodbye
When people say it right.

"Goodbye, goodbye," and off goes Tom.
Sometimes he has to run.
I stand and watch him from the door
And laugh to see the fun.
He won't be late. He never fails.
I do not have a fear.
So comes and goes, my dear old Tom—
My sweetheart engineer.



NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

HON. JOHN C. PEARSON

John Couch Pearson, who died at his home in Penacook August 20, was born in West Boscawen, now Webster, May 25, 1835, the only child of Nathan and Eliza (Couch) Pearson. His early life was spent in Webster as a farmer, sheep raiser and merchant. Since 1876 he had resided in Penacook. During his active business career he held, among other positions, those of trustee of the Merrimack County Savings bank, director of the Republican Press association, president of the Rumford Printing company, director of the



Hon. John C. Pearson

Concord Street railway and director of the Concord Axle works. An ardent Republican in politics he had served both Webster and Boscawen in the legislature and in 1889 was state senator from the ninth district. He served many terms as moderator and selectman of Boscawen and was for some years commissioner of Merrimack county. One trait of his character was made manifest in the sympathy and consideration for the poor and unfortunate which he showed as town and county officer, and the causes of religion and education found in him an active friend. He did much toward bringing about the construction of the Boscawen and Penacook water works system; took great interest in the Old Home celebrations of both Webster and Boscawen and in the erection of memorial tablets on the historic sites of the latter town; and

in general could be relied upon to display true public spirit on all occasions.

Mr. Pearson married, Nov. 27, 1856, Elizabeth S. Colby of Warner, who died in 1905. Their children were Carrie E., who died in 1882; Edward N., of Concord, secretary of state of New Hampshire; John Walter, of Dorchester, Mass., division engineer of the Taunton division of the New Haven railroad system; and Harlan C., of Concord, editor of the *Monitor* and *Salesman*. Eleven grandchildren also survive.

DR. FRANK W. PAGE

Frank Wilfred Page, M. D., born in Wilton, N. H., August 21, 1843; died at his home on Marlboro St., in Boston, August 3, 1911.

His father, Lemuel W. Page, a native of Vermont, removed to Burlington in that state when the son was two years of age, and there he was educated, being graduated from the University of Vermont in 1864. He had previously begun the study of medicine, and continued it in a physician's office and at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York city. In 1866 he received the degree of M. D. from the University of Vermont.

From 1866 to 1878 he was engaged in private practice in St. Peter, Minn., and Brandon, Vt., specializing in mental and nervous diseases. He was then for two years assistant physician and superintendent of the McLean Hospital for the Insane at Somerville, and from 1880 to 1885 was resident physician and superintendent of the Adams Nervine Asylum, Jamaica Plain. In 1885 he declined reelection and for twelve years resumed private practice in Boston. In 1897 he was appointed superintendent of the Vermont Insane Asylum at Waterbury, where he remained for two years. From 1898 to 1900, also, he was professor of mental diseases at the medical department of the University of Vermont, returning in the latter year to his Boston practice.

July 15, 1903, he married Christina D. Barbey, a well known public speaker, who survives.

REV. GEORGE M. CURL

Rev. George M. Curl, born in Elkhart Co., Ind., October 6, 1848, died of heart disease at the Eagle Hotel, Concord, N. H., August 17, 1911.

Mr. Curl prepared for the ministry in the West, and joined the Northwestern M. E. Conference at Sioux Falls, Iowa, in 1873, but came to New Hampshire in 1878, first supplying the church at New Ipswich. In 1882-84 he was pastor at Littleton, going from there to Claremont in 1885, remaining three years. He went to the Methodist church at Great Falls (Somersworth) in 1888, was transferred

to the Vermont Conference and was pastor at St. Johnsbury in 1889-91, was transferred back to the New Hampshire Conference and became pastor of the Baker Memorial Church at Concord 1892-95. He was presiding elder of the Concord district in 1896. During 1897-99 he was stationed at Garden street, Lawrence; was presiding elder of the Manchester district in 1900-02, presiding elder of the Concord district again 1903-08, and became pastor of the Claremont church, his last charge, in 1909.

He had served for a time in the Union army in the Civil War, was prominent in Grand Army circles, and Chaplain of the State Encampment at the time of his decease.

He stood in the front rank of the clergymen of his denomination in the state, and was universally esteemed and respected. He was married September 17, 1775, to Miss H. Abbie Whipple of North Charlestown, who survives him, together with three sons whom he has educated and seen grow to man's estate and become well located in places of influence in the world. These are A. Royal Curl, a teacher in Tilton Seminary; Charles M., a teacher in the Manchester schools, and Mervin J., a teacher in State College, Pa. A daughter died in childhood. He is also survived by a brother and four sisters, living in the West.

MAJ. OTIS C. WYATT

Otis C. Wyatt, a prominent citizen of Northfield and G. A. R. veteran, died at the

Soldiers' Home in Tilton, August 15, 1911, after a long illness.

He was a native of Sanbornton, born April 1, 1837, and was engaged in the meat business at Manchester, and later at Hanover, before the outbreak of the Civil War in which he served first in the First N. H. Volunteers, and subsequently in the N. H. Battalion of the First R. I. Cavalry. He was distinguished for gallantry, saw severe service; was promoted to the rank of Major, and in the engagement at Back Roads where he commanded his regiment, was severely wounded, as he was again at Rude's Hill.

Major Wyatt was for many years a member of the board of supervisors in Northfield and from 1883 until 1911 he held the office of moderator. In the session of 1895-96 he represented his town in the state legislature. He had been selectman and a member of the school committee. He joined Franklin lodge, 6, A. F. & A. M., at Lebanon, in 1860, and became a charter member of Doric lodge, 78, of Tilton, when it was instituted. He was a member of Friendship grange and was a prominent member of the M. E. church. At the time of his death he was a member of the board of managers of the Soldiers' home. He had been President of the N. H. Veterans' Association and department Commander of the G. A. R.

He married, June 12, 1859, Susan Maria Torr of Newmarket, who survives, as do two brothers, George of Tilton, and David of Providence, R. I.

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER'S NOTES

People in some sections of the state not excepting even the city of Concord, are being defrauded by canvassers originally put in the field by the so-called *Granite State Magazine* of Manchester, an alleged monthly publication, issued occasionally, who convey the idea that [they are at work for the GRANITE MONTHLY and secure subscriptions upon that understanding. The public should be on guard against such fraud, and every subscriber be sure that he gets a printed receipt in the name of the GRANITE MONTHLY simply, if he does not wish to be imposed upon.

The elegant new building of the New Hampshire Historical Society, in Concord, which has been in process of construction for the last two years or more, is now approaching completion, and the expectation is that it

will be formally dedicated before winter sets in. It is the finest structure of the kind in the country, and the costliest in proportion to size, with the possible exception of the Shedd library at Alstead.

A striking illustration of the power of labor organizations in politics is afforded in the outcome of the primary election in Concord, on the 10th inst. when Mayor Charles J. French, the labor leader, a candidate for a third term, received more votes than were cast for his three opponents altogether.

The attention of subscribers for the GRANITE MONTHLY in arrears, is called to the inside cover page opposite. It is hoped that they will take due notice and govern themselves accordingly.





COLONEL DANIEL HALL

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. XLIII, No. 11

NOVEMBER, 1911 NEW SERIES, VOL. 6, No. 11

LEADERS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

V

Colonel Daniel Hall

By H. C. Pearson

With the dedication during the present month, November, 1911, of the magnificent new building in Concord which is to be its home hereafter, the New Hampshire Historical Society assumes that prominent place in the public eye which it thoroughly deserves by reason of its long, honorable and useful record. This society, an institution of which the state justly is proud, will find its fame enhanced, its sphere widened and its opportunities for usefulness increased under the changed conditions of its future existence. But however great its growth and remarkable its record in the years to come it never will have occasion to feel anything but pride in the history of its first century of life.

During the years that have elapsed since its formation in 1823 its membership roll has borne the names of New Hampshire's best men and the list of its presidents gives a choice selection of Granite State leaders during the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. And among those leaders will rank, certainly, the gentleman to whom falls the honor of leading the society at this time of its greatly changing fortunes, Col. Daniel Hall of Dover, now serving his third term as president of the New Hampshire Historical Society.

To those who know Colonel Hall

and his record many reasons at once suggest themselves why it is peculiarly fitting that he should hold this honorable position at this time; and why a sketch of his career should be included among the first in any collection of biographical sketches of "Leaders of New Hampshire."

The descendant of one of New Hampshire's first settlers, Colonel Hall has studied as well as helped to make the history of his state. He fought her battles in the Civil War; he has served her faithfully in public life; he has been and is honorable, successful and beloved in all his relations as man and citizen.

Daniel Hall is a descendant in the seventh generation of John Hall, who came from England to Massachusetts prior to 1645 and removed to Dover, New Hampshire, a few years later. John Hall's descendants remained in Dover and its vicinity and were farmers, men of fertile and well-tilled lands, large families and good repute. Gilman Hall, father of Daniel, resided during most of his life in the town of Barrington which he served as selectman and representative in the legislature. His wife, mother of Daniel, was Eliza Tuttle, descendant of John Tuttle, one of the first judges of the superior court at Dover.

Colonel Hall was born in Barrington February 28, 1832, and there re-

ceived his early education in the district schools. He helped his father upon the farm, and early in his teens was trusted to drive in to Dover with wood and lumber which he sold in Central Square in the manner of those days. But while he performed his home duties cheerfully the boy's heart was set upon gaining a thorough education, an end which he finally achieved.

In 1848 he attended Strafford Academy for two terms under Ira F. Folsom, Dartmouth '48, and Rev. Porter S. Burbank. The following year he spent one term at the New Hampshire Conference Seminary (now Tilton Seminary), under Rev. Richard S. Rust as principal. The rest of his preparation for college was the result of study at home and self tutoring so that when he entered Dartmouth College in 1850 his "fit" was far from equalling that of most of his classmates. He did not allow that fact to discourage him, however, but made the most of his opportunities to such effect that he graduated in 1854 at the head of his class with the rank of valedictorian. And among the 61 graduates of that year were not a few others who in after life achieved national distinction.

Through the crowded years of his busy life Colonel Hall has retained the tastes and habits of the scholar and student. A large, choice and valuable library is a principal feature of his beautiful home in Dover. By wide reading, as well as by extensive travel and observation, he has kept fully abreast of modern thought and culture; and his capacity for entertaining and profitable conversation is not only one of his most charming attributes, but also proves the rich depths of his well-stored mind.

To pay the expenses of his college course Mr. Hall taught district schools in winter, as was the quite general custom of the college men of his day, and from his first earnings after leaving college he made prompt payment

to his father of money advanced to aid him in his ambition.

Soon after graduation he received an appointment as clerk in the custom house at New York City, beginning the study of law in connection with his duties there. This position he lost in 1858 because of his fearless adherence to a right principle in defiance of political expediency. Although a Democrat in politics he was uncompromisingly opposed to the extension of slavery and his outspoken criticism of the administration in reference to the Kansas-Nebraska issue caused his dismissal.

Returning to Dover, Mr. Hall continued his legal studies in the office of Daniel M. Christie, one of the really great lawyers of his time, as is shown conclusively in the eloquent eulogy upon him given after his death by his former student. At the May term in 1860, on Mr. Christie's motion, Colonel Hall was admitted to the bar.

At about the same time the young lawyer took another step of important influence upon his future life by joining the Republican party, with whose cause in New Hampshire he has been prominently identified ever since.

In 1859 and 1860 Colonel Hall held the office, by appointment of the governor and council, of school commissioner of Strafford county, a place he was well qualified to fill. In 1861 he was made secretary of a special committee of the United States Senate engaged in an investigation of the surrender of the Norfolk, Va., navy yard, and following this duty he became clerk of the senate committee on naval affairs, of which Senator John P. Hale of New Hampshire was chairman. This and other associations with that great statesman and leader qualified Colonel Hall for one of the finest efforts of his career, the oration which he gave in August, 1892, upon the occasion of the dedication of the statue of Senator Hale in the state house grounds at Concord.

In March, 1862, young Hall yielded

to his desire for a personal part in the great war for the Union and was appointed captain in the regular army of the United States. He was assigned to duty as aide-de-camp on the staff of General A. W. Whipple, then in command of the troops and works across the Potomac from Washington in Virginia. Soon after, with General Whipple, he joined the Army of the Potomac and was with it in the great battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg.

to Dover, but soon came into the service of the government again through appointment in June, 1864, as provost marshal of the first New Hampshire district with headquarters at Portsmouth. In this office he established order and method where comparative chaos had reigned previously, forwarded 4,000 men to the front, and established an enviable reputation for honesty, as well as efficiency, in the discharge of his duties.

Resuming the practice of the legal



Residence of Colonel Daniel Hall

General Whipple was killed at Chancellorsville and Captain Hall was transferred to the staff of General O. O. Howard. At Gettysburg Captain Hall was the instrument chosen by General Howard for locating a battery on Cemetery Hill, for which strategic achievement General Howard received the thanks of Congress.

Captain Hall was slightly wounded on the second day at Gettysburg by a shell. In the latter part of the year 1863 his health was such that he resigned from the army and returned

profession at Dover, Captain Hall was appointed clerk of court for Strafford county in 1866 and in 1868 judge of the police court of the city of Dover. He served on the staff of Governor Walter Harriman with the rank of colonel and as judge advocate with the rank of major in the state militia under Governor Smyth.

In 1874, the Democratic party being temporarily in power and frankly desirous of the spoils of office removed Colonel Hall from his positions.

In that way, also, they attacked an

active and powerful leader of their political opponents, for Colonel Hall, a member of the Republican state committee several years, had presided over the state convention of the party in Concord in 1873, and in December of that year had been chosen chairman of the state committee, a position which, in those hard-fought days, was one of the greatest responsibility and most arduous labors. This place

of the delegation, and was one of those who on the decisive ballot voted for Rutherford B. Hayes as the party's candidate for president.

In 1876 and 1877, by appointment of Gov. P. C. Cheney, Colonel Hall was reporter of the decisions of the supreme court of New Hampshire and Volumes 56 and 57 of the New Hampshire Reports were issued by him.



Mrs. Daniel Hall

he held until 1877, winning the campaigns, state and national, of 1874, 1875 and 1876, and establishing a record of Republican success in New Hampshire which it has been the ambition and the achievement of his successors to keep unmarred.

To the Republican national convention of 1876, at Cincinnati, Colonel Hall was chosen delegate-at-large from New Hampshire, was chairman

In 1877 he was named by the president as naval officer of the port of Boston, one of the most important federal offices assigned by custom to New Hampshire men, and here he acquitted himself so creditably that upon the expiration of his term he was re-appointed for another four years by President Arthur. Every detail of his official duties was mastered in the quiet, thorough manner that has

characterized all his life and his administration was praised highly by his superiors at Washington.

Something now has been said of Colonel Hall as scholar, soldier, lawyer, political leader and public man. But the list of his activities is not thereby exhausted. His superior judgment, as well as absolute integrity in business matters, has made him in demand for various places of trust. He has been a trustee of the Strafford Savings Bank since 1883 and a director of the Strafford National Bank since 1897. He is a trustee of the Dover Public Library; of Berwick (Me.) Academy; and of the Wentworth Home for the Aged at Dover.

His record as a soldier in the Civil War has brought him double distinction in the years since the great conflict; election as commander of the Department of New Hampshire, Grand Army of the Republic, in 1892-3, and service on the board of managers of the Soldiers' Home at Tilton since 1889. He is a member of the Loyall Legion.

Colonel Hall has usually attended the First Congregational Church of Dover which his ancestors helped to found more than two centuries since, but he is a liberal thinker in religious matters. In both public and private life he always has stood fearlessly and uncompromisingly for that which

is good, pure and upright, and in him all worthy causes, particularly those of temperance and humanity, have found a willing helper as well as a loyal friend.

Colonel Hall married on January 5, 1877, Sophia, daughter of Jonathan T. and Sarah (Hanson) Dodge, of Rochester, a lady whose qualities of mind and heart, of public service and home life, have been such as to make her a worthy helpmeet of her distinguished husband. Their one son, Arthur Wellesley Hall, Harvard '02, is a member of the New Hampshire bar, practicing with his father in Dover.

This brief review of a career crowded with usefulness and honor would fail of its purpose to sketch all sides of this versatile and vigorous leader of New Hampshire if it did not devote at least one paragraph to the culture which is strikingly manifest in the volume of "Occasional Addresses," published some years since, and to the charm of manner which attracts the most casual acquaintance and speedily develops into admiration, friendship and esteem.

Patriot, scholar and publicist, President Hall of the New Hampshire Historical Society stands as its worthy representative and leader at a time when national attention is focused upon its good fortune and great opportunities.

WHY KICK

By Georgiana Rogers

If you have had your share of affection
 From those you consider worth while,
 And frequent spells at intervals
 To dance and sing and have your fling,
 And never quite reduced your pile,
 Why kick?



TO ARMENIA S. WHITE *

November 1, 1911

[From the Concord Daily *Patriot*]

There are crowns of gold for the brows of kings,
And crowns of honor for men of fame,
But the fairest crown the wide world brings—
The highest honor, the sweetest name—
Is the crown, the honor, the name, well worn,
By wife and mother and woman, true,
Who through long life has bravely borne
The Heaven-sent burden of work to do.

We honor, today, the thrice-crowned queen,
Who, as wife and mother and woman, in all
Life's relations, for long years, has been
Pure, faithful and true, whate'er might befall.
In the home of her heart she has cherished the love
Of the husband departed in the long, long ago,
And laid up her treasure in the fair home above,
Through labor and duty performed well, below.

Four score and ten, and four more years,
Filled to the brim with service rare,
'Mid the pleasures and trials, the hopes and the fears,
Besetting this life of struggle and care!
Service for home and church and state,
For the weak and the fallen where'er they are found,
For the poor and the lowly, the rich and the great,
For every good cause, the wide world around!

Dear friend of our fathers, dear friend of us all:
Humanity's friend through the years that are past;
Thy goodness and virtue we fain would recall,
This day of all days; though the sky be o'er cast,
There is joy in thy home, there is love in thy breast,
There is light in thy life for more years to come.
May peace which is perfect abide till you rest
In the haven above, forever "at home."

*Born in Mendon, Mass., November 1, 1817.



THE N. H. HISTORICAL SOCIETY AND ITS NEW HOME

The latest addition to the remarkable group of public buildings in the central section of the City of Concord—the finest to be found in any city of its size in the country—the elegant new home of the New Hampshire Historical Society, is now practically completed and will be formally dedicated on Thursday, November 23, on which occasion the address will be delivered by Hon. Samuel W. McCall, of Winchester, Mass., a distinguished member of the Massachusetts delegation in Congress, but a graduate of Dartmouth and a summer resident of New Hampshire.

This elegant building which occupies the southern portion of the square to the north of the United States government building, bounded on the north by Center, on the east by North State, on the south by Park and on the west by Green Streets, and to whose grounds has recently been added the land formerly occupied by the Advent Church, so that the same now include the entire square with the exception of the northeast corner lot, occupied by the residence of the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of New Hampshire, is a massive structure, in the Greek-Doric style. The walls being of the best Concord Granite, and the interior finish of the finest foreign marbles. It fronts on Park Street, the entrance being through massive bronze doors, the vestibule leading to a rotunda thirty-two feet in diameter. To the left is the reading room, fifty-seven by thirty-one feet, with surrounding alcoves of a capacity for 10,000 books, over which is the stock room capable of accommodating 40,000 more. To the right is the lecture room, seating about 300 people, which will be used for the society's meetings. A magnificent staircase, to the rear, leads to the story above, occupied by a large central exhibition room, and three smaller

ones for exhibits and collections in addition to the stock room previously mentioned.

This building, which has been constructed of the most perfect material, and in the most thorough manner, is pronounced by good judges the most expensive in the United States, in proportion to size, and, though no statement of expenditure has as yet been given out, it is understood to have cost nearly half a million dollars. At all events, taken in connection with the recently enlarged State House, the State Library, the Federal building and the City Hall, with which it is closely grouped, it completes an array of buildings of which the City of Concord, and the State at large may well be proud.

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE HISTORICAL SOCIETY, into whose occupancy this elegant building comes, was organized in 1823, being the fifth society of the kind in the country, Maine, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and New York only, having previously organized such societies. The organization grew out of a movement, inaugurated by a Portsmouth literary society at a meeting on the 28th of February 1823, to arrange for the proper celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the settlement of the state, at which a committee of eighteen gentlemen was named, to make the necessary arrangements, the same consisting of Ichabod Bartlett, Alexander Ladd, Timothy Upham, and Nathaniel A. Haven, Jr., of Portsmouth; Charles Cushing, of Little Harbor; Andrew Pierce, James Bartlett and Charles W. Cutter, of Dover; Stephen Mitchell, of Durham; David Barker, Jr., of Rochester; John Kelly, of Northwood; Wm. Smith, Oliver W. B. Peabody and Peter Chadwick of Exeter; Samuel D. Bell, of Chester and Jacob B. Moore, John Farmer and Richard Bartlett of Concord. This

committee was empowered to increase its membership, and at a meeting in Portsmouth, March 3, it was voted to hold an adjourned meeting at Exeter, March 13, every member being requested to attend. Meanwhile correspondence between members referred to the contemplated organization of a historical society in connection with the movement.

At the Exeter meeting, which was held, as arranged, Ichabod Bartlett was chosen chairman, and Hosea Hildreth of Exeter, who had been added to the committee, secretary. It was "voted that we form ourselves into a Historical Society," and Messrs. Hildreth, Kelly, Haven, Moore and Cutter were appointed to prepare a constitution and report at a future meeting. They were also "authorized to invite ten persons to attend the next meeting of the Society as members thereof." Those invited were William Plumer, Jr., of Epping; Levi Woodbury, Nathaniel Adams, Nathan Parker, Israel W. Putnam and Charles Burroughs of Portsmouth; Parker Noyes of Salisbury; Asa Freeman of Dover, and George Kent of Concord.

At an adjourned meeting in Portsmouth, May 20, a constitution was reported and adopted, and officers chosen to serve until an act of incorporation should be obtained, a permanent constitution adopted and an organization effected under the same.

The temporary officers thus chosen were: President, Ichabod Bartlett; vice-president, William Plumer, Jr.; standing committee, Hosea Hildreth, Jacob B. Moore, Nathan Parker; recording secretary, John Farmer; corresponding secretary, John Kelly.

On June 13, following, an act of incorporation was signed by the Governor, constituting Ichabod Bartlett, William Plumer, Jr., Bennet Tyler, Jeremiah Smith, Jeremiah Mason, Richard Bartlett, James Bartlett, Jacob B. Moore, Andrew Pierce, William Smith, Jr., and Nathaniel A. Haven, Jr., with their associates,

and such other persons as shall be from time to time admitted members of said association, a body politic and corporate by the name of the New Hampshire Historical Society.

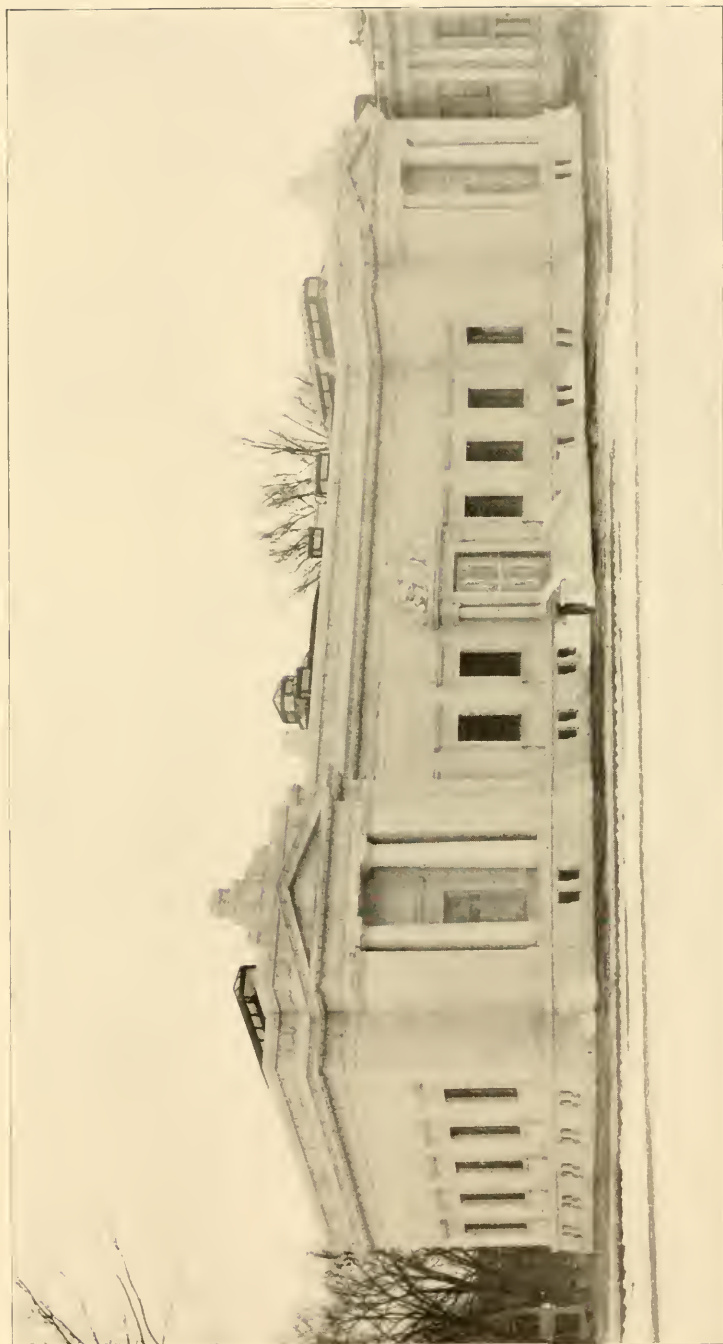
On the same day the society met in Concord, accepted the charter, adopted a constitution and elected the first officers under its provisions.

The first article of the constitution sets forth the object of the society, as follows:

"The object of the New Hampshire Historical Society shall be to discover, procure and preserve whatever may relate to the natural, civil, literary and ecclesiastical history of the United States in general, and of this State in particular."

William Plumer was chosen president; Levi Woodbury and Bennet Tyler, vice-presidents; John Kelly, recording secretary; Nathaniel A. Haven, Jr., corresponding secretary; George Kent, treasurer; Jacob B. Moore, librarian, and Nathaniel Adams, Nathan Parker and Hosea Hildreth, standing committee.

The original members of the society, as organized under the charter, numbered thirty-one, and were as follows: Benjamin Abbot, Exeter; Ebenezer Adams, Hanover; Nathaniel Adams, Portsmouth; David Barker, Rochester; Ichabod Bartlett, Portsmouth; James Bartlett, Dover; Richard Bartlett, Concord; Peter Chadwick, Exeter; Charles W. Cutter, Dover; John Farmer, Concord; Asa Freeman, Dover; Nathaniel A. Haven, Jr., Portsmouth; Hosea Hildreth, Exeter; John Kelly, Northwood; George Kent, Concord; Alexander Ladd, Portsmouth; Jeremiah Mason, Portsmouth; Stephen Mitchell, Durham; Jacob B. Moore, Concord; Parker Noyes, Salisbury; Nathan Parker, Portsmouth; Oliver W. B. Peabody, Exeter; Andrew Pierce, Dover; William Plumer, Epping; William Plumer, Jr., Epping; Israel W. Putnam, Portsmouth; Jeremiah Smith, Exeter; William Smith, Jr., Exeter; Bennet Tyler, Hanover;



NEW BUILDING OF THE NEW HAMPSHIRE HISTORICAL SOCIETY, PARK STREET, CONCORD

This picture was necessarily taken under unfavorable weather conditions and before the work upon the front of the building had been completed. It gives an idea, however, of the architectural proportions.

Timothy Upham, Portsmouth; Levi Woodbury, Portsmouth.

The number of resident members was at first limited to fifty, the honorary members not to exceed the same. The limit was subsequently raised to seventy-five, and ultimately removed entirely.

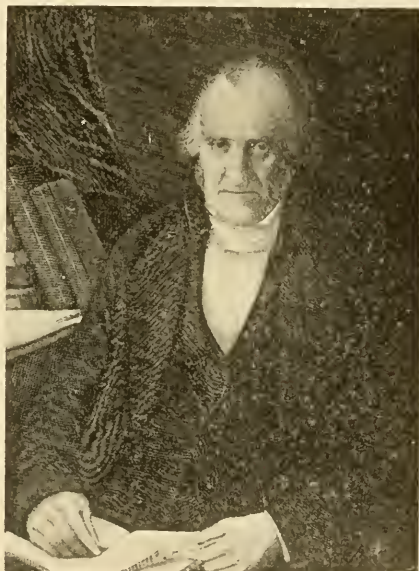
The succession of Presidents from the organization to the present time has been as follows: William Plumer, 1823; Levi Woodbury, 1825; Ichabod Bartlett, 1826; Salma Hale, 1830; Matthew Harvey, 1832; Charles H. Atherton, 1834; Joel Parker, 1838; Nathaniel Bouton, 1842; Nathaniel G. Upham, 1844; Samuel D. Bell, 1847; Charles Burroughs, 1849; Levi Chamberlain, 1852; William Plumer, 1854; Chandler E. Potter, 1855; Edwin D. Sanborn, 1857; Joseph Dow, 1860; W. H. Y. Hackett, 1861; Joseph B. Walker, 1866; Charles H. Bell, 1868; Jonathan E. Sargent, 1887; Samuel C. Eastman, 1889; John J. Bell, 1891; Amos Hadley, 1893; Benjamin A. Kimball, 1895; Lyman D. Stevens, 1897; William C. Todd, 1899; Albert S. Wait, 1903; Daniel C. Roberts, 1905; Henry M. Baker, 1907; Daniel Hall, 1909.

The recording secretaries have been: John Kelly, 1823; Moses Eastman, 1831; Moses G. Thomas, 1834; Asa McFarland, 1841; Franklin Pierce, 1843; Edmund Worth, 1845; Joseph B. Walker, 1849; Amos Hadley, 1853; Asa McFarland, 1857; Dyer H. Sanborn, 1858; William F. Goodwin, 1859; William L. Foster, 1862; Samuel C. Eastman, 1867; Parsons B. Cogswell, 1872; Amos Hadley, 1874; Charles R. Corning, 1890; John C. Ordway, 1891. Mr. Ordway died April 23, 1905, and John C. Thorne was appointed by the standing committee to fill the vacancy.

Henry A. Kimball was elected by the society at the annual meeting in June, following, and has since continued.

During the first years of its existence the books and papers of the society were kept at the homes and

offices of its officers; but in 1829 the legislature granted the society the use of a committee room on the upper floor of the state house for the storage of the same. Ten years later better accommodations were secured in a room connected with the hall of Blazing Star Lodge, F. & A. M., on Main Street, opposite the Phenix Hotel; but during the next year an arrangement was effected with the Merrimack County Bank, whereby the third story of its building, on



Hon. William Plumer, First President

North Main Street, was secured for the use of the society, and the same was thus occupied until, in 1869, the bank itself having changed its organization, and removed down town along with the general current of business, the entire building was purchased by the society, aided by the generous contributions of members and friends, and was gradually remodelled throughout, so as to be properly adapted to the society's uses, to which it was formally dedicated, May 22, 1873, the fiftieth anniversary of the organization, and the two hundred and

fiftieth of the settlement of the state being simultaneously observed.*

On this occasion the forenoon meeting was held at the society's rooms, prayer being offered by Rev. Nathaniel Bouton, D.D., and an original ode written by George Kent, of Washington, D. C., and read by Rev. Joseph F. Lovering of the Unitarian Church, was sung by a select choir under the direction of Prof. J. H. Morey; while the dedicatory address was given by

of the Granite State the world over, whose opening lines run thus:

A goodly realm said Captain Smith,
Scanning the coast from the Isles of Shoals,
While the wind blew fair, as in Indian myth
Blows the breeze from the Land of Souls;
Blew from the marshes of Hampton, spread
Level and green that summer day,
And over the brow of Great Boar's Head
From the pines that stretched to the west
away;
And sunset died on the rippling sea
Ere to the South, with the wind, sailed he.



Old Home of the New Hampshire Historical Society, North Main Street, Concord

Joseph B. Walker. The afternoon meeting was held in Representatives Hall, Vice-President William L. Foster presiding, and the President, Charles H. Bell, giving the commemorative oration. An original poem, written specially for the occasion by Edna Dean Proctor, was read by Judge Foster. This was the famous poem "New Hampshire," one of the most notable productions of this gifted writer's pen, since familiar to lovers

But he told the story in London streets.
And again to court, and prince and king.
"A truce," men cried, "to Virginia heats;
The North is the land of hope and spring."
And in sixteen hundred and twenty three,
For Dover meadows and Portsmouth river,
Bold and earnest they crosse'd the sea
And the realm was theirs and ours forever!

With its large accumulation of books and papers, and the numerous articles of rare historical value entrusted to its care and keeping, the

* This building was erected by the Merrimack County Bank, the successor of the original Concord Bank, in 1826. The lower floor, only, was occupied for bank purposes. The second story was used for offices. Franklin Pierce and Asa Fowler had a law office here. Joseph B. Walker also had an office for a time on this floor, as did the selectmen of Concord; and the Rev. Dr. Bouton, pastor of the North Church, had his study here. The third story contained a hall and two or three small rooms in connection.

society again began to realize the need of more spacious quarters, and some ten years ago agitation for a new building was commenced. A fund was started to that end, William C. Todd of Atkinson contributing the first \$5000, and other individuals making up as much more, while another \$5000 came from the John H. Pearson estate and a like amount from the estate of the late Nathaniel S. Bouton of Chicago. Other gifts in less amount were also forthcoming; but it was not until the attention of Mr. Edward Tuck, an eminent and successful banker of Paris, but a native of New Hampshire, son of the late Hon. Amos Tuck of Exeter, was called to the needs of the society, and his interest aroused, that there was any immediate prospect that the same would be amply met.

Mr. Tuck, who is already known as the most munificent benefactor of Dartmouth College, where, through his liberality, and in memory of his father—a graduate and long time trustee of the institution—has been established the Tuck School of Administration and Finance, splendidly housed and equipped and endowed with a permanent fund of half a million dollars, and who has also recently made provision for an elegant new high school building in his old home town of Exeter, becoming acquainted with the wants of the society, and taking a strong interest in its work and objects, made known his readiness to provide for the needed new building, and the attention of the society was directed to securing a proper site for the same, and the erection of the building which his generosity had made possible.

The committee appointed to carry out the work consisted of Benjamin A. Kimball, Samuel C. Eastman, Frank N. Parsons, Henry W. Stevens

and Frank W. Hackett. After due deliberation, and somewhat protracted negotiations, the land for the site was secured, plans prepared and adopted and the work commenced, ground being broken and the foundation laid late in 1908. In the following season the walls were erected, since when the interior finish, embellishment and equipment have been carried forward till the completed work now awaits formal dedication.



Edward Tuck, Donor

Guy Lowell of Boston was the architect; the Central Building Company of Worcester, Mass., the masonry contractors, the granite being furnished by the New England Granite Company; while a large number of contracting firms have carried out the numberless details of the work required—all under the careful supervision of Mr. Timothy P. Sullivan of Concord.



THE SNAP-SHOT SPORTSMAN

By William Wilson

With the year fully ripened to autumn;—
Clothed in beauty the valley and wood;
With winter caressing the twilight
Now tingles the sportingman's blood.

Alone with Nature—delightful companion
For wild Nature is never morose—
I'm stalking through forests primeval
Snapshotting "His Majesty" Moose.

Ne'er a wave is disturbed on the waters
As I row to where wild birds abound.
Alarmed, the flock scatters to cover,
With the speed and freedom of sound.

With camera—my harmless repeater—
Now I shoot at the birds in their flight,
And, swifter than sound in the passing,
Have captured the beautiful sight.

Not a victim shall tarnish my pleasure;
Not a bird shall repine for its mate.
The spoils at the banquet shall only
Be spread on a photograph plate.

TWO PILGRIMS

By H. J. Krier

Aweary, I, but yesterday
Retraced along the broad highway,
Where sky was blue and meadow green,
And the joy of living keen—
For the city lay behind me.

But as I rested on the sward,
A man pushed by me cityward;
In breathless haste, with eyes intent,
And vigorous, where I was spent—
For the city lay behind me.

Thus mankind pushes to and from
The Land of Promise, ancient psalm.
One headed East, another West,
Oft pass while seeking out the best,
And leave the best behind them.

THE OLD DOVER HIGH SCHOOL

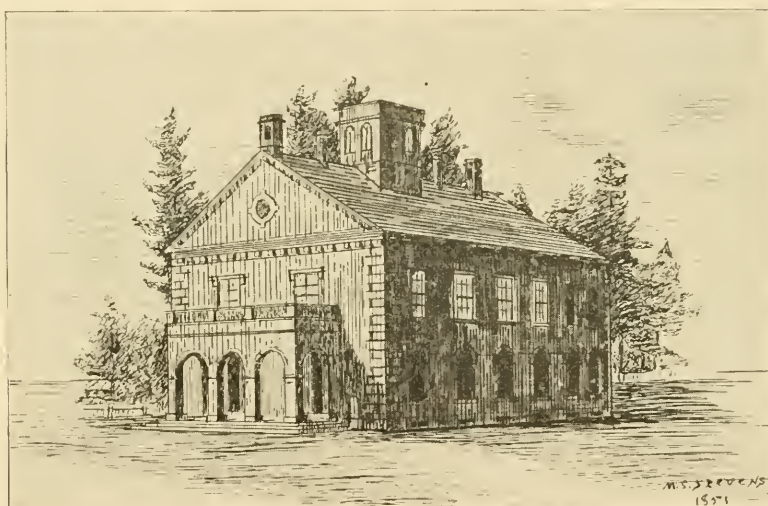
The First Class and the First Principal

By John B. Stevens

A huge cotton shed occupies the site of Dover's first high school house. I do not know how the old building looked to the last pupil, who said good-by on the steps, but to my untrained eyes it was wonderfully fine, October 6, 1851.

When all had become seated it seemed more like a dream than a reality, and for the first twenty minutes I was afraid to stir for fear

Joshua G. Flagg, Second Street.
Everette O. Foss, Washington Street.
*Geo. Frank French, Washington Street.
George K. Faxon, Portland Street.
Isaac N. Gilman, Central Street.
James M. Horne, Jr., Washington Street.
*Charles K. Hartford, Franklin Street.
Charles A. Huntress, Franklin Street.
George E. Horne, Washington Street.
George G. Kimball, Gulf Road.
*Ansel W. Lamson, Dr. Pray's office.
Theodore Littlefield, Mechanic Street.
James C. Moody, Chapel Street.
Isaac O. Parker, Fifth Street.



Dover High School House, 1851

that I might wake and find the vision gone.

When sold by the City a noble growth of hard wood trees shaded the lot, but the first class found nothing save a bare and barren play-ground. The old pen and ink sketch and the late photo show the contrast. The following is a complete list of the 1851 pupils:

*William H. Barden, St. Thomas Street.
George W. Durgin, Washington Street.

*John C. Pray, Franklin Square.
*Russell B. Wiggin, Franklin Street.
*Edward Sawyer, Chapel Street.
*John B. Stevens, Jr., Washington Street.
*Hermon J. Smith, Franklin Street.
Albert A. Stackpole, Mechanic Street.
Charles E. Varney, Fourth Street.
*George S. Wendell, First Street.
Frances M. Burr, Washington Street.
Helen M. Barden, St. Thomas Street.
Louise W. Cushing, Atkinson Street.
*Abby E. Flagg, Second Street.
Martha A. Faxon, Portland Street.
Priscilla R. Freeman, School Street.
Phebe G. Flagg, Second Street.

*Graduated 1854.

Lucy J. Gould, Washington Street.
 Esther E. Gilman, New York Street.
 *Achsea Horne, Washington Street.
 *Matilda J. Hutchinson, Atkinson Street.
 Isabel S. Horne, Washington Street.
 A. Esther Horne, Second Street.
 Susan M. Littlefield, Mechanic Street.
 Abby J. Moulton, Fayette Street.
 Martha S. Paul, Fourth Street.
 *Elizabeth R. Smith, Franklin Street.
 Mary A. Tuttle, Gulf Road.
 Charlotte E. Tappan, Washington Street.
 Frances O. Varney, Fourth Street.
 *Julia A. Wyatt, St. John Street.
 *Anna E. Wyatt, St. John Street.
 Ellen F. Wiggin, Franklin Street.
 Sarah A. Wendell, First Street.



Moses Leland Morse

Moses Leland Morse, Bowdoin '46, was principal from October 6, 1851, to February 19, 1853; Daniel Osgood Quimby, Bowdoin '43, till February 1854; Elijah Martin Hussey, Dartmouth '52, till the following May, and then Morse came back.

The calendar for the school year gave two long terms. There were two sessions of three and one quarter hours each for five days in the week. The recess was of twenty minutes duration. There was but one assistant, Miss Maria S. Grant, and her duties were confined to backward pupils. The principal assumed the main work. The school drew its pupils solely from that part of the

town lying between Hale Street and the foot of Garrison Hill. The lines were irregular.

The intent of the promoters was to establish a school for the disciplinary studies, but with a system so elastic that a course of three years might furnish the elements of a solid education to the average student, and provide proper preparation to another for admission to any college in the country. This combination of the humanities and the knowing process worked well with the first class. One entered Tufts, one Dartmouth, and two Harvard; and the common sort carried to their matter of fact toil a few chips of the higher mathematics, considerable knowledge of Latin grammar, the power to give correct report of impressions and transactions, and tolerable capability for getting along in the world. Withal, every student developed a love of reading, and a desire to possess books.

Measured by modern standards, Morse was not a minute scholar. But a pedant, a dryasdust, a specialist, a mere school-man, would have been out of place. The first class had been fitted under the stimulation and distraction of an old fashioned, ungraded grammar school, and was hungering for grace and sweetness. Morse was but twenty-nine—a dear good elder brother; a delicious quickener and guide. All of his intense earnestness was directed with a loving and conscientious care to the guidance aright of every one of those who were, most happily for themselves, intrusted to his authority. It may be he throve in part because of fortunate circumstances. After all, what matters it? Enough, that he succeeded.

In person he was tall, broad shouldered, lean, inclined to the scholar's stoop; pale, hair flaxen and almost absent at the top, waving about his neck and collar. The upper lip was long, the mouth large, chin firm; teeth even and white; nose of unusual size, eyes blue, reflecting and kind. Nature had gifted him with an intense

dramatic perception, an exquisite ear for cadence, and a voice of extraordinary compass, flexibility and clearness.

In discipline he was strict. The utterance of an untruth was a serious offence. A fracas within the building, even within the yard, brought punishment to all implicated. The settlement of a dispute in an obscure part of the Grove was never inquired into. Pupils are living who say his temper was hasty, but sunshine was not more cordial than his smile.

Abraham Goodall, mason.....	35.00
Simon Leavitt, mason.....	58.19
John B. Paul, mason.....	49.87
James Vinal, mason.....	60.00
Cyrus Hull, mason.....	46.81
Thomas Kennedy, mason.....	77.44
Wentworth & Dillingham.....	75.24
Andrew Gleason, labor with masons.....	35.75
R. M. Staton, free stone.....	966.04
B. & M., freight.....	7.63
James Salmon, labor with masons.....	48.00
Francis McNally, labor with masons.....	26.25
Royal R. Burnham, mason.....	63.50
Pierce & Jewett, cement and lime.....	166.05
John Trickey, brick.....	164.35
Edwin Whitehouse, mason.....	58.00
Coeheco Mfg. Co., lot.....	650.00
W. B. Wiggin, surveying.....	8.50



Dover High School House, 1909

A recently discovered statement of the original cost of the lot and building follows:

Samuel Drew, stock and labor, self and hands.....	\$3,854.00
Isaac Brown, framing and boarding.....	237.15
John B. Sargent, digging cellar and grading.....	453.73
Rufus Flagg, gravel.....	43.75
Hall & Foye, stone work in cellar and underpinning.....	596.34
James H. Davis, sash and planing boards.....	89.90
John T. McCone, labor with masons.....	27.75
Bernard Haughey, labor with masons.....	26.25
Terrence Mone, labor with masons.....	19.00
Sylvester McNally, labor with masons.....	14.75
Philip Mone, labor with masons.....	40.43

Ivory Paul, mason.....	70.50
Samuel Wiggin, brick.....	696.44
E. Faxon, blacksmith work.....	62.55
Riley & Griner, slating.....	297.51
Kimball & Thompson, horse hire.....	5.25
Gowen & Son, trucking and mortar sand...	25.84
James Darmody, labor.....	5.23
Thomas Kavanaugh, labor.....	13.33
S. H. Parker, twice to Boston.....	13.00
Daniel Trefethen, freight.....	20.40
Thomas Leigh, glazing.....	20.53
G. L. Whitehouse, surveying.....	1.00
George B. Wiggin, labor.....	7.00
Pierce & Trickey, lumber.....	952.84
Nath'l Paul, castings.....	138.00
Joseph Bedell, painting.....	185.73
Charles W. Adams, mason.....	133.50

THE SUPREMACY OF POPULAR LIBERTY IN COLONIAL TIMES*

By Rev. J. M. Durrell

It would be interesting to trace the development of popular liberty among the English-speaking people of the world; but the limits of our address limit us to a brief outline of the evolution of liberty as it was unfolded in the life of a single colony—the Pilgrim Colony of Plymouth.

In the interests of clearness, we propose to group our historic facts about five topics which will be announced as we proceed with the discussion.

To understand the struggles out of which our treasured freedom has grown, we need to think backward six hundred and ninety-six years to the Magna Carta. So we begin our outline by considering

FIRST, THE SUPREMACY CLAIMED BY THE CROWN OF ENGLAND DURING THE PERIOD UNDER REVIEW.

King John put a large estimate on his own importance and claimed everything in sight. His barons, however, pleading that certain rights had been handed down to them from Saxon times, forced a compromise that was embodied in a written document, and signed by the unwilling hand of John June 15, 1215. The document vouchsafed to the aristocracy some permanent concessions on the one hand, and, on the other, left to the Crown certain other rights claimed by John, but not mentioned in the text itself. While the "freemen" of the realm were granted some privileges, a large number of those who plowed the soil and gathered the crops continued in a state either of villeinage or slavery: men went with the land as chattels. It was a long way from Runnymede with its Magna Carta to Independ-

ence Hall with its Declaration of Independence.

More than three centuries after the Magna Carta, a new element appeared in the claims of the English Crown. Henry VIII, more ingratiating than John but quite as selfish, obtained from Pope Leo X the high-sounding title—Defender of the Faith—a title which Henry earned by placing the ban of the kingdom on the doctrines and followers of Martin Luther. When, however, Henry attempted to legally defend his own unbridled passions, and vainly sought to swing the Vatican into justification of his matrimonial complications, he added a new increment of power to the royal prerogatives by breaking with the Pope and assuming the headship of the church in England. His claim having been confirmed by Parliament in 1534, Henry VIII legally became the "Only supreme head of the Church and Clergy of England." The monarch who could dispose of his wives when he tired of them had no scruples in persecuting with equal severity those Catholics who denied his headship of the English Church, and those Protestants who followed the teachings of the German reformation.

Still another unit of power was added to the English Crown by discoveries made in the New World. The monarchs claimed all lands discovered by explorers flying the English flag, and Henry VII had the pleasure of knowing that John and Sebastian Cabot had planted the royal standard at various places on the American continent from Labrador to Albemarle Sound during the years of 1497-8. Henry received very little other satisfaction from these explorations, as his share

*Address delivered at the General Court of the Society of Colonial Wars at Concord, September 21, 1911.

of the profits of John Cabot's first voyage was three savages and two wild turkeys. By the time of James I, ventures beyond the sea appeared more promising, and patents were issued under the royal seal to various companies and individuals, the provisions of which were sometimes mutually exclusive. The main point, however, to be remembered now is that all colonial rights, whether exercised by private persons or by incorporated companies, inhered in the Crown, and all patents issued by the Throne were supreme.

These three types of royal prerogatives mentioned—those left to the Crown by the Magna Carta, those assumed by the Crown when Henry VIII became the head of the established church, and those accruing to the Crown from discoveries, made the reigning monarchs of England immense powers for good or evil during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Historic truth compels us to admit that these powers were generally used to the disadvantage of the common people. This fact brings us to consider the next topic of our outline.

SECOND, THE DENIAL OF THE CROWN'S SUPREMACY IN MATTERS OF RELIGION DURING THE COLONIAL ERA.

Among the thousands who claimed that a man's conscience is his own in the realm of religion, was the Postmaster of Scrooby. Scrooby, on the north border of Nottinghamshire, was then one of the posts on the regular mail route between London and Edinburgh where horses were changed, guests entertained, and the king's business hastened. In 1606 the incumbent of this office was William Brewster, at one time a student in Cambridge. He occupied the old manor house, once an episcopal mansion, to which Cardinal Wolsey retired when discredited by Henry VIII. When the few Independents in the neighborhood organized a separate

church with a covenant of their own, Brewster threw his lot with them and offered them the hospitality of his home. In the hearts of this handful of conscientious separatists were the living seeds of true liberty—seeds that are very costly to those who cherish them—seeds destined to be sown in a new world, and to be nurtured by Providence into trees whose leaves are for the healing of the nations.

The Separatists of Scrooby paid the inevitable price. James I, unprincipled and capricious, deprived the Postmaster of his office, and turned his heavy hand against those who dared to question his authority in any matter of conscience pertaining to ecclesiastical affairs. When the little band attempted to flee from their country, they were betrayed by those who had bargained to take them to Holland; they were robbed, abused, imprisoned, and some were turned back into the country for new persecutions. Only by stealth and in groups did the fugitives elude the spies of James, and find their way, after much suffering, to Amsterdam and thence to Leyden.

At Leyden a struggle began between the pen and the sword. The ex-postmaster, having found a way to earn his bread by teaching English to the students of the University through the Latin language which they spoke in common, set up a printing press for campaign purposes, and published books packed with the principles of religious liberty. These books were secretly read by thousands in England, but the sword of James was hardly long enough to reach across the North Sea and strike the neck of the brave author, although several attempts were made to apprehend him through Dutch officials who were friendly to the King. On one occasion the "schout" seized the type of the office, but imprisoned the wrong man, having arrested Mr. Brewster's partner whose name was Brewer. Half a score of years after the Pilgrims had escaped from Eng-

land, James I was interviewed by parties near the throne as to his willingness to grant religious liberty to the Leyden fugitives, in case they should take from the Virginia Company a patent for a small tract of land in the New World. Possibly the King thought that propagandists of liberty would do less damage on a wild shore three thousand miles away than in the neighboring Holland; that diligent people like the Leyden band might, eventually, be of some commercial profit to traders and so to himself; and that a grant of land near the mouth of the Hudson River might serve as a check to the influence of the Dutch at New Amsterdam. A patent was granted through the Virginia Company for the land, but the King declined to guarantee any religious liberty, although he was gracious enough to hint that as long as they conducted themselves peaceably he would not molest them. So ended the contest between the royal sword of James and the quill of his ex-postmaster, and the quill won.

Our discussion, so far, has clustered about two topics—the supremacy claimed by the Crown since the Magna Charta, and the denial, on the part of certain loyal subjects, of the Crown's supremacy in matters of religion. We now enter a new phase of the evolution of Popular Liberty among English-speaking people.

THIRD, THE SUPREMACY OF A RESPONSIBLE MINORITY IN A COLONY ORGANIZED FOR THE DEFENCE OF RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

The Pilgrims found their worst foes in the tight-fisted bargain-drivers of the English money-market. Loans could be negotiated only on the most extortionate terms. Vessels, equipment, and trading outfit were furnished on terms that reduced the borrowers to the economic condition of serfs. By ten hard and fast articles it was stipulated that, after arriving in the new country, the

Pilgrims should work for their creditors six days in the week during the term of seven years; at the end of that time, all of the dwellings built and all of the land cultivated should become the properties of the money lenders. As Jacob served seven years for Rachel, so the Pilgrims agreed to the terms for the love of liberty.

On the ninth of November (O. S.) 1620, one hundred and two Pilgrims in a leaky vessel of a hundred and eighty tons heard the welcome cry of "Land Ho!" Their perilous and uncomfortable voyage of over two months was ended. Two days later before landing, finding themselves north of the bounds granted in their charter, and troubled by the boasts of some irresponsible parties that they were going to do as they pleased in a land without law, the leading Pilgrims drew up in the cabin of the Mayflower a compact organizing all signers into a body politic. They agreed to be bound by "Such just & equal lawes, ordinances, acts, constitutions, & offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most meete and convenient for ye generall good of ye Colonie." This document signed by forty-one men became the supreme law of a new state.

As any majority, even in the most democratic form of government, is influenced and so eventually ruled by forceful leaders, let us glance at a few of the rulers among the forty-one signers.

At the head of the table sits John Carver, a young man of thirty, the newly chosen governor. Beside him is our old friend William Brewster who is now fifty-three years old, a "ruling elder," and acting as a lay preacher in the absence of that holy man of God, John Robinson, who stayed with the older part of the flock in Leyden. On the other side of John Carver is William Bradford, another young man of thirty who, when a lad on a Yorkshire farm, improved his spare moments to pick up a little Latin, subsequently added

Greek and Hebrew, and unwittingly fitted himself to be the annalist and second governor of the Plymouth Colony. Nature built him from timber of which leaders are made, wonderfully combining in his stalwart mind firmness with gentleness, an immense fund of energy with great power of self-control, and a sense of justice with unwearied patience—just the combination of qualities to understand and influence the minds of the Indians. Opposite to him sits Miles Standish, the soldier of the Colony. Although only thirty-six years of age, he has served his country on the continent, espoused the cause of liberty in Holland's struggle with Spain, and has now laid his sword on the Pilgrim's altar of religious liberty. We might speak of Edward Winslow, of aristocratic family and with mercantile instincts, John Alden of only twenty-one years old, the youngest of those who signed the compact, wise, prompt, and true as steel; but the time fails me to speak of others equally worthy in their respective spheres, who wrought righteousness, closed the mouths of royal lions, out of weakness waxed strong, and prepared the way for popular liberty. Suffice it to say that the character of these men mentioned is a guarantee that they, the ruling minority, will advise, formulate, help the majority to enact, and then, as the chosen executive officers, will administer laws in the interests of the entire state. This sort of minority rule is, and must ever be the substance and essence of popular liberty.

The progress of our thought now leads us to the next topic.

FOURTH, THE MANNER IN WHICH THE RULING MINORITY ACTUALLY SECURED TO THE MAJORITY THE LARGEST POSSIBLE MEASURE OF CIVIL LIBERTY, PERSONAL SAFETY, PROPERTY RIGHTS, AND ECCLESIASTICAL INDEPENDENCE.

The civil compact made in the Mayflower was, in spirit, as well as in

structure, democratic. As twenty-nine of the one hundred two who composed the Colony were women, and as the light of woman suffrage had not then appeared above the horizon, our reckoning concerns only the seventy-three males supposed to be capable of organizing a state. Since twenty of the seventy-three males were minor sons of the Pilgrims and five more were half-grown lads hired for service, there were but forty-eight adult men to make a political covenant. Of these forty-eight, fourteen were servants, sailors and craftsmen, leaving only thirty-four who might be called "proprietors." Inasmuch as we know that at least forty-one names were appended to the formulated constitution, seven of the fourteen classified as servants, sailors, and craftsmen must have stood on the same civil footing as the thirty-four proprietors. It has been suggested that the other seven laborers who did not sign were too ill to participate in organizing the body politic; at any rate they all died within a year. Thus we see that the first governor elected under the constitution of the Plymouth Colony was chosen by the free suffrages of all the able-bodied men in the state. Nothing could have been more democratic.

During the formative years of the Colony, Miles Standish, as chief of police, restrained the lawless within the settlement, and, as Captain General of the militia, guarded the inhabitants from outward foes. The Indians made less trouble for the Pilgrims than those hot-headed adventurers who came over from time to time, and who were determined to ride rough-shod over all regulations for the public safety that happened to be distasteful to them. Their perfidy with the Indians created complications for all the law-abiding whites, which tested to the utmost the diplomacy, strategy, and firmness of the military chief. Without the sword, the brain, and the conscience of Miles

Standish, the Plymouth Colony and all adjacent groups of settlers would have been swept from the face of the earth by the time the Massachusetts Company settled in Boston.

In the enjoyment of property there was no favored class. Every able-bodied person was expected to work. At first all products of labor went into a common fund, but as the lazy shirked and ate the surplus of the diligent, a change was made in 1624 by assigning an acre of ground to each head of a family "to be held as his own till the division of profits with the London merchants." Things commenced at once to improve.

A serious discouragement to thrift was the abuse of the Pilgrim's hospitality by the same reckless seekers of wealth or excitement, sent out by the English merchants. The heavy drain made on the colonists' resources by these non-producers sometimes reduced the supply of food to famine rations.

The nightmare that constantly rested on their minds was the anticipated time of reckoning at the end of the seven years. In 1626 the resourceful minority came to the help of the majority with a plan for relief, and Isaac Allerton was sent to London for an interview with the creditors of the Colony. It was learned that the English merchants would sell out their interests for eighteen hundred pounds sterling, to be paid in nine annual installments of two hundred pounds each. Eight Pilgrims became personally responsible for the debt,—Bradford, Standish, Allerton, Winslow, Brewster, Howland, Alden, and Pierce. They then formed a stock company and sold shares to the colonists, allowing each head of a family to take one share for himself, one for his wife, and one for each child living at home, the shares to be paid for by annual portions of the crops. At the end of the time allotted for payment, each share-holder was to own his own house with twenty acres of land, and all the improvements made.

Cows, goats and swine were to be divided among the share-holders at once. The company was to have the monopoly of the foreign trade, and from the expected profits liquidate the debt assumed. The plan commended itself to the community, and one hundred fifty-six persons purchased shares in the new company. *For the first time since they landed, the Pilgrims felt that they owned themselves.*

Thus early in the history of Plymouth, the financial ability of a few leaders saved the majority from bankruptcy, carried the colony over the shoals of ruin, and illustrated the economic truth that labor and capital are in the same vessel, and that the officers of the Ship of State should plan and the sailors should work for the highest interests of all on board.

In estimating the kind and degree of religious liberty vouchsafed to the individual under the Mayflower compact, we need to imagine ourselves in their places.

In the fourth year of their colonial life, the Plymouth people saw the ship *Charity* sail into the harbor. Among the arrivals was Rev. John Lyford, an ordained clergyman of the Church of England. He was very ingratiating, showed great deference to the rulers of the Colony, and expressed himself in deep sympathy with their aims. After he had been admitted to the Pilgrim's Church, voted a living, and given a place in the Governor's Council, he sowed seeds of dissatisfaction with the simple forms of worship used by the people, encouraged seditious sentiments, and organized a service with ceremonies that were very distasteful to most of the colony. On the day that the *Charity* was to sail on her return voyage, a large batch of letters directed to various London partners were sent on board by Lyford, and by a certain Oldham who had been troublesome ever since his arrival.

Governor Bradford, quick to act when suspecting plots against the

State, went in his executive capacity to the captain of the ship and demanded the letters. A perusal of some twenty documents showed that Lyford had been sent over by the enemies of the Pilgrims with the avowed purpose of overturning the government of Plymouth and setting up a state church on the pattern of the Establishment. Retaining some of the original letters and making copies of others, Governor Bradford bade the captain farewell. The ship weighed her anchor just before dark, and the Governor returned to his home during the night.

In due time Lyford and Oldham were brought to trial. Lyford at first denied his guilt, but when confronted with some of the letters was silent. Oldham, more reckless than his companion, called upon his followers then and there to rally and assume control of the Colony; but the grim attitude of Captain Standish was sufficient to strike fear into the hearts of those who sympathized with the plot. Both culprits were sentenced to banishment. Lyford broke down, professed penitence, and begged for mercy. Having been placed on probation for six months, he was soon at his old tricks of seditious letter-writing, and Edward Winslow, the agent of the Pilgrims, returning from England with fresh evidences of Lyford's duplicity, the latter was sent away for the good of the Colony.

This and other attempts of the financiers at London to overthrow Puritanism at Plymouth necessarily put the Pilgrims in a mental state of defence. Their supreme religious motive was to protect themselves in the enjoyment of their own simple forms of church life. To tolerate those who were pledged to destroy their church was out of the question. From the nature of the case, the Pilgrims did not at that time stand for toleration of anybody and everybody, but they did stand for the *one purpose of defending Puritanism in Plymouth*

from annihilation. In this the leaders carried out the purpose of the majority; they secured to that majority the largest measure of civil rights, the greatest degree of personal safety, the largest possible number of property rights, and the widest religious freedom at that time attainable. They were patriots of the highest type, and sacrificingly loyal to the supremacy of Popular liberty.

To see the Plymouth Colony in its historic perspective, we need to consider one more topic.

FIFTH, THE DIFFERENT PARTS PLAYED BY THE LEADING COLONIES OF NEW ENGLAND IN THE EVOLUTION OF POPULAR LIBERTY.

To no single colony can be accorded the honor of being the sole founder of our Americian freedom. Each had a kind of liberty that developed into something better.

Just what degree of religious toleration might have been vouchsafed in the Plymouth Colony, had not its citizens been compelled during the first years of their colonial life to fight for the very existence of their own ecclesiastical organization, we are unable to say. As a matter of fact, they had no opportunity to try out the broader principles of Roger Williams. Roger Williams, on the other hand, would have been a pitiable failure in the place of William Bradford. Sixteen years, with its bitter but salutary lessons, had to pass between the landing on Plymouth Rock by the Pilgrims and the settlement of Rhode Island by the apostle of non-resistance.

In New Hampshire liberty assumed quite a different type. David Thompson who settled in the vicinity of Portsmouth in 1623, and the Hiltons who settled in Dover the same year, were essentially traders, friends to one another, and friendly to the English Establishment, while John Wheelright who came to Exeter in 1638 was an Independent Antinomian,

and the settlers of Hampton were somewhat in sympathy with the Puritanism of Boston. These four towns grew into four little republics with laws of their own, and each thought itself to be quite as good, if not a little better than any of its neighbors. They jockeyed with those claimants of their lands who demanded rents under some supposed rights of the Mason patents, claimed the protection of the Crown when it best served their purpose, traded and fought with the Indians according to exigencies, quarreled with one another, and were as religious from time to time as they thought they could afford to be. Stubborn to the last degree in evading all legal processes that would deprive them of the homes that they had made in the wilderness, the settlers of New Hampshire became past-masters in the diplomacy of dogged evasion. The logic of necessity welded the towns into a royal province in 1679, vacating alike the tyranny of Mason's heirs and the irritating claims of Massachusetts.

Still another type of liberty was made possible when, in 1629, Charles I, at the personal solicitation of Lord Dorchester, regranted by patent to Sir Henry Roswell and twenty-six associates the country from three miles north of the Merrimack to three miles south of the Charles, and extending from ocean to ocean. Although the patent did not grant religious liberty to the patentees, it did authorize them to make and administer their own laws, subject always to the laws of the Realm. When Charles caused the document to pass the seals he supposed, as a matter of course, that the financial and governing end of the project would be in London. But less than four months after the patent was issued, at a regular meeting of the Massachusetts Company, as the patentees called themselves, the Governor, Matthew Cradock, proposed that the government of the plantation should be transferred from the mem-

bers who might live in England to those who might go to the new settlement. The patentees, shrewd, far-seeing, and for the most part in close sympathy with Puritanism, perceived that if they could reach the desired plantation, it would be difficult for His Majesty to watch them very closely, and, by putting their own construction on the document, they might be able to maintain a Puritan church contrary to the laws of England—in other words, become independent. The proposition was bold, but the members were brave, and after a month of secret debate among themselves, it was voted in a regular meeting to make the transfer.

When, on a May morning of 1630, a fleet of eleven ships, headed by the *Arbella* carrying twenty-eight guns, passed the Isles of Scilly and laid their course west-southwest for the open sea, a new era had dawned in colonial history.

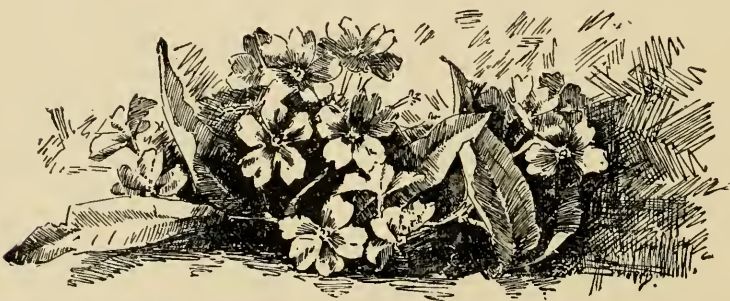
It was no band of weaklings that set up civil government in and about Boston. They soon numbered some 1800 souls and became an aggressive force in the new World. Developing the Congregational form of church life, they became too pronounced in their individual views to avoid serious doctrinal quarrels, and were too positive and militant to tolerate any faith that denied the right of Puritanism to rule in a state founded by Puritanism. But notwithstanding all of the uncomfortable angles of their square-cornered piety, their energy founded Harvard College, sent the Apostle Elliot to the Indians, issued the first American newspaper, used Boston Harbor for Liberty's teacup, and became the chief bulwark of defense for the weaker colonies in the growing aggressions of the English Crown.

Each of these four sorts of liberty—the defensive illustrated at Plymouth, the diplomatic characteristic of the little republics of New Hampshire, the militant peculiar to Massachusetts, and the non-resistant practiced by Roger Williams—became more and

more modified with the growth of the colonies. As the hostilities of the French were increasingly felt, and as the oppressions of the Mother Country drove the iron deeper and deeper into the souls of the people, the colonies united in larger units for mutual protection. Then the states, in turn, with thirteen varying, kinds of freedom, joined in a Confederation and wrought out *a new type of liberty* whose emblem was the eagle, and whose flag by its field of blue represented the protection of heaven, by its circle of stars prophesied of new light yet to break forth from immortal truth, and by its stripes of red and white told the story of successful war that had brought a well-earned peace.

The treaty of Paris did not relegate America's definition of human rights to a showcase as a finished product; Liberty was still in the making. For more than a century and a quarter the United States has been reading new and broader meanings into the Declaration of Independence. The Farewell Address of George Washington to the people of the country and the classic of Abraham Lincoln on the field of Gettysburg are the milestones on the highway of national life by which we mark the progress of Liberty's chariot.

The goal is not yet reached. The dove above us still hovers in her flight under the shadow of the eagle's wings. Liberty and her sisters, Intelligence and Conscience, still sweep onward in their car with eyes toward the future. When prompt justice shall have become equally available for the rich and the poor, when literalism in the interpretation of law shall have become as obnoxious as literalism in Biblical exegesis, when labor unions shall have called the last strike and employers ceased to provoke their employes to wrath, when the public health shall have become of more consequence than wealth secured from misbranded goods, when the ablest minds in the country shall count it high privilege to assist the majority in planning for its best interests, when arbitration shall become the agreed method of settling national differences and reciprocal treaties break down the unreasonable barriers that now separate the broad acreages of the world, and when the races of the earth shall recognize the brotherhood of man,—then, and not until then, will the worn wheels of Liberty's chariot pause at the destined goal within the gates of a New Jerusalem whose fundamental law is The Supremacy of Popular Liberty.



THE HALL OF FAME*

By Clarence E. Carr

Whose is the name for the Hall of Fame
To be writ on the scroll where the eagles came
And perched on the banners tattered and torn,
Baek from the southland homeward borne?
Whose is the name?

Is it the soldier true and brave
Who stood on the line and fearlessly gave
His heart to the fight? In the game he played
He was careless of death. He rarely prayed
But marched to the front in the morning light,
Hailing his comrades cheery and bright,
Though at night he lay in a soldier's grave
And slept the sleep of the true and the brave.
Whose is the name for the Hall of Fame?

Is it the name of the mountaineer
Who brushed away the falling tear
As he clasped to his heart the wife of his love
And the babe asleep, and to God above
Gave them in keeping, and duty's call
Answered, and then was the first to fall?
Whose is the name for the Hall of Fame?

Is it the guard on the lonely picket
Who walked upright, while in every thicket
Death stalked and laughed, and took his toll,—
And no one answered the morning roll?
Say, whose is the name for the Hall of Fame?

*By an act passed by the General Court April 13, 1909, supplemented by an act passed April 15, 1911, a committee, chosen for that purpose, is to gather, arrange, and prepare for permanent exhibition, portraits of "distinguished sons of New Hampshire" engaged in the "War of the Rebellion." The room in the Capitol where these portraits are to be hung is to be designated the "Hall of Heroes."

The committee, or commission as now established, will have hard work to make a just selection for this "Hall of Fame." To put the portraits of all whose names deserve a place in such a collection might make it necessary to enlarge the State House. What is to be the test? "Distinguished"—how? By usefulness, or courage, or by the supreme test of patriotism? Patriotism is love of country. The measure of one's patriotism is the sacrifice he is willing to make and does make for his country. Patriotism is not measured by usefulness, and only partly by courage. Judged by these standards and weighed in the balance the patriotism of the poorest soldier may make that of the greatest general kick the beam.

Curiously enough, the words of the statutes seem to restrict the honor to the "sons of New Hampshire." What about her daughters? Was it intended to use the word "sons" in a generic sense? We cannot believe it was the intention to exclude from this hall the portrait, for instance, of Harriet P. Dame, beloved of every soldier who felt the blessing of her presence or the touch of her ministering hand. The same is true of many other women of New Hampshire, found in camp, hospital, or on the field after the battle. The names of Mother Bickerdyke, Mary Livermore, Harriet Dame, and thousands of others all over the country, are cherished for their usefulness, their patriotism and their courage in the late war.

Surely no "Hall of Heroes" would be complete unadorned by the portraits of some of New Hampshire's daughters.

Is it the leader fearless and bold—
True as the Bayard knight of old—
Who weighed the chances and counted the cost
And paid the price though he won or lost?
Say, whose is the name for the Hall of Fame?

Is it the woman who went to the front,
And after the storm of the battle's brunt,
'Mid loathsome disease and wounds and death,
Blessed by the men with their latest breath,
Faced the work in the hospital tent,
And on the mission by heaven sent
Smoothed the brow and held the hand
Till the spirit passed to a sweeter land?
Say, whose is the name?

Is it the mother left behind
Who heard a voice in every wind
That came from the southland day by day
To a heart too heavy and sad to pray,
Who watched when the morning stars were set
And through the years is watching yet?
Say, whose is the name for the Hall of Fame?

Yes, it was worth the price they paid,
All the lives that in death were laid,
For the banner bright on whose every fold
Are written their names and deeds of gold;

For by their work and self denial
In storm and tempest and sacred trial
Ours the nation of nations may be
Where men and country and God are free;

For it was the spirit of Christ indeed
That came to us in our sorest need
And to our land his presence lent,
Redeemed by a martyred president.

And Lincoln's name in the Hall of Fame
In letters of gold on a field of flame
Shall stand for the heroes who did not falter
When they laid their all on our country's altar.

As Jesus came to the sons of men
We come to the nations of earth again.



EARLY LIFE IN A NEW HAMPSHIRE TOWN

By Charles C. Hardy

The closing days of a busy life are comforted and cheered, oft-times, by a glance at the past. I have been looking with great satisfaction of late at the "Economic and Social History of New England"; a very interesting and instructive work. The author brings his History down to the year 1789. At about the same time my grandfather began life in a home of his own. He was born in a quiet farming town on the southern border of New Hampshire. At the age of nineteen he marched to Bunker Hill one fine June afternoon in Colonel Reid's regiment accompanied by the regiment of Colonel Stark. Both bodies of troops took position at the rail fence, and finally covered the retreat of Colonel Prescott's men from the Redoubt. He also took part in the battles of Trenton and of Bennington. Was at Valley Forge and at West Point. His whole term of active service, at different periods, in the American Army amounted to three years. Before the close of the war, he bought some wild land in a township, the settlement of which was just beginning. It was literally the "Forest Primeval," unbroken, undisturbed, which completely covered his lands. In the first year he made a small clearing and built a house. Unlike the greater part of the houses in use then and there, which were built of logs, it was a frame house containing two rooms and an attic. A large chimney gave a broad, open fireplace, capable of receiving logs four feet in length. One room served for kitchen, dining-room and sitting room. His vegetables were put into a deep pit, outside of the house and covered with earth deep enough to keep out the frost. In that cottage he kept his family till increasing prosperity enabled him to build a larger and more comfortable house in which he died at sixty years

of age. He was what everybody respects—a fortunate man. Specially blest was he in having a faithful, industrious capable wife. They had four sons, each of whom was six feet in height. He used to say that he had twenty-four feet of sons. A fifth son was prevented by an accident from rising to the family altitude. Three daughters were added to the members of his family. The eight children all lived to mature age and the most of them were more than seventy years old when they died. All the sons and daughters were married and only one was childless. The mother lived to be upwards of eighty-five years old. The amount of sickness was very small. I think every child of my grandfather's was alive when he died. The nearest doctor was five miles away.

The wolves were plenty, hungry and extremely fierce. They surrounded the house after dark and kept up a constant howling until day-break. The sheep had to be kept in the barn for protection every night. One man lost five sheep which were devoured in his barn-yard by wolves in a single night. Another lost eight sheep—all he had—and the wolves killed his dog. Later, the same man lost eleven out of thirteen sheep, at "one killing." The town offered a bounty of eight dollars each for every wolf killed within the town limits. Bears abounded, but were not considered very dangerous. An unfortunate appetite which they had for ears of corn in the milk, made them undesirable neighbors at certain seasons of the year. The woods were full of smaller game. Squirrels of three different kinds were plenty. Partridges abounded everywhere. Wild pigeons fairly darkened the air, late in the summer. Trout were to be found in the brooks, and the ponds

were well stocked with pickerel and perch.

There was a large percentage of Scotch-Irish blood in the veins of the early settlers. The careful, shrewd matter-of-fact, canny Scot had taken to himself an impulsive, sensitive, fun-loving, witty North-Irish wife. A powerful race of solid, wise, humorous and substantial men was the result. One of the ablest judges of the Supreme Court of New Hampshire was of this breed and was a good specimen. His mental and moral outfit included most of the best traits of his ancestors. All were witty. One old Scotch-Irish lady who was born during the passage of her parents to this country, used to say, "I was not born on the Eastern nor the Western Continent, nor anywhere else on the face of the earth." The stories of "Swamp Law" and "Swamp Speeches" are too numerous to be repeated here. The Scotch-Irish were unlike any other people who ever came to these shores, except, perhaps, the Pilgrims, in their lonely originality.

The religious life of the settlement was, on the whole, strong and abiding, though measured by the standards of our time, somewhat narrow. Of our modern skepticism they were absolutely ignorant. Unbelievers—what few they had—were of the lower classes. The better people were supporters of what was then New England's Established Church—the Congregational. For many years after the times which we are considering, the First Congregational was the only religious society in the town. Its minister was an Arminian. A man of culture, able in his profession. Unworldly to a fault, he was liable to be imposed upon by every unscrupulous person he met. As might be expected poverty "came upon him like an armed man," and came to stay; did stay till he was made wealthy by the death of his father. He possessed a fund of humor which never failed. Quiet, simple but keen. Much of it

was not understood; the little which was, being very often misrepresented by the hard-headed, matter-of-fact people with whom he had to deal. His good things if properly put together would fill a volume. But they were like Burns'

. . . "Snowflakes in a river.
A moment white, then gone forever."

Arriving rather late at a town meeting, he was barely in season to hear a motion made to increase his salary. "Mr. Moderator and gentlemen, I beseech you not to do it! It is almost impossible to collect my present stipend!" The Rev. Mr. Stars, of the neighboring town of Dash, until silenced by his repartees, was very fond of "chaffing" him. In a meeting of clergymen the question was, "Is there really such a thing possible as disinterested benevolence?" Our parson's opinion was called for. "I know there is such a thing!" he said. "Our good neighbors in Dash pay our brother Stars three hundred dollars a year without *getting* anything or *expecting* to get anything in return."

Speaking of the crops on some of his land which was planted "at the halves," by one of his parishioners he said, "I received nothing. My half didn't grow." It is said—but this is apocryphal—that, preaching once upon Faith, he asserted, "It would remove mountains." Glancing at the same moment out of the window at Monadnock towering three thousand feet above him he added "Hardly!" When some of the people of a neighboring parish complained to him that their minister preached exclusively upon "Work! Work!" he said, "Oh! if that is all, you will not be hurt. Never did a people more need such preaching."

Late in his ministry a new Baptist society gathered into its fold some of his flock. He paid no attention, letting them alone severely. At last, one of their number growing impatient at being so completely ignored, asked him why he (the parson) "had not

visited and reproved him, or dealt with him according to Scripture." "I have," was the reply. "In what way?" "According to the direction of the apostle. 'Mark them that cause division and offences contrary to the doctrine which ye have learned, and avoid them.'" An earnest writer in a late number of one of our prominent periodicals says, "I am not certain . . . that there is any record that the Saviour or the apostles or prophets, or either of them, had much humor." Possibly they had none; but the clergyman whose case we are considering, had; and it was a rare jewel in his earthly, if not in his heavenly crown. His wit must have shed some light on times which were in many respects a little dark. It is a pleasure to record that Peace and Prosperity smiled upon him in his latter years.

The way the people of his parish lived was simple and plain. Their food was not specially rich, but plentiful and wholesome. During the late spring, summer and early part of autumn, milk was abundant. All the butter and cheese consumed in the year were then made. The winters were long and very cold. The supply of milk was cut off. Bean-porridge was then used by every family. A great iron kettle full of it stood by, or was kept on the fire. It was made by boiling beans, corn, a little salt beef, a little salt pork and a great deal of water in the aforesaid kettle. Enough to last several days was made at one time. Neither love, money or interest could induce a person who had been brought up on the bean-porridge diet to taste it in after life. One man testified that he really believed he had eaten a well full of it while growing from early childhood to man's estate. For bread they had "Rye and Indian" baked in the house oven—or out of doors if there was no oven in the house. In the earliest times, when bricks could not be had, one man would build a stone oven in the open air and all the neighbors

would make use of it, preparing their "batch" at home and bringing it sometimes the distance of a mile. Rye bread they had, for rye was plenty. Wheat was at first unknown. For a long time afterward, very scarce. The land was in general strong, fertile but very hard. Rocks abounded on the surface and below it. The trees were tall and straight; the soil hard to cultivate but making a good return for labor bestowed on it, in plenteous harvests. There used to be talk that the rocks were so near together that the noses of sheep had to be sharpened on a grindstone before they could graze in some of the pastures; but I set such stories down as malicious and untrue, repeated by enemies of the good old town, who would be glad to see its downfall. In the early times, roads were unknown. Cart-paths, used for ox teams and for riding on horseback, were all the highways that the early settlers had. All the light traveling for business or pleasure was done on horseback, or for short distances on foot. "It is related that Mrs. W. G. one morning in winter, put on snowshoes, took one half a bushel of corn on her shoulders, went by marked trees to an adjoining town, had it ground into meal and returned the same day." Not a *great* many of our modern ladies would or could perform such a feat. Most of them—as well as many gentlemen—do not even know what a snowshoe is. People who rode to church went on horseback. The husband in the saddle; his wife on a pillion behind him; keeping herself from falling off by putting one arm round his waist. Lovers in particular were very partial to this way of getting to "meeting," to parties or to "balls." Could the horses of those times have spoken the tender words they overheard, materials for a circulating library of sentimental novels might have been secured. Some one says, "After the introduction of four-wheeled carriages, you could not persuade a prudent woman,

who had for fifteen or twenty years enjoyed the safe and easy seat of a pillion, to expose herself to the danger and complicated movements of a wagon under the price of a broken neck." For many years my grandfather and grandmother rode "double" as it was called, to church, a distance of five miles, carrying their dinner. She, very often with a child in her arms. Horses had much to bear in those days. Further on in life, as children grew up, he kept four horses so that all could go to "meeting," for he was in his way a strong churchman of the early New England sort.

One is surprised to see how little those farmers of a century ago depended upon the outside world for most of the necessities of life. My grandfather raised all the beef, mutton and pork which were consumed by his family. There were no butchers, bakers, or brewers in his town. All the "every-day" clothing was made at home. Possibly after he had been for some years on his farm, his "go-to-meeting" suit may have been made of "boughten cloth." His sheep produced wool enough for woolen underwear of all kinds, for woolen dresses for winter use of his wife and daughters, for bed blankets—woolen sheets they were called; not so thick as blankets are in these days—all the hosiery used by the whole household and every other article of wearing apparel consumed by the family. The farm produced all the flax they

wanted for home use. Six months in the year, what we call by a heroic figure of speech "linen," meaning cotton, was *real linen*, of which all their underclothing was made. The remainder of the year their "linen" was made of wool. All the sugar and all the molasses which they used, came from the sap of the sugar maple trees; a little loaf-sugar to be used in sickness, or when the minister drank his annual cup of tea with them—excepted. Their leather had to be purchased of the tanner. The shoemaker came once or twice a year with all his tools and shod the family all round. Snowshoes were made and used by themselves. They were obliged to send some of their woolen cloth to "the fuller." Tea they seldom drank. Coffee never—except rye coffee. It is very painful, but truth compels me to admit that my grandfather did use tobacco. He not only used, but he raised it—all that he had. Did he want to build a shed or repair his barn? The lumber was growing at his door. His three daughters washed, cooked, spun, wove, sewed and got married. His was a "House of Industry." Young people now-a-days would call it a "House of Correction." It was the abode of health, contentment, and peace. Those who once lived there are gone. The house is left on the lonely hill; the beautiful lake and the grand old mountain remain; but the father and the mother and their children have passed away.



NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

HON. JAMES B. RICHARDSON

James Bailey Richardson, Associate Justice of the Superior Court of Massachusetts, a native of the town of Orford, died at his summer home in that town, after a long illness August 30, 1911.

He was a son of Joel and Sarah (Bailey) Richardson, born December 9, 1832. He fitted for college at Thetford, Vt., Academy, and entered Yale in 1853, subsequently changing to Dartmouth, from which he graduated in 1857. He studied law in Boston, was admitted to the Suffolk bar in 1859, and continued in active practice in Boston until his appointment to the bench in 1892, meanwhile serving in the Boston Common Council, as a member of the State legislature, as Corporation Counsel under Mayor Hart, and as a member of the Rapid Transit Commission. Politically he was a Republican.

Since 1876 Judge Richardson had been a trustee of the Franklin Savings Bank and from 1875 he was a member of the board of managers of the New England Home for Little Wanderers. In the early nineties he was elected a trustee of Dartmouth College, and Richardson Dormitory in Hanover was named in his honor. In 1894 he founded at this college the Joel Richardson scholarship, in memory of his father.

Judge Richardson was married, on Nov. 15, 1865, to Lucy Cushing Gould. His winter residence was in Newbury street, Boston, and he maintained a summer home in his birthplace, Orford. He belonged to the University Club as one of its original members, and to the Boston Art and Unitarian clubs. His chief recreation, apart from his judicial duties, he found in farming at his place in Orford. He was the author of "Notes on Equity Pleading and Practice in Massachusetts."

COL. EDWIN C. LEWIS

Edwin C. Lewis, born in New Hampton, November 28, 1836, died at Laconia, September 14, 1911.

He was a son of Col. Rufus G. and Sally (Smith) Lewis, fitted for college at the New Hampton Institution and graduated from Harvard in the class of 1859. He commenced reading law in Lowell, but was called home by his father's illness, and finally abandoned his purpose to pursue that profession. He remained in New Hampton till 1878 when he removed to Laconia and engaged in journalism as one of the editors and proprietors of the *Democrat* in that place, in which capacity he was engaged for eighteen years.

Politically Colonel Lewis was a Democrat of the conservative school. He served two years as treasurer of Belknap County, and was a member of the executive council during

the administration of Gov. Hiram A. Tuttle. He served several years as a member of the Laconia School Board and was long a trustee of the New Hampton Institution. His military title came from service on the staff of Gov. James A. Weston. He was an attendant and liberal supporter of the Congregational church, a Mason and member of Pilgrim Commandery, Knights Templar, of Laconia.

Colonel Lewis married in 1890, Eliza B., daughter of David and Sally (Wallace) Hilton of Sandwich who died nine years later. He leaves a sister—Mrs. Sarah E. Gordon, of Biddeford, Me., and a niece—Mrs. Winnie Lewis Turner, wife of Hon. Charles H. Turner of Washington, D. C.

JOHN H. I OLBEER

John Henry Dolbeer, one of the best known citizens of Epsom, where he was born February 8, 1839, died in that town September 14, 1911. He was educated at Pittsfield and Pembroke Academies and followed the vocation of a farmer, in which he was quite successful. He was an active and influential member of the Grange, and conspicuous in town affairs, serving as a selectman, representative and delegate in the Constitutional Convention, also on the school board and as library trustee. He was especially interested in historical matters, and wrote the Epsom chapter in the Merrimack County History. He was a charter member of Evergreen Lodge, I. O. O. F., and for thirty-three years its secretary, and was also secretary of the Epsom Old Home Week Association. He is survived by a wife and one daughter.

JAMES H. PRINCE

James H. Prince, founder of the Eagle White Lead Company, and the James H. Prince Paint Company of Boston, and long prominent in the paint manufacturing business, died at his home in Brookline, Mass., September 21, 1911, at the age of 80 years, having been born in the town of Newmarket, in this state in 1831. He removed to Cincinnati, Ohio, in early life and was successful there in the wholesale drug business, returning east and engaging in the paint business after the Civil War. He was a great traveller and sportsman, and was particularly fond of fishing, and was an intimate companion, in this sport, of the late President Cleveland and Joseph Jefferson. Only last year despite his advanced age, he went on a fishing trip to the Pacific coast and Alaska.

COL. ALFRED M. CHADWICK

Col. Alfred M. Chadwick, assistant superintendent of the Tremont and Suffolk Mills

of Lowell, Mass., died in that city September 27, 1911.

He was born in Exeter, N. H., December 12, 1855, the eldest son of Capt. John and Francis (Rogers) Chadwick. In early life he was employed in the hardware store of his uncle, Jacob Rogers, in Lowell, was later a clerk in the Railroad National Bank, and then became paymaster and assistant superintendent of the Tremont and Suffolk Mills. He was active in politics as a Republican, had been president of the Lowell Common Council, Chairman of the Board of Aldermen, and a member of the school and water boards. He was a member of the staff of Gov. John Q. A. Brackett.

MOSES C. LATHROP, M. D.

Dr. Moses Craft Lathrop, an eminent physician of Dover, where he had been located for the last forty years, died at his home in that city September 29, 1911.

He was a native of Tolland, Conn., born May 21, 1831. He came of distinguished ancestry and was educated at academies in Connecticut and at Wilbraham, Mass. He graduated from Worcester, Mass., Medical College in 1852, and located in practice at Pittsfield in this state but soon removed to Massachusetts, later to New York and then to Iowa where he was in practice when the Civil War broke out. He served as assistant

surgeon of the 19th Iowa regiment and as surgeon of a colored regiment, leaving the army in 1866, and soon after settled in practice in Dover, where he continued. He was a pioneer in many lines of surgery and performed the first operation for appendicitis in the State. He had been president of the Strafford County Medical Association, and of the New Hampshire Medical Society, and was a member of the American Medical Society. He was prominent in G. A. R. and Masonic circles, an Odd Fellow and a Knight of Pythias. He married February 23, 1853, Elizabeth Smith Babcock, daughter of Judge Joshua Babcock of the Rhode Island Supreme Court.

CHARLES E. MARSH

Charles E. Marsh, for twenty-three years clerk of the town of Greenville, died at his home there October 3, at the age of seventy-five years. He was a native of the town of Gilmanton and was educated in the Pittsfield and Gilford Academies. He served with conspicuous gallantry in the Twelfth N. H. Regiment in the Civil War, gaining the rank of lieutenant. He had been treasurer of the Savings Bank at Greenville for a quarter of a century, and for twenty-two years was postmaster. He represented the town in the legislature in 1881. He leaves a wife and two daughters in Greenville, and one son—Frederick C. Marsh of Boston.

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER'S NOTES

The New Hampshire Woman Suffrage Association, which was organized in Concord, December 23, 1868, forty-three years ago next month, held its annual meeting in Manchester on Wednesday and Thursday, November 15 and 16, Miss Mary N. Chase of Andover, President, in the chair, with a good attendance of delegates from different sections of the state. The Wednesday evening session was devoted to a lecture by Judge Lindsey of Colorado upon his work in the interest of juvenile offenders, in which the women of Denver effectively sustained him, an interesting feature of the session being the presence on the platform of Governor Bass, Hon. Clarence E. Carr and Ex-Gov. Henry B. Quinby. The meeting was characterized by complete harmony throughout, notwithstanding friction had been anticipated in some quarters, the prevailing sentiment being favorable to united effort in behalf of the common cause, and the prosecution of an energetic campaign for the submission and adoption, the coming year, of a constitutional amendment granting suffrage to the women of the State, which campaign will be in charge of the executive board of which

Miss Chase, reelected as President, remains the head.

Reference to the annual meeting of the State Woman Suffrage Association, and its avowed purpose to work for the submission and adoption of a constitutional amendment establishing equal rights between the sexes in the matter of the elective franchise, brings up the matter of the convention itself and the choice of delegates to the same which is to be made on the day of the annual town meetings in March, special elections being held for the purpose at the same time in the several cities whose regular elections are held at other times. It is to be hoped that partisanship will nowhere be allowed to enter into the matter of these elections, but that in every town and ward men of the highest character and ability, who regard the public welfare as the paramount consideration, will be selected, regardless of their party affiliation. Important changes in the fundamental law are sought, in various directions, and it is desirable that men who put the public good above all party considerations be selected to deal with the work which the forthcoming convention will have in hand.



Edwin G. Eastman,

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. XLIII, No. 12

DECEMBER, 1911 NEW SERIES, VOL. 6, No. 12

LEADERS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

VI

Hon. Edwin G. Eastman

By H. C. Pearson

Edwin Gamage Eastman, attorney-general of New Hampshire since 1892, ranks high among the leaders of his state by reason of his faithful and efficient performance of official duty, his notable success in the practice of his profession and his prominence as a public-spirited citizen. Of New Hampshire birth, education and lifelong residence, Mr. Eastman has been closely identified with the legal and political history of his state since early manhood and his name will meet very frequently the eye of any student of Granite State annals for the past three decades.

General Eastman's first American ancestor was Roger Eastman, born in Wales in 1611, who came across the water in 1638 and settled in Salisbury, Mass. Among his descendants in the seventh generation was Rev. William Henry Eastman, for more than half a century a New Hampshire clergyman, who married in Grantham Pauline Sibley Winter. Their only child, the subject of this sketch, was born in Grantham November 22, 1847. He always has cherished warm affection for his native town, and there, upon one of the state's fine farms, he spends a large part of every year.

He was educated in the public schools, at Kimball Union Academy, Meriden, and at Dartmouth College. "Working his way" through preparatory school and college, General Eastman earned

his education by hard toil and in the face of discouraging obstacles. But, as has been the case with so many others of our leaders, this experience was of the greatest value to him in that it formed his character at the same time that it trained his mind and brought him to the threshold of his life work a man of determined purpose and well-poised judgment as well as of academic learning and culture.

No Dartmouth class ever gave more distinguished lawyers to the world than did the class of 1874, its roll including, besides General Eastman such names as those of Chief Justice Frank N. Parsons of New Hampshire, Chief Justice John A. Aiken of Massachusetts, Congressman Samuel W. McCall, former Congressman Samuel L. Powers, General Frank S. Streeter of the International Boundary Commission, and many others. It is needless to say that General Eastman is proud of his class and his college and that they, in turn, are proud of him.

After leaving college Mr. Eastman read law at Bath with Hon. Alonzo P. Carpenter, afterwards justice and chief justice of the Supreme Court of the state, and was admitted to the bar in 1876. The same year witnessed the formal opening of both his legal and political careers, for he represented his native town of Grantham in the Legislature of 1876.

On September 22 of the same cen-

tennial year he took up his residence in Exeter and there began the practice of law in the office of the late General Gilman Marston, one of the strongest men in New Hampshire history. General Marston was so well pleased with his young associate that in 1878 he entered with him into a partnership which continued until the death of the senior member of the firm in 1890. It was recognized as one of the ablest combinations in the New Hampshire bar and its success was immediate and continuous.

After the death of General Marston, Mr. Eastman formed the new firm of Eastman, Young & O'Neill, the second member being Judge John E. Young, now of the state supreme bench. This partnership was dissolved in 1898 and for several years General Eastman and Henry F. Hollis, Esq., of Concord, joined in practice as Eastman & Hollis with offices at Exeter and Concord. In 1902 the firm of Eastman, Scammon & Gardner was formed and still continues, the partners with General Eastman being Hon. John Scammon, former president of the state Senate, and Perley Gardner, Esq.

From the beginning of his legal career Mr. Eastman's private practice has been large and lucrative. His thorough knowledge of the law and native good sense, combined with a wide and deserved reputation for ability and integrity, have made him the favored counsellor of a large circle of clients. Always slow in advising litigation, when once a case has been entered upon he devotes to it the careful analysis of his keen and well-trained mind. Patient and persevering in establishing the facts and the law bearing upon the points at issue, he marshals them logically and impressively, building up a case in which his opponent seeks in vain for flaws in method or errors in authority. From his first experience as an advocate the sincerity of his manner has proved as great an asset for Mr. Eastman in winning cases as the direct simplicity of his style and the convincing clearness of his language and argument.

General Eastman is never at a disadvantage before a New Hampshire jury. Its members look upon him as a man after their own heart and believe that he believes in his own case. At the same time Mr. Eastman has the respect of the judges before whom he practices, having so often thoroughly proved the soundness of his theories of the law and the breadth and depth of his knowledge of its applications. Nor have occasions been lacking when these qualities of his stood the test of the appeal of cases in which he has been interested to the highest tribunal, the Supreme Court of the United States at Washington.

Because of the demands which public service has made upon him General Eastman has felt constrained to refuse to extend his private practice in certain profitable directions, a standard which has been appreciated by his fellow-members of the bar and by the public in general.

His first period of such public service was as solicitor of Rockingham County from 1883 to 1888, and it was so marked with successful conduct of the office that when Attorney-General Daniel Barnard died in 1892 it was deemed very natural that Governor Hiram A. Tuttle should place at the head of the state's legal department Edwin G. Eastman of Exeter. That appointment, then well received, has been amply justified in the score of years that have elapsed, during which, by successive reappointments, Mr. Eastman has continued to hold this high office.

The list of men who have held the office of attorney-general of New Hampshire is a notable one: Samuel Livermore, Wyseman Claggett, John Sullivan, John Prentice, Joshua Atherton, William Gordon, Jeremiah Mason, George Sullivan, Samuel Bell, William K. Atkinson, Daniel French, Charles F. Gove, Lyman B. Walker, John S. Wells, the younger John Sullivan, William C. Clark, Lewis W. Clarke, Mason W. Tappan, Daniel Barnard and Edwin G. Eastman, a score in all from 1778 to 1911, and the

last name upon the list fully worthy to stand with the others.

Naturally, during his long service as attorney-general, Mr. Eastman has conducted many famous and important cases, the mere mention of which would overrun the limits of this article. The perpetrators of many murders and other high crimes against the person have been punished justly through his instrumentality; and numerous civil cases of the highest importance have come within his jurisdiction, including those popularly known as the "oleomargarine" case; the Percy Summer Club case, establishing the rights of the people in the public waters of the state; the railroad and express rate cases; the railroad tax cases, etc.

One thing that shows General Eastman's standing in his profession is the fact that for twenty years he has been a member, by appointment of the Supreme Court, of the State Board of Bar Examiners, having charge of the examination and admission of candidates to practice law in New Hampshire.

General Eastman has given distinguished and valuable public service, also, in other capacities than those of an officer of the law. In young manhood he was elected as representative from his native town of Grantham to the legislature of 1876. In the exceptionally able State Senate of 1889 he represented with credit the twenty-first district; and in the convention of 1902 to propose amendments to the constitution of the state he rendered appreciated service as chairman of the committee on future mode of amending the constitution.

As a legislator and political leader Mr. Eastman has shown himself, as in his profession, cool, clear-headed and sagacious. There is no trait of the demagogue in his make-up. He would no more stoop to "playing politics" than to legal trickery. But without seeking popularity he has attained it, throughout the state, and respect and esteem as well. His name has been frequently mentioned

in connection with the governorship of his state, and with its representation at Washington, the national capital.

General Eastman is a director and vice-president of the Exeter Banking Company; a trustee and vice-president of the Union Five Cents Savings Bank of Exeter; a director and president of the Exeter Manufacturing Company; and was a trustee of Robinson Seminary, Exeter, for fourteen years.

Mr. Eastman married in Newport March 14, 1877, Elma E. Dodge, who died October 19, 1880. To them was born one daughter, Helen May. At Exeter March 16, 1885, he married Morgieanna Follansby and they have two children, Ella Follansby Eastman and Edwin Winter Eastman.

General Eastman has a beautiful and happy home at Exeter, where, with his family and large library he would like to spend more time than his public duties allow him for that purpose. A public-spirited citizen, he takes much interest in the welfare of that fine old town and can be counted upon to support heartily any forward movement there. In religious affiliations he is a Congregationalist.

Mr. Eastman takes much pride, also, in "Grey Ledges," his Grantham summer home, which he has created from the farm where he was born and which has been in the family for four generations. Located on a hill 1,200 feet above the sea level, fifteen towns and as many mountain peaks can be seen from the house veranda. While the house has been gradually enlarged from the red cottage of 1820, when it was built, until now it contains twenty rooms, it retains still many of the quaint features of its earliest days; the "landscape" painted walls, the great fireplaces, with their brick ovens, etc.

The farm is of 750 acres and is well-stocked with Ayrshire cattle and the remarkable yield of its carefully kept apple orchards has more than local fame. General Eastman is as successful a farmer as he is lawyer and he takes real pleasure in not merely

managing the estate, but in doing himself much of the real work of the place.

And that is the keynote of Edwin G. Eastman's life and character. He is a worker, a successful worker, an

honest worker upon right lines for good and great ends. And today, in the full maturity of his powers, his record of accomplishment, impressive as it is, is far from finished.

FLORIDA FAIR FLORIDA

By Fred Myron Colby

Fair El Dorado of our land,
With breezes by the ocean fanned;
Where Ponce de Leon dreamed his dream,
And Romance haunts each storied stream,
From fair St. John's to Tampa Bay.
And Nature is one holiday
Through all the happy, livelong year
Oh, Paradise is surely here
In Florida, fair Florida.

Land of sweet songs and flame-bright wings;
Where the long Spanish moss gaily swings;
Where the grape and golden orange gleam,
And the magnolia is a dream.
Here passed De Soto and his men;
And History with its magic pen
Has traced a line of dazzling light
Where shine the silver waters bright,
In Florida, fair Florida.

There lie thy Everglades of green,
And, site of many a bygone scene.
Old St. Augustine meets the eye
Beneath its softly melting sky.
The magic of the past is thine;
And romance, beauty and sunshine.
An Eden greets each circling year,
Ah, sure the fount of youth is here,
In Florida, fair Florida.



THE GREAT TORNADO OF 1821*

By Fred W. Lamb

The early part of the month of September, 1821, was noted for being very stormy. On the third of the month a violent storm prevailed on the whole Atlantic coast in which many lives were lost and a great deal of property was destroyed.

On the afternoon of Sunday, September 9, 1821, occurred the famous "tornado" in central New Hampshire. The day before had been very warm and Sunday was very warm and sultry, although the sun shone brightly. The wind blew from about the southwest until about six o'clock when a very black cloud was seen to rise in the north and the northwest, and as it passed in a southeasterly direction the lightning was incessant. About half past six, the wind suddenly changing to north, a peculiar looking, brassy cloud was seen in the northwest. As it came nearer it was noted that a cylinder or inverted cone of vapor seemed to be suspended from it. It did not seem to have any very destructive force until reaching Cornish and Croydon. It passed from Croydon to Wendell or Sunapee, then into New London, Sutton, over Kearsarge Mountain into Warner, finally ending its course in the edge of Boscawen. It was felt and is said to have commenced near Lake Champlain. One observer, a woman in Warner, stated that its appearance was that of a trumpet, the small end downwards; also like a great elephant's trunk let down out of heaven and moving slowly along. She stated that its appearance and motion gave her a strong impression of life. When

it had reached the easterly part of the town, she said the lower end appeared to be taken up from the earth and to bend around in a serpentine form until it passed behind a black cloud and disappeared. This view was from a distance of three miles. It was attended with but little rain in parts of its course, more in others. It lowered the water in a pond in Warner three feet. The width of its track was from six rods to half a mile, changing with the height of the cloud which rose and fell. It was the widest on the higher grounds. Its force was the greatest when it was most compact. In Croydon, besides other damage, the house of Deacon Cooper was shattered, his barn and its contents entirely swept away.

No other buildings were directly in its narrow path until it nearly reached Sunapee Lake. Here it came in contact with the buildings of John Harvey Huntoon of Wendell, now Sunapee. The house contained eight persons. The tornado, after a brief warning, was upon them, and the house and two barns were instantly thrown to the ground. One side of the house fell upon Mr. Huntoon and his wife, who were standing in the kitchen. The next moment it was blown away and dashed to pieces. Mrs. Huntoon was carried at least ten rods from the house. A child of eleven months was sleeping on a bed in one room; the dress it wore was soon after found in the lake one hundred and fifty rods from the house, but the child could not be found. The next Wednesday its mangled body

*This article was issued in pamphlet form by the author some time since, prefaced by the following editorial note: "It has never seemed to me that an adequate account of the 'Great Tornado,' from its beginning to its end, has ever been compiled. This I have endeavored to accomplish in the following pages. In doing so I have been compelled to draw from many authorities, in the first and foremost of which I place Mr. Sidney Perley's invaluable 'Historic Storms of New England.' From this, together with an article in Volume I of the Collections of the New Hampshire Historical Society and John Hayward's New England Gazetteer, I have drawn the basis of the following pages, supplementing it with various items, notes, etc., from many other sources."

was picked up on the shore of the lake where it had been carried by the waves. The bedstead on which the child was sleeping was found in the woods eighty rods from the house, northerly and clear out of the track of the tornado. The other seven persons were injured but none fatally. Every tree in a forty acre lot of woodland was leveled with the ground. A bureau was blown across the lake two miles and with the exception of the drawers was found half a mile beyond the water. A horse was dashed against a rock and killed. The feather bed upon which the child had been sleeping was carried to the town of Andover. A Mrs. Wheeler was living in another part of the house and when the cloud approached she took a child that was with her and fled to the cellar for protection, but was somewhat injured by falling bricks and timbers. Bricks were carried more than a hundred rods and pieces of the frame of the house, seven or eight inches square and twelve feet long, were carried eighty rods. Other pieces of furniture, casks and dead fowls were carried to a much greater distance and a large iron pot was found seven rods away. A pair of wheels was separated from the body of a cart, carried sixty rods and dashed to pieces, one of them having only two spokes left in it. The only furniture found in the house was a kitchen chair. From the buildings the land rises about one hundred feet in a distance of fifty rods and then descends on the other side of the hill to the lake. A horse was blown up this rise a distance of forty rods and was so much injured that he had to be killed. A doorpost made of beech, from Mr. Huntoon's barn, measuring eight by twelve inches and thirteen feet in length, was carried up the hill forty-four rods. A hemlock log, sixty feet long, three feet in diameter at the butt and nearly two feet at the top, was removed from its bed where it had been for years and carried by the wind six rods up the hill, passing on the way over two rocks, which were

only six feet from the place where the log was taken, each being seventeen inches high. It then struck a rock and was broken into two parts. The rise of land in the six rods was ten and one half feet. Not only were orchards destroyed but some of the trees were torn up by the roots and carried from seventy to a hundred rods. After leaving Mr. Huntoon's farm the tornado proceeded a hundred rods further and blew down every tree in a tract of timber land of forty acres in area. A house and barn belonging to Isaac Eastman were much shattered but not entirely ruined.

In 1869 Gen. Walter Harriman of Warner addressed a mass meeting in Painesville, Ohio. At its close, an old gentleman, his form bent with age, came forward and made himself known as Mr. Huntoon, the father of the child destroyed in Wendell. He had left the shores of Sunapee Lake and the track of the tornado fifty years before and made his home in Ohio. Soon after this meeting with General Harriman he passed away.

The incident of Mr. Huntoon's family was made the basis of a story entitled "The Fisherman of Lake Sunapee," claimed by some to have been written by Charles Dickens and published in *Once a Week*, a London, Eng., magazine for August 22, 1863, and reprinted in *Littell's Living Age*, September 26, 1863. The following query appeared in the *Boston Transcript*, a few months ago, in regard to it:

"In the *Boston Herald* of August 16, 1903, appeared an article on Lake Sunapee, N. H. In this article and also in the booklet descriptive of a resort on this lake is the statement that Charles Dickens wrote a story, 'The Fisherman of Lake Sunapee.' The tale had for its foundation a memorable cyclone which visited the lake in 1821. The incidents were related to Dickens on his visit to this country in 1842, and his story is said to have appeared in contemporaneous English and American periodicals. Can some reader inform me where this story may be found? F. N. S."

This query I answered as follows: "A query appeared in *Notes and*

Queries some weeks ago inquiring about the story entitled 'The Fisherman of Lake Sunapee,' said to have been written by Charles Dickens. The question was asked where said story might be found and whether or not he wrote it. I have located the story in a publication entitled *Once a Week*, published in London, England, in 1863, and also in the *Living Age*, but Dickens' name does not appear with it as the author, no name being given in either case. I have examined several editions of Dickens' works put out as complete editions, but find

for Sunapee] Park Lodge, Lake Sunapee, N. H.," I find the following:

"In September, 1821, Lake Sunapee was the scene of a historical cyclone. Starting on the south side of Grantham Mountain, it suddenly struck the east shore near Hastings, demolished the house of Harvey Huntoon, who, with his wife, on the way home from a walk, had taken shelter in a neighboring barn, whirled their infant into the lake, and strewed the fragments of their household goods in its swath on the way to Kearsarge. A feather bed was recovered over seventeen miles distant; and the body of the babe, crushed beyond recognition, was taken a few days after from Job's Creek. This pathetic incident reached the ears of Dickens while on his visit to the United States in 1842, and furnished the subject of a tale, 'The Fisherman of Lake



A Glimpse of Lake Sunapee

no such story included and no reference made to it in a Dickens' dictionary which I have examined. Now will you please inform me what edition of Dickens it may be found in? I wish to know positively that it was written by him."

Then the *Transcript* editor answered us both as follows:

"The above communication was referred to Mr. Edwin Fay Rice, the Boston collector of Dickensiana, who sends the following letter:

"'Did Charles Dickens write 'The Fisherman of Lake Sunapee?'" I have been asked this question three times within the year. In a thin pamphlet entitled "Soo-nipi [Indian

Sunapee," which appeared in a number of contemporaneous English and American periodicals, and first gave fame to the *Horicon* of New Hampshire."

"With the above in mind, I have examined every American and English periodical in the Boston Public Library bearing the date of 1842 and after, and find, as did your correspondent, the story in *Once a Week* for August 22, 1863, and in the *Living Age* for September 26, 1863. If written by Dickens in 1842, and printed at that time, it is not probable, twenty-one years later, owing to the strained relations between Dickens and Bradbury and Evans, the proprietors of *Once a Week*, that the 'Fisherman' would have been republished in their journal had they known it to have been written by Dickens. It was owing to him that *Household Words*, jointly owned by Dickens, Bradbury, Evans, Wills and Foster,

was discontinued in 1859. The trouble was due to the refusal of *Punch*, owned by Bradbury and Evans, to print certain statements concerning Dickens' domestic affairs.

"Frederick G. Kitton, in his 'Minor Writings of Charles Dickens, a Bibliography,' 1900, and his 'Old Lamps for New Ones, and other sketches and essays hitherto uncollected,' 1897, makes no mention of the 'Fisherman,' neither can it be found in the Gadshill, considered the most complete and final edition. A number of bibliographies, two quite recent, fail to give it.

"With regard to the story. It was written by an Englishman. It has the earmarks. It is based on the incidents given in the So-nipi Park Lodge pamphlet. But to one familiar with the writings of Dickens it certainly lacks the Dickensian touch. I shall want something more definite than the statement of the compiler of the aforesaid pamphlet that Dickens wrote the story, and I will be glad if any one will tell me in which American or English periodical it was first published. I doubt if he was the author, and think it first appeared in *Once a Week* in 1863."

To return to the tornado. From Wendell or Sunapee the tornado passed across Sunapee Lake in an inverted pyramidal column, drawing up vast quantities of water. Its appearance at this time was sublime. It seemed to be about twenty rods in diameter at the surface of the water, expanding on each side towards the heavens, its body very dark, with a great deal of lightning. Along the shore of the lake was a stone wall which the tornado struck, scattering the stones at various places. Some which weighed seventy pounds were carried more than two rods up a rise of at least four feet in that distance. The shore of the lake was all covered over with timbers, boards, shingles, broken furniture and demolished buildings, that had fallen from the cloud into the water and then been washed ashore.

It next reached New London, the loss of property in this town being estimated at \$9,000. No persons, however, lost their lives. John Davis' house and other buildings were entirely demolished, not a piece of timber or a board being left on the ground where the house stood, nor a brick remaining in its original place in the chimney. A hearthstone which

weighed seven or eight hundred pounds was removed from its bed and turned up on edge. All the furniture was swept away and destroyed and very little of it was ever found. The family were all away at the time. Josiah Davis had three barns blown away and his house much damaged. From a bureau standing in the corner of a room one drawer was taken and carried out of the window, with all it contained, and it was never found.

Jonathan Herrick's house was unroofed, the windows were broken and much of the furniture and clothing was blown away. Nathan Herrick had a new two-story house frame nearly covered. This was blown down, with two barns. Asa Gage's house was unroofed and two sheds carried away. Anthony Sargent had one barn torn to pieces, another unroofed and two sheds blown away. Dea. Peter Sargent had a barn blown down, one unroofed and a shed torn to pieces. The Widow Harvey also had her house unroofed and a barn torn down. J. P. Sabin's barn was torn down. Levi Harvey's barn was blown to pieces, and he also had a sawmill torn down and 12,000 feet of boards in the mill yard carried away, a few of them being found in the Shaker Village in Canterbury, thirty miles away. A gristmill was moved for some distance and a hoghouse, containing a hog that weighed between three and four hundred pounds, was carried two rods and thrown upon the top of a stone wall, when it fell to pieces and the hog walked away unhurt.

The extent of the tornado in New London was about four miles, varying in width as the column rose and fell. In that area the timber on 330 acres of woodland was blown down. A pair of cart wheels, strongly bound with iron and nearly new, together with the tongue and axle to which they were attached, were carried ten rods, the tongue being broken off in the middle and all the spokes but two taken from one wheel and more than half knocked out from the other.

One writer says that two more houses were destroyed and two others injured, that a cider mill was demolished and three sheds damaged. One cow was killed and several injured. Eight orchards were utterly swept away, most of the trees being torn up by the roots. The trunk of one of these, divested of all its principal branches, was found a half mile away at the top of a long hill. A piece of timber, apparently part of a beam of a barn, ten inches square and ten or twelve feet long, was carried up the same hill for a distance of a quarter of a mile. Near the top of the hill was found an excavation some forty feet in length and in places from two to three feet deep partly filled with broken boards and timbers, having apparently been made by the fall of a side of a barn that must have been blown whole at least a quarter of a mile. A birch tree, whose trunk was ten inches in diameter, was blown across the lake, which at that place was nearly two miles wide, to a point ten or twelve rods beyond. The most amazing feat of the wind, however, was the rending of a large rock one hundred feet long, fifty feet wide and twenty feet high, into two pieces, which were thrown twenty feet apart.

The tornado then swept through Sutton, doing considerable injury, though few houses were in its path. It then passed over Kearsarge Mountain at a point about two miles south of the highest peak and swept down the other side into the valley, known as Kearsarge Gore at that time, in the town of Warner. It seemed to split into two columns in passing over the mountain, the columns again joining into one as it reached the descent into the Gore. There were seven dwelling houses in this valley. The cloud could not be seen until it was driving down upon them with great speed. The first building struck was the barn of William Harwood, which was instantly carried away. Then the wind injured the houses of M. F. Goodwin, James Ferrin and Abner Watkins, completely destroying Mr.

Ferrin's barn and unroofing that of Mr. Watkins. Five barns were entirely destroyed. The late Stephen N. Ferrin of Warner said that on a fence were perched a flock of turkeys more than half grown, about fifteen in number. These were caught up and whirled away and no trace of any one of them could ever be found afterwards.

Daniel Savory's house stood right in the path of the tornado. Hearing a fearful rumbling in the heavens, Samuel Savory (the writer's great-great-grandfather and father of Daniel, who was away), aged 72, hastened upstairs to close the windows. The women of the household started to his assistance, when the house whirled above their heads and instantly rose into the air, while that which was left behind, timber, bricks, etc., literally buried six of the family in the ruins. The body of the aged father, Samuel Savory, was found at a distance of six rods from the house, where his head had been dashed against a stone and he had been instantly killed. Mrs. Elizabeth Savory, his wife, was very much injured by the timbers which fell upon her. Mrs. Daniel Savory was fearfully bruised. She had just taken an infant, Emily B., out of a cradle and the child was killed in her arms. The writer now owns this cradle which is in his possession. The family were extricated by the assistance of the elder Mrs. Savory, who though very considerably injured had the most surprising strength in removing timbers and bricks, beneath which could be faintly heard the cries and moans of the sufferers. The other children, Laura Little, Leonard N. and Jesse, escaped without much injury.

Daniel Savory's buildings were not only leveled, but the materials and contents were dashed into ten thousand pieces and scattered in every direction. Carts, wagons, sleighs, sleds, plows were carried a considerable distance and were so broken and shattered as to be fit only for fuel. Stone walls were leveled and rocks

weighing four or five hundred pounds were taken up out of their beds by the force of the wind. An elm tree, near where old Mr. Savory fell, that measured from a foot to eighteen inches in diameter and was too strongly rooted to yield, was twisted like a withē to the ground and lay prostrate like a wilted weed. Logs that were bedded in the ground, fifty to sixty five feet long, were not heavy enough to retain their places. Not an apple or forest tree was left standing. Only a part of the floor and some bricks remained to mark the site.

The house of Robert Savory, brother of Daniel, stood very near this place and that was also utterly demolished. Mrs. Robert Savory said that she anticipated a shower and went into a bedroom to take up a child and was conscious of nothing more till she found herself among timbers and ruins, greatly bruised but the child unhurt, her husband buried altogether in the bricks with the exception of his head, and two children completely covered by the splinters and rubbish. This family of eight persons were all hurt but none dangerously. Two girls, Charlotte and Ruth Goodwin, were in the house at the time and were severely hurt.

There were twenty-four hives of bees at the Robert Savory place, probably the property of both families. The ground was sweetened with honey for half a mile, but no hive nor sign of a bee was ever seen afterwards. Furniture and crockery were smashed and scattered about everywhere, as were also the wings, legs and heads of fowls. Several acres of corn and potatoes were swept off clean, not leaving an ear, save at some distance a few in heaps. One barn was taken up whole and after being carried several rods, went to pieces and flew like feathers in every direction. The Savorys and Abner Watkins had captured a bear and chained him to a sill of Robert Savory's barn. Though the barn was entirely destroyed to its foundation, the sill to which the bear was chained, being a cross sill

and bedded into the ground, remained in its place and the bear was unhurt.

"No person could conceive, without visiting the spot, the horrors of that instant—it was but an instant—when houses, barns, trees, fences, fowls, etc., were all lifted from the earth into the bosom of the whirlwind, and anon dashed into a thousand pieces; a few large stones remaining in their places, and others strewed on each side for several feet, indicated where a stone wall had stood; a few fragments of timber and a small quantity of hay, which had since been gathered together, denoted the place where stood the barns; a few timbers and bricks and at one place the floor remained of what composed the dwellings of the two Savorys; and the feathers here and there discovered in the dust showed that the very fowls of heaven that had often sported with the clouds could not fly the swift destruction."

About a half mile from the Savory houses, up a rise of the hill, lived John Palmer. He had stepped out of his door when the cloud came over the mountain, filling the air full of trees, branches, etc. He started to enter the house but the wind forced the door to, catching his arm, and at the same minute the house was caught in the tornado. The chimney gave way, a part of the frame of the house burying Mrs. Phebe Palmer, the owner's wife, under the bricks and timbers as she was trying to force open the door which held her husband. She was quite severely injured, but the rest of the family escaped with slight injuries. Bridges in this vicinity made of logs were scattered in every direction. Rocks, some of which weighed five hundred pounds or over, were moved several feet and a hemlock log sixty feet in length, half buried in the earth, was taken from its bed and carried six rods forward, while a knot from the same log was carried fifteen paces back and driven with great force two feet under the turf.

The tornado then passed over a spur of the mountain about two miles

from the Palmer house and swept down on the other side about a hundred feet, violently striking the house and other buildings of Peter Flanders. The house was so located that the family had no warning of the terrible event until it was upon them. All of the family, seven in number, were more or less injured. Mr. Flanders was dangerously hurt and his wife almost as severely. For several days he was not expected to live, but he finally recovered. Their daughter Mary had one of her arms broken

been baking and the bricks were hot; the chimney falling on three of the children so injured one of them that she died that night, and so burned another, a boy of five years, about the legs that the wounds did not fully heal for seven years and he was made a cripple through life. At the time the tornado struck Mr. Flanders' house he was standing at the west of the chimney by the jamb and close to the cellar door. His son, True, was standing in front of the fireplace. The child, Phebe, was asleep on the



Mount Kearsarge, Across Pleasant Pond

and was somewhat bruised. The widow Colby, who was in the house, was somewhat injured. Mr. Flanders' daughter Phebe, only three years old, was carried from the house on her bed asleep, but was badly hurt, and another child by the name of True was slightly injured. Lorn Hannah, a girl who lived with the family, was severely hurt. Mr. Flanders' infant child and a Miss Anna Richardson were killed. Everything belonging to Mr. Flanders, his buildings, furniture, crops, etc., was destroyed. Mr. Flanders stated that the family had

bed and Mrs. Flanders and Miss Richardson were east of the chimney. The buildings being borne completely away, Mr. Flanders was found with his feet partly down the cellar stairs, partly paralyzed, from which shock he did not recover for some six months. The girl, Phebe, was carried with the feather bed and dropped some rods from the house and one arm was broken. Mrs. Flanders was thrown to the floor with Miss Richardson on top of her and a large stick of timber on top of Miss Richardson, whose arms and legs were broken and who

received other injuries from which she died in half an hour. Miss Richardson resided over a mile away on the road to the Kearsarge Gore and was at Mr. Flanders' to get some milk.

A few rods from the Flanders house, over the town line in Salisbury, lived Joseph True. Seven persons were in this house when it was struck by the tornado, and all of them, except two children, were wonderfully preserved. Mrs. True's parents, of the name of Jones, who lived about half a mile away, were there on a visit, and the family had just left the tea-table. Mr. True and Mr. Jones were at the door, and seeing the cloud approaching, were soon convinced that it meant disaster. Mr. True gave the alarm to his family, and then ran under one end of his shop, which stood a short distance from the door of the house, on one side of the path of the tornado, and he was therefore saved. Mr. Jones stood still till the wind struck the barn, a few rods northwest of him, and he saw the fragments of it flying thick in the air above him, then threw himself upon the ground by a pile of heavy wood. A moment later a rafter fell endwise close to him, entering the ground to the depth of one to two feet, the other end falling on the pile of wood and protecting him from a beam that grazed down upon the rafter immediately after and lay at his feet, but he was unhurt.

Of the house, which was new, not a timber remained upon the foundation. It was blown into fragments and scattered to the winds. The cellar stairs even were carried away, and the hearth, which was made of the brick tiles of the time, eight inches square, was removed. The bricks of the chimney were scattered along the ground for some distance, partially covering Mrs. True a foot in depth. The oven in the chimney had been heated, and some brown bread was being baked when the tornado struck the house. The bricks were hot, and Mrs. True was badly burned

by them. Mrs. Jones was also burned. Of the children, Caleb and Joseph were badly hurt and Mary Sally was greatly bruised and burned. Piercing shrieks and cries from two others, who were ten or twelve years old, called their father to a pile of hot bricks, which he removed as quickly as possible, burning his fingers to the bone in doing so, and they were taken out alive, but suffering intensely from burns and bruises. One of them was so disfigured as hardly to be known, and after suffering extremely for several weeks, died. The baby was found lying safe upon the ground underneath a sleigh bottom, about ten rods from the site of the house.

When the wind struck the buildings, the sleigh was in the barn, which stood six or eight rods north from the house, and it is interesting to note that the child and the sleigh should meet at exactly the same place. The top of the sleigh could not be found. The materials of the buildings were not simply separated, but were broken, splintered and reduced to kindling and scattered like chaff over the region. It was the same with beds and bedding, bureaus, chairs, tables, etc. A loom was, to all appearances, carried whole about forty rods, and then dashed into pieces. Nearly all of Mr. True's property was destroyed. One or two other occupied buildings in the neighborhood were somewhat injured.

In one place, near Deacon True's, a hemlock log, two and one half feet through and thirty-six feet long and nearly half buried in the earth, was moved one or two rods. At another place two hemlock logs of the same size with the other, one sixty-five feet long and the other about forty, were removed about twelve feet and left in the same situation as before. The entire top of one of the chimneys was carried ten rods and the bricks left together on one spot. The width of the desolation here was about twenty or twenty-five rods. On the higher grounds over which it passed, it was forty, fifty, or sixty rods. The deeper

the valley, the narrower and more violent was the current of the wind.

The tornado then passed into Warner again, tearing down a barn. It went over Bagley's Pond, the waters of which seemed to be drawn up into the center of the cloud. It destroyed the house of Mr. Morrill, near the Boscawen line. When the tornado reached the woods of Boscawen, the terrible arm that had reached down to the earth was lifted up and did no further damage, passing out of sight behind a black cloud.

As a contribution for the relief of the sufferers, sundry articles were sent from the Shakers to Benjamin Evans, Esq., and by him divided. The value of these Shaker goods was estimated to be \$134.72. Various other sums were received and divided by the committee from time to time, amounting altogether to the sum of \$501.04.

The amount of damage suffered by

this tornado was appraised to each in Warner and Salisbury and a subscription in the several towns was raised for their relief, Salisbury giving the sum of \$174.54. The following are the names of the sufferers by the tornado in Warner and Salisbury, with the amounts lost as appraised in dollars by the committee:

Foster Goodwin, \$43; William Harwood, \$75; James Ferrin, \$194; Samuel Tiller, \$5; Lorra Little, \$20; Ruth Goodwin, \$6; Charlotte Goodwin, \$6; Abner Watkin, Jr., \$350; Widow Savory, \$100; Daniel Savory, \$675; Robert Savory, \$775; John J. Palmer, \$100; Joseph True, \$800; Peter Flanders, \$758; Jonathan Morrill, \$85; Ezekiel Flanders, \$30; Benjamin and Jesse Little, \$200; James B. Straw, \$50; Nathaniel Greeley, \$100; Moses Stevens, \$10; Jabez True, \$100; Enoch Morrill, \$20; Michael Bartlett, \$10; W. Huntington, \$20.

THOUGH POOR

By Frank Monroe Beverly

'Tis night; December's winds are howling
Without my crazy door,
And thoughts of winter make me shudder,
For I, alas, am poor.

The night has swallowed up in darkness
All the scenes I love;
The stars have veiled their kindly faces,
And bleakness reigns above.

Black night surrounds my humble dwelling,
December's dreary night,
But on my hearth the fire is blazing;
I'm blessed with warmth and light.

Beside the fire I'm sweetly dreaming;
Small goods have I in store,
But God sends down angelic visions,
And I feel blest, though poor.

I know when Christmas bells are ringing
To all—on land or sea—
Though I am poor, that Christ the Blessed
Will send His love to me.

THE CLOSING YEAR

By Margaret Quimby

Now the dear Old Year is ended,
Joy and sorrow both have blended,
 In its passing days;
And 'twas best, so both were given
By our Father wise, in heaven,
 Render we sweet praise.

Backward as the leaves we're turning,
Precious lessons we are learning,
 Ne'er to be forgot;
Here are words unkindly spoken,
There are obligations broken,
 All for want of thought;

Sad the hours we thus have squandered,
As from duty we have wandered
 In forbidden ways;
Yet the heavens bear us witness
How we've yearned for Angel fitness,
 'Mid these trying days.

Yearned for faith that is abiding,
For a trust always confiding,
 In our God above;
Who will give, when earth shall fail us,
And when inward foes assail us,
 His protecting love.

Gracious Father we surrender
All to Thee, our sure defender
 Whatsoever betide;
Where Thou leadest we will follow,
Each today and each tomorrow,
 And Thy wisdom bide.

Cancel, in Thy loving kindness,
Missteps taken—in our blindness
 Often do we stray—
Yet we seek Thy Kingdom holy,
Though we make the journey slowly,
 Lengthen Thou our day.

Counting now our gains and losses,
Love illumines all the crosses
 Of the dear old year;
Passed are all its claims and debts,
As friends we part without regrets,
 Faithful, good Old Year.

THE MONARCH OF THE NORTH

By Harry V. Lawrence

On a recent vacation trip the writer left Boston on a Monday, at 11 a. m., and arrived at Montreal, Canada, at 10:10 p. m. The trip through northern Massachusetts and up through Vermont was very interesting. By making the trip during the day, one can see Lake Champlain, the Adirondack Mountains in New York and the Green Mountains of Vermont. It was an unusual sight to see the logs going over the big dam

Mount Royal, and, after talking to the French conductor, although he didn't seem to understand a word of the English language, I found myself at the foot of the mountain. Climbing into a cable car, with several other passengers, and being pulled up to the top of Mount Royal was the work of a very few minutes, and then we were presented with a magnificent view of Montreal. After making an inspection of the mountain I returned



Queen's Hotel, Montreal

at Bellows Falls, Vermont. Shortly after leaving Burlington, the train crossed the upper part of Lake Champlain, going from island to island over a series of dikes, built by the Rutland Railroad at great expense. The train made a short stop at Rouse's Point, New York, and then went on to Montreal.

After a night's rest at the Queen's Hotel and a good breakfast Tuesday morning, the next move was to see Montreal. Boarding one of the "Pay-as-you-enter" cars, I started for

to the city proper and took a "Seeing Montreal" automobile for a trip around the city. The trip is very interesting and takes in such well known places as, McGill University, St. James Cathedral, Windsor Hotel, Statue of Sir John A. Macdonald, Palace of the Archbishop of Montreal, Custom House, City Hall, Victoria Jubilee Bridge, Grand Cathedral of Notre Dame, the second largest church on this Continent and containing the largest bell in America, Government Grain Elevator, one of the largest in

the world, Admiral Nelson's Monument, Laval University, Notre Dame Hospital, Grey Nunnery, famous Bonsecours Market, Institution for the Blind, Hochelaga Convent, St. James Methodist Church, Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal College, St. George's Church and the Drinking Fountain, presented on the occasion of Her Majesty's Jubilee.

At 7 p. m. I sailed on the palace steamer "Quebec" for the night journey on the magnificent St. Lawrence river. After a splendid dinner in the handsome dining room, I wandered around the boat and conversed with an Englishman, a Catholic priest and two ladies from Ohio. On the

such a magnificent locality. Perhaps it would be fitting to repeat the first verse of Sydney P. Kendall's poem on Quebec:

"Quaint Old Quebec," the tourists say, treading
thy tortuous ways,
"Quaint Old Quebec," we hear full oft'
through summer holidays,
And quaint thou art, old city, with thy antiquated halls,
The winding streets and stairways, and thy battlemented walls;
But thou hast other moods than this, thou Ancient Capital,
When down Cape Diamond's rugged breast the sulph'rus Vapours fall,
And when from off thy lofty brow pealed volleys thunder forth,
How grandly towers thy war crowned head
thou Monarch of The North.



Quebec from the River

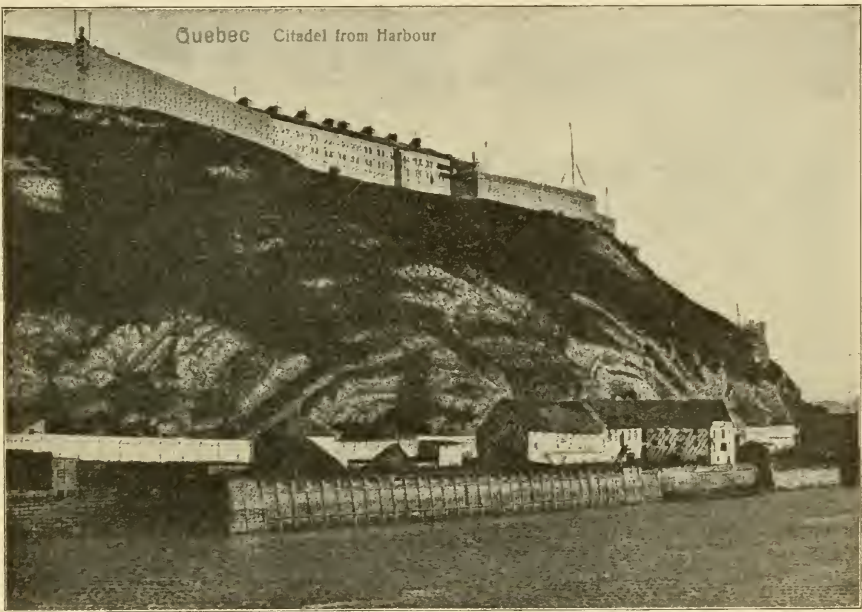
upper deck was a demented woman who insisted in trying to get into the 2nd pilot's quarters. After a short time she was quieted and taken away by friends. To stand on the upper deck and watch the pilot guide the steamer at night is a sight well worth seeing. About midnight I went to the lower berth in my stateroom, not having the slightest idea who was to occupy the upper berth for the rest of the night. At 5 a. m. Wednesday morning I woke up and found our steamer was at Quebec ahead of her schedule. As I walked out of my stateroom that morning and looked up at "The Monarch of the North" it seemed to me that I had never seen

As I started to walk up the winding road, leading to the "Citadel" a young man joined me, and I found he was the person who occupied the upper berth in my stateroom the night before. This young man was a New Yorker by the name of Chrystal, and I was surprised when he informed me that he was engaged in the mineral business. We had a good breakfast at the St. Louis Hotel and then I went to the hotel barber to get a much needed shave. While waiting for my turn in the chair I was approached by an intoxicated Frenchman who could not speak a word of English. After getting rid of this individual I had a shave and then

found my new acquaintance, Mr. Chrystal. After a short time we hired a two wheeled conveyance called a "caleche" and in this we started out to see a city where there is scarcely a foot which is not historic ground, which is not consecrated, by well established fact or tradition, to the memory of deeds of heroism, or instances of undying piety and faith. In driving about Quebec, that Wednesday morning, we saw the King's Bastion, Dufferin Terrace, Champlain Monument, Church of Notre Dame des

Wolfe's monument and the City Hall.

Just as we arrived at city hall, the French mayor jumped from his automobile and walked into the building. Very few automobiles are seen in Quebec as the city has so many steep hills. After a good dinner, we took an electric train for the Falls of Montmorency. These falls are two hundred and seventy four feet high and they are one hundred and fifty feet higher than Niagara. On arriving at the falls, we immediately took



Citadel from the Harbor

Victoires, the Governor's Garden, Champlain Street, where the brave General Montgomery fell, the Lower Town, Break Neck Steps, the Place d'Armes, the English Cathedral, Old Parliament House, the Cardinal's Palace, the Grand Battery, the Basilica, the Seminary Chapel, the Old Jesuits College, Laval University, the Ursuline Convent, the Esplanade, St. Louis Gate, the Parliament House, Plains of Abraham, where Wolfe and Montcalm fell mortally wounded, the famous Hotel Chateau Frontenac, said to be the finest in North America,

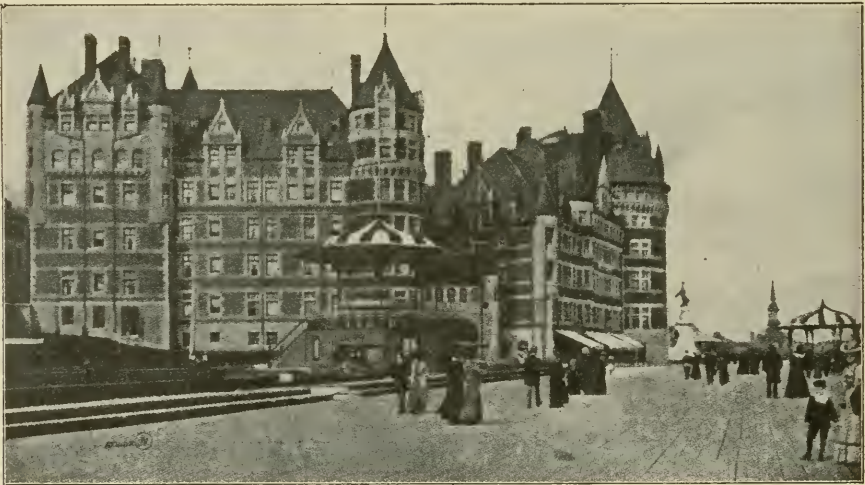
the elevator and rode up to the Kent House. This house was occupied by the Duke of Kent, father of the late Queen Victoria, and is now used for a hotel. It was on the grounds surrounding this hotel that General Wolfe's invading army had their encampment during the siege of Quebec, in 1759, and General Montcalm's French army was encamped on the west side of the river. On these grounds one can see a free exhibit of Canadian wild animals. It was in this park that I saw the most magnificent polar bear I had ever

seen. On each side of the cataract stand two massive stone pillars, sad memorials of a dreadful tragedy which occurred many years ago. A suspension bridge too lightly constructed fell away from its moorings while a "Habitant" and his wife were crossing it in their market cart on their way to town. They were dashed over the falls, never to be seen again.

After an inspection of Montmorency's attractions, we started for the Shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre. When we arrived at St. Anne the bells in the church were ringing and people were on their way to the Shrine. A

river, at a place seven leagues northwest of Quebec. True to their vow, they raised a little wooden chapel which was to become famous throughout America.

Just as we were leaving St. Anne we saw a dog fastened to a railroad bicycle, drawing a man along the rails. On our way back to Quebec we were joined by a young Southerner from Georgia. After a good meal at our hotel, we all went out for a stroll on Dufferin Terrace. I thought I had seen style in Newport, New York, Washington and Boston, but as a New Yorker said to me the next



Chateau Frontenac and Promenade, Dufferin Terrace

popular tradition relates that some Breton mariners, while navigating the St. Lawrence, were overtaken by a violent storm. In their youth and manhood they had been accustomed to have recourse to the well beloved Patroness of their own beloved Brittany, and never had St. Anne remained deaf to their prayers. They solemnly vowed that if the saint would save them from shipwreck and death they would build her a sanctuary on the very spot where they should happen to land. Their prayers were heard and these men touched the shore on the north bank of the

morning: "Last night beat anything I ever saw on Fifth Avenue." Ninety per cent of Quebec's population is French and they certainly do dress up in the evening. Thursday morning we were joined by another man and it might be interesting to relate that he got into more trouble in a shorter space of time than any one I had ever met before. First he lost his fountain pen in Quebec, and after much talk found it at the hotel desk, then he objected to paying toll to cross the St. Lawrence River. At a railroad junction north of the White Mountains, he wanted the conductor

to hold the train so he could finish his dinner; a little later in the day he objected to changing trains in the White Mountains, and at Portland, Maine, some one took his straw hat by mistake.

We left Quebec early Thursday morning and had the asbestos mines pointed out to us by the conductor on our train. These mines are located in the country just north of the state of New Hampshire. We had a beautiful ride through the White Mountains and the scenery of the Crawford Notch was magnificent. One of the young men left us at the

White Mountains and we three kept on together until we reached Portland, Maine. At Portland I parted from my other two companions, and stayed over night at a local hotel. Friday morning I visited Cape Elizabeth and in the afternoon I inspected Riverton Park. At 6 p. m. I took a train for Exeter, New Hampshire, and arrived in the famous old academy town about 7.30 p. m. At Exeter I was joined by several members of my family and remained in the quiet, but beautiful, town for ten days before returning to Boston.

LONG AGO

By George Warren Parker

Sweet are the scenes of long ago,
Where we romped in childish glee;
The guardian mount a giant seemed
And we loved each stream and lea;
No birds e'er sang so sweet a note,
And the flowers such fragrance shed!
Fair lands we've seen but none so well
Have our soul's deep cravings fed.

And kind were the folks of long ago
With a heart both warm and true,
In whom no guile nor form nor cant,
Though no college lore they knew;
But fellowship and love, now rare,
Took the place of modern ways;
The wealth and style and pride we know
Had not come in the olden days.

'Tis true we have comforts they had not,
Yet for that they comfort knew;
And life was the kind we live again
In our dreams when day is o'er.
We've work to do and the world is bright,
From my task I would not roam,
But pardon a tear for the times so dear
And a thought of my childhood home.

A SIXTEENTH CENTURY EASTMAN WILL

By Charles R. Eastman

Roger Eastman (1610-1691), the emigrant ancestor who came to this country with a party of Wiltshire colonists in 1638 and settled at Salisbury, Mass., is proved by the parish register of Downton, Wilts, to have been the son of Nicholas Eastman and wife Barbara (family name not found, but probably Rooke), who resided at Charleton, a few miles from Salisbury.

The first book of the Downton parish register extends over the period 1599-1656, but contains neither the marriage nor the burial record of Nicholas Eastman. On the other hand we learn from this source that Barbara, wife of Nicholas, was buried July 9, 1625; Edith, his sister was buried April 11, 1607; and Roger, his father was buried February 17, 1604.

The wills are extant of the last-named Roger² Eastman of Charleton, and his father John¹ Eastman of Charleton, great-grandfather of the emigrant, but this is as far back as the direct line of the founder of the Eastman family in this country can be traced. Abundant records exist, however, of an allied branch which flourished in the same and neighboring parishes from the middle of the sixteenth century onward, and some early documents relating to this line were printed in a recent number of the *Granite Monthly* (October, 1911).

Immediately following is presented a literal transcript, accompanied by photographic reproductions, of the will of the ultimate progenitor of the branch from which the Eastman family of this country is descended: that of John Eastman of Charleton, dated April 26, 1564 and proved May 9 of the following year. This instrument is recorded in Register 4, folios 163-5, of the Archdeaconry Court of Sarum. It was transcribed and photographed by Mr. C. A. Hoppin, the well known

antiquary, during the course of his investigation of early Eastman family history in England, extending over a long period. Grateful acknowledgments are due and are hereby cordially rendered in behalf of all members of the race in this country to Mr. George Eastman of Rochester, N. Y., for having provided the necessary funds for carrying on the research, only a small portion of the results of which have as yet been published.

TESTAM. JOHN^{is} ESTMAN DE
DOWNTON.

In the name of god amen the xxviii. day of april in the yere of o^r lord god t^{mt} ccccclxiii, I, John Estman of Charleton wthin the pyshe of Downton, within the Countie of wyltess, husbandman, beyng sycke in body but pfit in memory, Do make my last will & testament after this maner & forme following.

First & principally I geve & bequeath my soule to almightie god my maker, redeemer & savior, trusting by the meyrtyte of the blessed passion to be child of salvation, and my body to be buried wthin the churche of Saynt lawrence in Downton where my father doth lye. * * * * *

Itm, I geve & bequeath to Willm Estman my sonne x^{tie} shepe, v of them shalbe ewes & v of them shalbe lambes, & in money goode & lawfull vb & ii acres of wheate* * * * *

Itm, I geve & bequeath to John, Willm, Walter & Florence, sones & daughters to the said Willm Estman iii shepe apeece, & to evry one of them in money good & lawfull x^s apeece, and to each of them one pewter platter apeece, & between the said iii children I geve one sparked cove, wch Cowe goeth now in the forrest & shalbe distributed by the discretion of ther father. Yf any of thes said iii children do decease or dye before they come to pfit age to make ther wills, that then the legaty of them that fayle or dye shall remayn to them that lyveth, equally to be devyded between them & go from one to the other.

Itm, I geve & bequeath unto John Eastman & to Willm his brother, sones to Roger Estman iii shepe a peece & to each of them in money good & lawfull x^s apeece, & a pewter platter a peece, and between them one black heyffer. Yf the said John or Willm decease or dye before they come to the age to make ther wills, that then the legaty of the one shall remayne to the other.

Itm, I geve & bequeath to Elizabeth barrye my s^{unt} [=servant] ii yewe shepe. Itm, I geve & bequeath to Anys my s^{unt} one yew & a

OLD CHAIRS

By Annette R. Cressy

On the broad veranda of a summer cottage on the shore of Lake Sunapee groups of chairs were gathered in sociable proximity. Rockers and hammocks swayed idly to and fro in the soft southwest breeze that ruffled the silver surface of the waters into shining ripples, and plashed tiny waves up on the rocks. Most of the chairs were clustered together, where their occupants had left them, and seemed to be continuing the desultory conversation, as they rocked slowly in rhythmic measure. A little apart from the larger groups, in a shaded corner were two chairs, not just like the others, but with marks of distinction in their aloofness. Their short rockers just trembled in the light wind. After a little silence, one of them musingly questioned "Did you hear what that dear, white-haired old lady said to her companion, as they sat here apart? She rested her hand on my scarred arm, and dreamily remarked 'How these old chairs take our thoughts back to the days of our childhood—days gone forever, but whose memory leaves an ache in the heart as we think of the lost friends and the lost joys. Is there a more poignant memory than to stroll along some grass-grown road where our merry feet used to run to school, and to see by its side some sunken spot where once stood a house filled with life—its struggles and its hopes—now only a desolation? But still around its foundations grow the lilac bushes that once shaded its porch—and still blossom the rose—oh, the red, red roses! I believe nothing brings the sting of tears to our old eyes, like the pathetic, brave blooming of the old fashioned red roses, clinging to the ruins of some forgotten homestead.'"

The waves lapped softly on the shore, and the leaves dappled the veranda with fluttering shade. The

hush of remembered hours fell on the old chairs. They were veterans in the service. Many years had passed over them, and many changes of family and fortune had been theirs. One had been a chair of high degree, —a Chippendale of the ladder-back type, with turned legs and rungs, and a seat that had been of rush, but now of splint. Marred—defaced—shorn of his claw feet, and hobbled with short incongruous rockers, he kept his back upright and looked straightly across the lake.

The sunny quiet of the day, the lisping of the waves, the thoughts roused by the talk of the old lady who knew his honorable record—stirred his old frame to reminiscences, and, giving a rather condescending glance to his neighbor, he said: "How many, many years since I first came into the wilds of New Hampshire. You know, of course, that my home was in Rowley, and that I was made by careful direction, from the pattern of the chairs from old English Rowley, for Philip Nelson, brave fighter in the French and Indian wars. Later, I came into possession of his grandson, Jonathan, who fought through the Revolutionary War, then, drifting to Warner, decided to make his home in Sutton, then Perrystown. He was one of the first settlers, and, after he built his house of logs, put his wife and baby on his horse, and led his cow through the narrow track blazed through the woods. When they arrived at their future home, it was night, and very cold, and Jonathan Nelson and his wife shared their quarters with horse and cow. Soon a road was made, by which teams could transport needed articles of furniture, but before that, I was carried through the narrow path on Jonathan's head, for the baby must be cradled in the arms of his ancestral chair. In one respect, I was not

made like my prototype, for that had a stretcher built out near the bottom. That was first done to keep the feet from the stone or dirt floor, and at our Rowley home we had good solid wood floors. I hear these genealogical antiquarian enthusiasts talking much about the different styles and fashions of the old times. Primitive seats were stones and blocks of wood. Then they fashioned stools from the wood, and those seats have had a long enduring reign. I well remember how the two youngest boys in our family used to squabble nightly for the possession of the stool that stood well within the big mouth of the great fireplace. The vanquished one had to content himself with sitting on the dye pot that always faced the other corner."

"I wonder," interrupted the other, "if they used those stools for chuck stools for gossiping women!"

"I'm sure I don't know," replied Rowley loftily, "None of our family ever gossiped. Only the serving men and maids and small children had to sit on stools. We did use chests for sitting purposes, especially when many guests came; but we had settles with high backs that kept off much of the draughts of wind that circulated pretty freely.

"From settles to chairs the transition was easy, and much attention was paid to their fashioning and garniture. One authority says: 'The high backed chair came from Portugal,' and another 'Walnut was introduced by William of Orange and mahogany was discovered by Sir Walter Raleigh, who brought home specimens of it.' All these woods were used principally in chairs and chests. I don't take much interest in these details, for I was made of well-seasoned native wood, but when they talk about shapes and styles I take notes, for while I cannot boast of the 'elegance of the legs' which is especially noticeable in the chairs of Hepplewhite who took to heart Hogarth's lesson that 'the line of beauty is a curve,' yet my gently

bending ladder back proves my Chippendale claim and we all know that Chippendale was the prince of chair makers."

The old chair paused a moment to take breath and to reflect on his proud descent, and his companion said, timidly, "There is such a sameness in these old chairs. There are probably hundreds of chairs in New England—exactly like you." "Indeed, not," roared the other with a jerk. "A book of authority says 'Certain localities seem to have produced peculiar types of chairs. Patterns made by hand are not exact duplicates. As a passing hint to collectors of old furniture, it very rarely happens that two chairs can be found together of the same design. The chair with its twin companion beside it suggests that one, if not both, are spurious, and the same is said to be true of old candlesticks.'"

"Well," sighed the other, "I don't know about candlesticks, and very little about Hepplewhite Windsor chairs, but I'm pretty sure there are no duplicates of me. I wasn't brought to Sutton, as you were, but I was made there—like you, of native wood, but not patterned after Chippendale or the Adams. I'm a pretty good specimen of Yankee ingenuity—not very handsome, but substantial. I boast a slab back and a sort of saddle seat, which I have heard, was a Chippendale characteristic, but I consider myself unique among old chairs. This seat, you see, is a solid plank, and the slats of the back are rather nicely tapered at the ends; but the only tools used in making me were a jack knife and an auger. I am the product of home industry, the fruit of a desire on the part of a young man for something a little more comfortable than a bench, for his wife and boy. I have heard that Hepplewhite first introduced painted furniture, and that Sheraton developed it into imitation of Watteau; but I, with artistic intuition, grayed and browned with weather and with use, till I developed this

mellow coloring, so beloved of painters. I may be plebeian, and I am not strictly Colonial, for I was made by a soldier who had returned from the Revolutionary War, but I am pretty well satisfied with my record."

"Well you may be," nodded the old Rowley relic, "and I am sure you are to be honored for your honesty—so many old bits of furniture are claiming to be Colonial that can't trace their lineage back to the Civil War. We true antiques grow weary and suspicious, hearing of so

many Colonial tables and clocks and chairs. I expect every day to hear somebody boasting of owning Colonial hot water radiators and electric elevators, and, soon, some aeroplane will drop down in old Plymouth, and claim to have come over from the old country." "They won't be likely to stop to fashion furniture with a jack knife and auger," complacently murmured the other, and the two old cronies—relics of bygone times—rocked softly to and fro in the southwest breeze.

THE HARPERS I HEAR AT SUNSET

By Rev. Raymond H. Huse

Faithful John on Patmos Island,
On the Sabbath day of old,
Heard the bands of heavenly harpers
Playing on their harps of gold;

And, sometimes, I've thought at sunset,
When the western sky was calm,
I could hear them softly playing
On some resurrection psalm.

When a boy I'm sure I heard them,
As the evening shadows crept
Down the purple mountain forests
And I laid me down and slept.

And as years go by so swiftly,
And life's shadows gather round,
And life's sunset glows before me,
Oft again I hear them sound;

And my ear, unskilled in music,
Knows not of their notes and sharps
But my heart, so hot and restless,
Feels the message of their harps.

I can see them, in my vision,
Standing by the crystal sea
Playing, as in mighty anthems,
Everlasting harmony.

Not all gladness is their music,
Like some songs we sing on earth,
When we try to drown our heartache,
In our merriment and mirth!

There's a minor note of sadness
In the anthem that they play,
Like the sorrow of a mother
When her child is far away.

But far sweeter is the music
With that note of sorrow there,
And more healing to my spirit,
With its fevered pain and care,

And the notes of joy and gladness
Swell out loud and sweet and clear,
Like the birds returned in springtime
With their songs of life and cheer.

And I say, when life is restless
With its problems and its care,
"Well, no matter how the earth is
It's all bright and clear up there."

"Where the harpers of the sunset
Play their never ceasing song,
Of the final mighty triumph
Over darkness, sin and wrong."

Storms sweep over the horizon,
Earthquakes, pestilence and flame
Come to earth, and men go downward
In defeat and sin and shame;

But the music never ceases
Up there by the isles of balm,
And the harpers, never weary,
Play their resurrection psalm.

Storm tossed, fretful, tired and weary,
Sometimes now I face the west;
Then I hear the harpers harping,
Calm in everlasting rest.

And my spirit soon is quiet
'Neath the burden and the rod,
For I know the harpers ever
Do behold the face of God!

And because of that their music
Never ceases, day and night;
For, up there by walls of jasper,
They can see His throne is white!

While I only tread the valley
Rained upon by many tears
Darkened by the clouds of sorrow,
Disappointment, loss and fears,

And I cannot see the vision
Of the Father's cloudless face,
On the mountain they are singing;
I am stumbling at its base.

But, some day, I'll see a harper
Of that band now gone before us
Bringing me an invitation
To come up and join the chorus!

So with all my heart I listen
While the shadows gather 'round
And the sunset gilds the hill tops
For the harper's peaceful sound.

That not strange may seem the music
When the pearly gates unfold
And I take my place among them
Up there by the streets of gold!

Sing on, then, ye heavenly harpers,
Standing in the heavenly place
Glad and calm because you ever
Look upon the Father's face.

And the throne of God before you
Shines above the isles of balm
Sing on harpers of the sunset
Sing your resurrection psalm!

And my heart, so sad and weary
From the age-long power of wrong,
At the sunset time shall listen,
Strive to learn your triumph song;

While the western sky is crimson
And the western hills are gold
And the harpers still are playing
As they played in days of old!

Dover, N. H.



NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

ARTHUR C. BRADLEY

Arthur C. Bradley, born at Brattleboro, Vt., September 13, 1849, died at Newport, N. H., November 2, 1911.

He was the son of J. Dow and Susan (Crossman) Bradley. His father was a prominent lawyer and died when Arthur was thirteen years of age. After the decease of his father he and his mother resided with his grandfather, William C. Bradley, one of the ablest men of his day, who was a member of Congress when men were elected to high positions because of their superior ability.

His ancestors were a distinguished family, one member of which was an officer of high rank, in Oliver Cromwell's army.

He was prepared for college at Miles' Military Academy, at Brattleboro, Vt., and graduated at Amherst College in 1870. He graduated at Columbia Law School in 1871 from which college he later received the degrees of M. A. and L. L. B. He prepared for the practice of patent law in the office of George Gifford of New York, one of the most celebrated patent lawyers in the country.

He was admitted to the bar in New York, Massachusetts, Vermont and New Hampshire and located at Newport, in 1873 where he practiced patent law with the late Hon. Edmund Burke for several years. While here he became acquainted with Lucy E., daughter of Col. Daniel Nettleton, whom he married, April 12, 1881, who survives him.

Previous to his marriage Mr. Bradley went to New York and joined his brother, Stephen R. Bradley, in the manufacture of white lead paint. During his stay there he was superintendent of the establishment and devoted all his spare time to the study of and experimenting in chemistry, with the idea of finding some new and rapid method of converting lead into paint. After seven years' research his efforts were rewarded by the invention of a process through oxidizing the lead, by subjecting it in the form of a powder to heat of a very high temperature. By this process he could manufacture tons of paint of the purest quality in a single day. He secured a patent on this process which he sold for \$750,000 one half of which sum he gave his brother, with whom he was associated.

In 1889 he returned to Newport and erected the finest residence in town, whose grounds he ornamented with rare plants, trees and shrubs. He devoted his time thereafter, to the study of literature and sciences, and no science escaped his investigation, not even the science of theology. With his study of theology he learned the Hebrew language. He was familiar with Greek and knew Latin almost as well as he did English. Before he entered college he could repeat Andrews & Stoddard's Latin Grammar verbatim from beginning to end. His familiarity with

German and French was such that he read novels published in those languages and was a regular subscriber for periodicals printed in those languages in Germany and France, and his knowledge of almost all languages was such that if he had found himself in any country he could make himself understood in the language of the country.

He was a life member of the London Society of Psychical Research, of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, the Entomological Society of Ontario, American Association for the Advancement of Science, Fellow of the Geographical Society of New York, member of Bibliophile Society of Boston, of the Sons



Arthur C. Bradley

of American Revolution, Boston Society of Natural History, New Hampshire Historical Society, University Club of New York City, St. Augustine Order of Elks, and the Osceola Club of St. Augustine. He was a member of the N. H. Constitutional Convention of 1902, a director of First National Bank of Newport and trustee of the Newport Home for Aged Women.

His charities to the poor, sick and unfortunate were almost without number and always bestowed with the injunction, "let no one know of it." He disliked appearing in public and eschewed politics because he regarded politicians generally as dishonest self-seekers. He was a man of retiring modesty and the strictest integrity, of great learning and rare worth.

G. R. B.

GEN. GEORGE H. ADAMS

JEREMIAH JONES

George H. Adams, Insurance Commissioner of the State of New Hampshire, died suddenly at his home in Plymouth, on Saturday evening, November 18, 1911.

General Adams was a native of the town of Campton, born May 18, 1851. He was educated at the district school, Kimball Union Academy and Dartmouth College, graduating from the latter in the class of 1873. Following his graduation, he was principal of the high school at Middleboro, Mass., for one year.

In the summer of 1874, he became a student at law in the office of Henry W. Blair at Plymouth. He was admitted to the bar at the September term of the supreme court in 1876 and immediately began the practice of his profession in Plymouth. At the dissolution of the law firm of Blair & Burleigh in 1879, he associated with Alvin Burleigh in the firm of Burleigh & Adams, which partnership continued to the time of his decease.

He was a delegate from Campton in the Constitutional Convention of 1876, and a representative from Plymouth in the legislature of 1883. In 1889, and again in 1905 he was a member of the State Senate, being President of that body in the latter year. He was deputy collector of internal revenue under the Harrison administration, and in 1893 and 1894 was judge advocate general on the staff of Gov. John B. Smith, whence came his military title.

For four years from April 1, 1895, General Adams was Solicitor of Grafton County, in which office he demonstrated much ability as a prosecuting officer. In September, 1905, he was appointed Insurance Commissioner to succeed the late John C. Linehan, and filled the office in the most efficient and satisfactory manner up to the time of his decease, the Executive Council refusing to confirm the appointment of any other man to his place at the expiration of his second term, a few weeks previous to his death.

In politics he was a zealous Republican of the "regular" order; had been many years chairman of the Republican town Committee of Plymouth, and a member of the executive Committee of the Republican State Committee. He was a director and president of the Pemigewasset National Bank and a trustee of the Plymouth Guaranty Savings Bank. He was a member of Olive Branch lodge, A. F. and A. M., of Omega council and Pemigewasset chapter, R. A. M., of Plymouth; Plymouth Lodge, I. O. O. F.; of P. L. M. commandery, Knights Templar, of Laconia and of the Amoskeag Veterans of Manchester.

General Adams was married Jan. 14, 1877, to Sarah Katherine Smith of Meredith. Two sons were the result of this union—Walter Blair Adams, who is cashier at the New York office of E. H. Rollins & Sons and George Herbert Adams, Jr., member of the class of 1911 at Dartmouth.

Jeremiah Jones, for over sixty years, a prominent merchant of Alton, died at his home in that Village, October 28, 1911, at the age of 82 years, as the result of heart disease, being active in business up to the time of his death.

He was born in Farmington, June 21, 1829. His parents were James N. and Polly (McDuffee) Jones. In 1839 the family moved to Alton. Mr Jones attended school in both the above named towns, until the age of twenty-one, laying the foundation for the practical education which has served him along the lines of business for so many years. In 1850 he entered business with his father, who was a dealer in general merchandise, under the firm name of Jeremiah Jones & Co., a portion of the house being used for the store. In the year 1855 a new store was built to accommodate the ever increasing trade, the new firm name being J. Jones, which continued until 1857, when a new partnership was formed with Mr. Jones' brother-in-law Alonzo H. Sawyer, which lasted until the year 1885, when Mr. Sawyer retired from business on account of failing health, and was succeeded by Herbert J. Jones, the eldest son of Mr. Jones, which partnership existed at the time of his death. Mr. Jones was married November 3, 1855, to Ellen M. daughter of Hon. Daniel and Tamson (Walker) Sawyer of Alton. Two sons were born to them Herbert J. already referred to as his father's business partner, and Percy S. who has been closely identified with the business.

In the death of Mr. Jones Alton loses one of her oldest and most respected citizens, one who was always ready to promote any good cause. Being industrious by nature, diligent in business, leading a worthy unassuming life, he commanded and secured the confidence of all who knew him. Firm in his convictions of right and justice, outspoken in his opinions, yielding freely to others the liberty he claimed for himself, honest and fair in all his dealings, true both to his word and his friends, his advice was often sought and freely obtained. He was a grand man, of the old school now fast passing away, never assuming, disliking thoroughly all hypocrisy and deceit, keeping close to all that was manly, true and honest.

In politics Mr. Jones was a Democrat. Never craving political honor, he had served his town as treasurer, at different times, and his county as commissioner. He was closely identified with the interests of the Baptist church, giving generously, to help promote its welfare. He was a firm advocate of temperance, and all that helped to make the community better in which he lived. His friendship was as true as steel, never faltering, never wavering, but loyal and reliable to the end. Hosts of friends pay to his memory the homage of their respect and affection.

COL. WILLIAM S. PILLSBURY

Col. William S. Pillsbury, long a leading citizen of Londonderry, died at his home in that town October 7.

He was born in the town of Sutton, March 16, 1833, the son of Rev. Stephen and Lavinia (Hobart) Pillsbury. His father was a Baptist minister. At the age of 14 he began to learn the trade of shoemaker and he soon became a most skilful cutter of stock. When 20 years old, he started a shoe factory at Andover for his brother and was its superintendent. From that time, until his retirement three years ago, shoe manufacturing had been his principal business except during the civil war. Soon after he attained his majority, he was employed by a firm of shoe manufacturers just starting in business at West Derry, and a year later was given entire charge and so continued during the existence of the firm.

He served briefly under each of three different enlistments in the war, holding the rank of lieutenant in the First N. H. Artillery at the close.

Returning from the war he engaged again in the shoe business, removing to Derry, where he built up one of the largest shoe manufacturing industries in the State, and was a leading factor in the development of that enterprising and prosperous town. He was all along interested in agriculture, having a large farm in Londonderry, where he resided, and to which he made many additions. He was president of the Derry Savings Bank, a director in the Chester and Derry Street Railway, and connected with various other business corporations and enterprises. He was a prominent Mason, a Red Man and Knight of Pythias; also an active member of the G. A. R., being Department Commander in 1907.

Politically he was an intense Republican. He had represented Londonderry in the legislature, served as Commissioner of Rockingham County, was a member of the Executive Council during the administration of Governor Goodell and of the State Senate in 1901. He was a member of the staff of Gov. B. F. Prescott.

He leaves a widow, who was Martha S. Crowell, of Londonderry. The golden wedding was celebrated April 15, 1906. The surviving children are Charles H. L. Pillsbury, of Denver, Col., Rosecrans W. Pillsbury and Mrs. Harriet L. Mack, of Londonderry. Leonard H. Pillsbury, of Derry, is a brother.

HARRISON G. BURLEY.

Harrison G. Burley, a prominent citizen of Newmarket, died on the farm where he was born, in that town, November 22, 1911.

He was the son of Jonathan and Sarah C. (Neal) Burley, born December 9, 1834, and

came of Revolutionary stock. He was educated in the common school and at Pembroke Academy, and devoted his life principally to farming. In 1874 he became an agent of the Rockingham Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Exeter, of which he was later a director, and for several years president. He served Newmarket as selectman for three terms, as Representative in 1872-3 and as a member of the Constitutional convention of 1902. He was a charter member of Piscassic Grange of Newfields, which he had served as lecturer, overseer and master. He had also been overseer of East Rockingham Pomona Grange. He attended the Congregational Church and was a Democrat in politics.

On Jan. 17, 1877, Mr. Burley married Fannie E., daughter of the late Jewett Conner of Exeter. She survives him, as do a son, Walter D. Burley, and two daughters, Mrs. Fred J. Durell of Newmarket and Mrs. Robert G. Mitchell of Brooklyn, N. Y.

MARCUS M. COLLIS

Marcus Morton Collis one of the most prominent Grand Army men in the state, died at his home in Portsmouth, October 6, 1911.

He was a native of Ware, Mass., the son of Luther and Delina (Converse) Collis, born October 19, 1843. He enlisted in the 21st Mass. Regiment and served throughout the Civil war, making a brilliant record as a soldier and being mustered out as a first lieutenant, having participated in many important battles, and been imprisoned by the Confederates at Andersonville.

After the war he engaged in business as a carpenter and mill-wright in Palmer and then in Boston; but later engaged in the fancy goods business at Marblehead, removing in 1874 to Portsmouth where he continued in the latter business.

In 1895 he was made a deputy by George W. Weston, sheriff of Rockingham County, and later was himself chosen sheriff, serving four terms, till 1909.

Mr. Collis was a member of Storer post, G. A. R., Portsmouth, and was its commander in 1882-4. In 1885 he was department commander. He subsequently was elected president of the New Hampshire Veterans' association and president of the National Veterans' association. He was a member of Thomas lodge, A. F. & A. M., Palmer, Mass., and of Washington chapter, De Witt Clinton commandery, Piscataqua lodge, I. O. O. F., and the Warwick club, all of Portsmouth.

In 1870 Mr. Collis married Miss Josephine B. Griswold, of Granby, Conn. She died in 1884, leaving two children, Grace, the wife of Clifton L. Humphreys, of Madison, Me., and George L. Collis, of Portsmouth.



Approach and Entrance to the New Building of the New Hampshire Historical Society

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER'S NOTES

On the opposite page is presented a picture of the entrance to the elegant new building of the New Hampshire Historical Society, showing the beautiful bronze doors and the approach thereto, which could not be shown in detail in the cut of the entire building presented in the last issue of the *GRANITE MONTHLY* in connection with the article on the Historical Society and its new home. The dedication of this building occurred, as scheduled, on November 23, and was attended by nearly 500 members of the Society, ladies and invited guests. Following a reception by Mr. and Mrs. Edward Tuck (donors of the building) and Governor Bass, in the Council Chamber at the State House, the company, under the direction of Hon. Wallace Hackett of Portsmouth, marshal of the day, marched in procession to the library building where, in the marble rotunda, Mr. Benjamin A. Kimball, chairman of the building committee, turned the completed structure over to Mr. Tuck, who, in turn, presented it to the Society, each with appropriate remarks, President Daniel Hall accepting for the Society. The company then repaired to the lecture room in the east wing, where the formal dedicatory exercises were held. Ex-President W. J. Tucker of Dartmouth College, was not in sufficiently vigorous physical condition to admit of the delivery of the address which he had prepared for the occasion, and which was read by Gen. F. S. Streeter of the Board of Trustees. The principal address was then delivered by Congressman Samuel W. McCall of Massachusetts. The procession was then reformed and marched to the City Auditorium where an elegant banquet was served by the Society in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Tuck. Postprandial addresses, with Hon. Samuel C. Eastman as toastmaster, were given, following the banquet, by Hon. Charles Francis Adams of the Massachusetts Historical Society; Guy Lowell, the architect of the new building; Prof. George Lyman Kittredge of Harvard University; Hon. Samuel L. Powers, speaking in place of President Nichols of Dartmouth College; Ex-Mayor Charles R. Corning of Concord, Senator Jacob H. Gallinger, and Frank B. Sanborn of Concord, Mass. Miss Edna Dean Proctor, who gave the poem on the occasion of the dedication of the Society's old building on North Main Street, forty years ago, was present and recited her famous poem "The Mountain Maid, New Hampshire," with all the fire and enthusiasm of youth.

This number completes the sixth volume of the New Series of the *GRANITE MONTHLY* commenced with January 1906 when the present publisher last assumed control of the Magazine, or Volume 43 of the old series

beginning with the start in 1877. Subscribers who desire the same will be furnished with bound volumes of the new series, for any or all the years—1906 to 1911 inclusive, for 50 cts. each, in exchange for their unbound copies, or the entire set of six volumes, bound in plain black cloth, for \$3.00. This offer is open to new subscribers as well as old—that is to say any new subscriber will receive the *GRANITE MONTHLY* for the coming year, and these six volumes for \$4.00. Any subscriber paying his own subscription for the coming year in advance, may have the magazine sent to three others for \$2, if the same be also paid in advance. It is especially desirable that all subscribers in arrears at the present time should make payment at once and all may do so at the advance rate of \$1.00 per year for the entire time if payment also be made for a year in advance.

The Woman Suffragists of the state, encouraged by the recent successes of the equal suffrage movement on the Pacific Coast, where Washington and California have given full suffrage to women, with excellent results thus far, and by the strong favorable drift in popular sentiment, in other sections of the country, are preparing for a vigorous campaign for the submission and adoption of an equal suffrage amendment to the state constitution the coming year. At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the New Hampshire Woman Suffrage Association in Concord, recently, a general campaign Committee was appointed, consisting of Miss Mary N. Chase of Andover, president of the Association, *ex-officio*; Miss Martha Kimball of Portsmouth; Dr. Sarah Barney of Franklin; Mrs. Agnes M. Jenks of Concord; Mrs. Mary I. Wood, of Portsmouth; Mrs. Grace E. Foster of Concord and Mrs. Olive Kimball of Marlboro, to have general charge of the campaign in the state, making such additions to its membership, and appointing such auxilliary committees as may be deemed advisable. At the same time it is understood to be the purpose of the Concord Equal Suffrage Association, the largest local organization of the kind in the State, which held the largest equal suffrage rally ever held in New Hampshire on the 12th instant, at which the National President, Miss Anna H. Shaw, was present as the leading speaker, to organize a special campaign committee, coöperating with the state committee, of which its president, Mrs. Agnes M. Jenks shall be chairman, which will do active work, not only in Concord, but in other localities where opportunity presents. A Men's League, favorable to equal suffrage, open to membership throughout the State, is also to be organized, a substantial nucleus for the same having already

been secured through the efforts of Mr. Witter Bynner of Cornish, and which any man favorable to the cause may join by transmitting his name to Mr. Levin J. Chase of Concord.

The annual meeting of the State Board of Trade is advertised for Thursday, January 18, at the General Committee room in the State House, opening at 11 o'clock. Such time as may remain after the transaction of regular business will be devoted to the discussion of proposed amendments to the State Constitution which the coming Convention, whose members will be chosen on the second Tuesday in March, will be asked to submit. Among these, undoubtedly, will be amendments relating to taxation, the control of public service corporations, the initiative and referendum, woman suffrage, and the membership of the two branches of the General Court. In many minds the latter is the most important subject to be dealt with, it being very generally conceded that there ought to be a material reduction of the size of the House, as well as a corresponding increase of the size of the Senate, the former body being so large as to be unwieldy, and the latter so small that it is too readily controlled by interests antagonistic to the people. There seems to be no general expectation, however, that any material changes will be made in these directions. The determination of the small towns to maintain their present representation, and the almost universal ambition of individual voters to sit in the legislature at some time, renders a substantial reduction

of the membership of the House practically out of the question; while the power that now holds the Senate in opposition to popular interests (if such power there be) will, very likely, be able to prevent any change that shall make it more difficult to control that body in the future.

"WINNIPESAUKEE AND OTHER POEMS" is the title of a tasty little volume of verse, of much merit and of special interest to New Hampshire people, by Eva Beede Odell of Meredith, recently issued from the Rumford Press, copies of which may be obtained from the author for 50 cts. each. Several of these poems, have heretofore appeared in the *GRANITE MONTHLY*, and all attest the true poetic spirit of the author.

Any subscriber forwarding his own subscription for the *GRANITE MONTHLY* for a year in advance and that of one new subscriber for the same time, within the next thirty days, will receive as a premium, by mail, postpaid, a copy of Harry B. Metcalf's "Stray Notes of Song," the charming volume of poetry issued last year, and widely commended by the press.

The Springfield, Mass. Republican, an advertisement of which appears on the fourth cover page of this issue, may safely be termed the best "all around" newspaper in America.



N P

G745

v. 43

